00086233

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 January, 2016

TOUR IN GERMANY.

Z 132

Printed by John Stark.

A

TOUR IN GERMANY,

AND SOME OF

THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES

OF THE

AUSTRIAN EMPIRE,

IN THE YEARS

1820, 1821, 1822.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH;

AND HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO. LONDON.

1824.

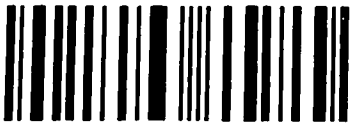
B 2855

Z i 32

Z i 32

E 6233

.914.3
Tou/Tou
86233



CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

ROADS in the North of Hanover 1

BRUNSWICK 3

The Burial Vault of the Family of Brunswick . . . . . ib.

The Museum 5

MAGDEBURGH 8

Roads 9

POTSDAM 10

Sans Souci 12

The Picture Gallery 15

BERLIN—the City 21

The Spree 28

Architecture 32

The Drama 35

BERLIN (*continued*) PAGE
Music 37
Sculpture 41
Iron Manufacture 46
The Thiergarten 48
Charlottenburgh 50
The late Queen of Prussia 52
The King 62
The Crown Prince 67

CHAPTER II.

BERLIN (*continued*) 72
The Aristocracy 79
The Lower Orders 82
The War 85
The University 88
Professor Wolff 93
The Administration of Justice 97
Publicity of Judicial Proceedings 103
The Government 107
Stein 111
The late Chancellor, Prince Hardenberg 113
Reforms of the Government in the Agricultural Population 114
——————— in the Towns 128
Effect of these Changes on the Political Prospects of Prussia 134

CHAPTER III.

PAGE

FRANKFORT ON THE ODER 140
The Oder 141
Cemeteries 143
CROSSEN—Vineyards 144
SILESIA 145
BUNZLAU 147
Monument of Prince Kutusoff . . . 148
HIRSCHBERG 150
The Silesian Linen Manufacture . . 152
Mineral Springs 159
Wolkenbrüche and Thunder Storms . 160
The River Zacken 163
The Kienast 168
Ascent of the Schneekoppe 175
ADERSBACH 182
COUNTY OF GLATZ 185
Colonization of Silesia 188
CRACOW 189
Jews 191
The Cathedral 192
Monuments of Polish Kings 195
The Weichselzopf 197
The Salt Mines of Wieliczka . . . 205
MORAVIA 214
First Sight of Vienna 216

CHAPTER IV.

PAGE

VIENNA 217
The City 218
Architecture 226
Squares and Fountains . 229
Statue of Joseph II. . . 233
Canova's Monument of the Archduchess
Christina 237
——— Theseus . . 241
Churches 246
The Basteyen (the Ramparts) 248
The Suburbs 251
The Prater 254

CHAPTER V.

VIENNA (*continued*)
Manners.—Mixture of Character in the Population 257
Theatres, and the Drama 269
Music 271
Beethoven 276
Looseness of Principle . 282
Fondness for Titles . . 288
Religion 290
The New Religious Order—Father Werner 292
Pilgrimages 296

VIENNA (*continued*) PAGE
The Government, its General Spirit . . . 299
The Police 301
The Press 307
The Imperial Family 312
The Emperor 313
Prince Metternich 316
The Aristocracy 324
State of Political Feeling in Austria . 326

CHAPTER VI.

BADEN 331
Mineral Springs, and Mode of Bathing 332
Valley of St Helena 334
HEILIGEN KREUZ 337
LILIENFELD 340
THE ANNABERG 343
Pilgrims to Mariazell 344
UPPER STYRIA—Mariazell 348
The Mur 353
Bruck 355
Grätz 356
LOWER STYRIA 358
The Winden 359
CARNIOLA—Laybach 361
Mines of Idria 362
The Peasantry 384

CARNIOLA (*continued*) PAGE

Planina 287

Lake of Zirknitz 303

Adelsberg 305

The Karst 307

ERRATA,

VOL. I.

Page 133, line 16, *after* Besides, *dele* the comma.
—— 235, —— 12, *for* knaws, *read* gnaws.
—— 262, —— 13 and 15, *for* Adelsberg, *read* Adersbach.

VOL. II.

Page 114, line 17, *after* laboured, *insert* the soil.
—— 168, —— 1, *for* through, *read* though.
—— [illegible], —— 1, *for* seem, *read* seems.

TOUR IN GERMANY, &c.

CHAPTER I.

BRUNSWICK—MAGDEBURGH—POTSDAM—BERLIN.

Sprache gab mir einst Hamler, und Stoff mein Cäsar; da nahm Ich
Meinen Mund etwas voll, aber ich schweige seitdem.
SCHILLER. The Spree *loquitur*.

SCARCELY out of the gates of Hanover, and the wheels already drowned in sand up to the axle-tree; taedium to the eye, and death to the patience of the traveller, with the additional vexation of paying tolls for permission to follow the most convenient track which his postilion can find among the fir trees, where no road has ever existed since the flood, which seems to have *left these* sands behind it. But it is unreasonable to get into a passion at the bad roads in these

parts of Hanover and Brunswick; for what can be expected where the soil is only a deep, arid sand, and not a pound weight of stone is to be procured, except at an expence which the finances can ill bear? Notwithstanding the tolls, few roads in Germany support themselves; money for *Strassenbau*, that is, for making and upholding roads, is a regular item in the annual budget of every state. The roads are thus a continual burden on the public treasury; and, as poverty is the besetting infirmity, they must share in the imperfections of all public matters that require money.

While toiling through this German Zara, with what longing the eye turns to the lofty and lengthened ridge of the Harz, which bounds it on the south, once, probably, the mountainous shore of a sea, that gradually receded from these level deserts. There, all is varied and romantic; the ancient pines seem to frown contemptuously on their stunted brethren which encumber the plain; villages and spires start out from their shade; deep cleft and shattered precipices overlook them in a thousand imposing forms. Above them all rises the Blocksberg, since time imme-

morial the Pandemonium of Europe, and the only spot which persecuting incredulity has left to the adepts in the black art, where all the wizards and witches of the civilized world still assemble, on May morning, to commune with their horned master, and celebrate, under his guidance, their unholy orgies.

Amid this wilderness, time and money have contrived to surround Brunswick with verdant groves, in which lovers whisper and nightingales sing all the night long. The city is both larger than Hanover, and wears a more cheerful external aspect; but it seemed to have still less bustle and activity, and the people were impatiently waiting till the majority of the young Duke should restore their court. The cathedral, begun in the twelfth century by Henry the Lion, whom the Brunswickers consider the great ornament of their ancient family, is a lofty but poor Gothic, polluted with an incongruous style of ornament which betrays an eastern origin. The tall pillars of the nave, for example, have small ones twisted round them.

In a vault beneath, lies a long line of the princes of Brunswick. The plain oaken coffin

of Ferdinand, the great captain of the great Frederick, is the simplest of all. Beside him lies his nephew, the Duke who fell at Jena, applauded in his youth by Frederick, and dashed to pieces in his old age against the military genius of Napoléon. More lamented is his son, the late Duke, who fell, not more heroically, but more fortunately, at Quatre Bras. Two small crimson flags, the one an offering from the matrons, and the other from the maidens of Brunswick, are suspended above his coffin; and its gaudy gold and crimson are still mixed with the brown and withered leaves of the garlands which the love of his people scattered on his bier when, at midnight, he was laid among so many of his race, who had fought and fallen like himself. Every Brunswicker speaks of his memory with pride and affection; there was much that was heroic and chivalrous in his character, and much that was interesting in his fortunes. He was full of that warlike spirit which the history of their princes has taught the Brunswickers to consider an inheritance of the family. No man deserved better to fill a place in this honoured vault which, besides Ferdinand, who won the

warrior's fame without finding the warrior's grave, and Leopold, who perished in the Oder, attempting to save the peasantry during an inundation, contains no fewer than nine princes of the House of Brunswick, more than one of them heads of the house, who, since the beginning of the last century, have fallen on the field of battle;—a testimony of devotedness to duty which no other sovereign house of Europe can exhibit, and justifying, by the general character of the family, still more than by the fate of one unfortunate prince, the song of him who announced that Germany's

> ——Champion ere he strikes will come,
> And whet his sword on Brunswick's tomb.

The most interesting thing in the museum is the Mantuan vase, or Brunswick onyx, an antique gem which has puzzled the learned scarcely less than the Portland vase. The stone is about half a foot long; its form is oblong, but it has been shaped into the fashion of a vase, with a golden rim and handle. The ground colour, a very deep brown, is varied with patches of white, some clouds of a dim yellow, and still

fewer of a dark grey. At about two thirds of its depth from the mouth, it is divided by a circular band of gold, and both the upper and lower compartments are filled with figures, cut in low relief, in a style which has made the gem be universally received as Grecian, but which betokens, at the same time, no masterly hand, nor any blooming period of the art. It has commonly been held to refer to the Eleusynian mysteries; but Emperius, the director of the museum, said that he was writing a dissertation to prove that it represents the Thesmophorian mysteries which were celebrated in honour of Ceres. He holds it to be a work of Alexandria, and out of the time of the Ptolemies.

Nothing can give a higher idea of Dürer's anxious finishing, than a sculpture (and he has not left many of them) which represents the Baptist preaching in the wilderness. The figures are partly in relief, partly round; and though there is here and there a sprinkling of trivialness, or an anachronism in costume, they are far from being deficient either in beauty or expression. The Baptist is elevated somewhat above his hearers, and stands behind a fragment

of a paling, over which he thumps with orthodox energy. His congregation consists, not of Jews, but of Germans. From the style of grouping and the smallness of the figures, (the whole stone is not more than a foot square,) some parts of the work must have required consummate dexterity of manipulation. A lady and a knight are standing in the inner part of the crowd, their faces directed to the preacher, and their backs, therefore, turned to the spectator. The figures are entirely round; and no common delicacy of hand was necessary to work out the countenances with so much exactness in so difficult a position. The knight lost his sword during his journey to England; for this, with the other more valuable contents of the museum, were sent to this country to preserve them from French rapine. Denon lounged among what remained, and selected at his leisure all that seemed worth carrying off.

Helmstadt was formerly the university of Brunswick; but the seminary was abolished in 1808, and has not been re-established. The duchy is too small a territory to require a university, and too poor to support a good one, and

Göttingen is as near as it is to Hanover. Immediately beyond the gates of Helmstadt comes the Prussian frontier. At Magdeburgh, the first Prussian town, you find nothing but ramparts, and ditches, and drawbridges, and cannon, following, in fearful array, one range behind another, till you reach the heart of the city. It is a crowded and bustling town; washed by the Elbe, it is the entrepot of all the wares and merchandize that enter or leave Germany by the river. The cathedral has merely the merit of being very spacious, and contains almost as many political and military emblems as religious allusions. The Prussian eagle overshadows with his pinions an old inscription which commemorates the first celebration of the sacrament according to the reformed ritual; in front of the pulpit the iron cross is elevated on a pillar, with a flag and a pike as supporters; and the walls of the choir are covered with public tablets to officers who fell in the Liberation War.

Here there is no barrenness; the territory of Magdeburgh, stretching along the banks of the Elbe, over a soil gradually formed by the depositions of its inundations, or reclaimed from

marshes which they had left behind, is the most fruitful corn land in the north of Germany. It used to export a great quantity of grain; but they now complain that our prohibition has seriously injured their market.

This gleam of fertility soon dies away, as the Elbe is left behind, and the dreary sands again return. The road is the great line of communication between this depot of trade and the capital; there is necessarily a great deal of travelling, as well as of inland carriage upon it; yet some portions of it are, beyond comparison, the worst in Europe. The reason is, the want of materials, and the enormous expence of transporting from a distance the quantity necessary to construct such a road, and keep it in repair. Much, however, has been done. The whole line is about ninety English miles; the twenty miles between Potsdam and Berlin have long been good, because the convenience of the court required it; but, of late years, it has been carried a great deal farther, and an excellent chaussée now extends, on the one side, sixty miles from Berlin, and, on the other, seven miles from Magdeburgh. The rest of the line, however, is

infamous. It is an unceasing pull through loose dry sand, which rises to the very nave of the wheel, frequently encumbered with the remains of languishing fir-woods, and presenting no single object to relieve the eye; for the scanty crops, which industry and penury have laboured to raise even here, look equally melancholy with every thing around them, as if mourning the impossibility of man overcoming in their favour so reluctant a nature.

The traveller thinks himself entering a paradise when he approaches, at Brandenburgh, the banks of the Havel; the fresh remembrance of the wildernesses through which he has just passed, gives to these little green wooded and watered landscapes the enchantment of fairy land. The Havel seems to have been made expressly for the country; it is not uniformly confined within a distinctly marked channel, but often spreads itself out into small lakes, through the middle of which it keeps its course, while copse-wood and villages are strewed thickly over their sloping banks, and almost every eminence is crowned with a wind-mill. The most varied and pleasing spot of this kind is in the bend where

tlie river, which has hitherto flowed south, wheels round to the westward to seek the Elbe, and here Frederick the Great built Potsdam. As the king built merely for the sake of making a handsome town, it is full of architectural parade, with splendid streets, in which scarcely a human being is to be seen, except the lounging military; and magnificent buildings, whose florid ornaments are sometimes in ridiculous contrast with the purposes to which the houses are now applied. A superb edifice, a copy of the temple of Nerva in Rome, is now an inn; but the original itself has become the pontifical custom-house. It is not uncommon to see warlike instruments and military trophies crowded over the door and windows of a tailor, a whole range of goddesses and nymphs adorning a pork shop, or Cupids, with much greater propriety, sporting above the cornices of a milliner. "The pomp and circumstance of war" is all the pomp and circumstance of which Potsdam can now boast. Long before reaching the gates, the rattling of musquetry and the sounding of bugles announced that the king was enjoying his fa-

vourite recreation, a review. Potsdam is, in fact, a splendid garrison.

Sans Souci, bearing its name, like Wilhelmshöhe at Cassel, in bad taste, but gold letters, on its front, stands on an eminence close behind the town. It is a long, low building, destitute of architectural parade, although adorned with a double circular portico, a beautiful object in itself, but much too magnificent for the main building. The prospect is confined; it has, however, as much of what is pleasant as could be found in this country. It takes in a large portion of the Havel, spreading out its lakes among green fields and wooded eminences, and here and there diversified by a passing sail. Were it less pleasing than it really is, who would not gaze upon it with interest, when he reflected that Frederick loved to dwell upon its features, and sought in them the only repose which he allowed himself to enjoy from the dangers of the field and the labours of the cabinet? Even the bad humour into which a stranger is thrown by the mean and disgraceful, but privileged, extortions of the attendants, gives place to the respectful interest with which he lingers among

the scenes that supplied the simple pleasures of, not only a great, but a wonderful man.

The apartments of the king himself are extremely simple. Like the rest of the palace, they are hung with very mediocre French pictures, which, it is to be hoped, for the sake of Frederick's taste, he took no pleasure in looking at. He had more fitting companions in some ancient busts, set up in a long narrow gallery, in which he used to walk, when the weather denied him this exercise out of doors. The library, a small circular room, contains his books as he left them. They are all French, but many of them are translations of the great productions of other countries. Frederick's bell, his inkstand and sand-box, his sofa and little table, still retain their place. The bed has been removed from the chamber where he died, and a writing-desk occupies the place of the old chair in which he breathed his last; trifling alterations, no doubt, but injurious to the romance of the thing. The portrait of Gustavus Adolphus, the only ornament which Frederick admitted into his bedroom, has been allowed to remain. The apartment which was appropriated to Voltaire is the

most vulgar of all. The walls are covered with flowers and garlands, coarsely carved in wood, and bedaubed with glaring colours. I know not who selected this style of ornament; but the crowd of wooden parrots, perched among the wooden chaplets, proves either the bad taste of the poet, or the satirical humour of the king. Some other apartments are splendid in their architecture and decorations; but there are more splendid things of the same kind in fifty other palaces. We do not visit Sans Souci because it is a palace, but because Frederick the Great lived in it.

'The grounds are not extensive. In that part of them which lies immediately below the palace, and was the favourite resort of the monarch, all is rich, shady, and tranquil; you would believe yourself a thousand miles removed from the bustle of men. Even the French horns of the Jäger Guards, swelling from the barracks below, instead of disturbing, only sweetened the repose of the scene. Those parts of the grounds, again, which are thrown open indiscriminately to the public are merely shady, sandy promenades, commonly terminated by a small build-

ing, either an European oriental or a modern antique. Frederick could not give his subjects and visitors much varied scenery, or many picturesque glimpses; but he gave them a profusion of pillars and pediments. He seems to have been fondly tied to every thing which contributed to his pleasures; and no great monarch's pleasures were ever more simple and innocent. His generals do not appear to have stood higher in his heart than his dogs. A number of the latter are buried in the grounds, and honoured with tomb-stones. Beside them lies the horse which bore him through many a hard fought field in the Seven Years' War.

Though the foundation of a new collection of pictures has been laid in Berlin, the proper gallery of Prussia is in Potsdam, and contains many admirable works. It was principally formed by Frederick, and mercilessly treated by the French. If there was some affectation in Frederick, when he entered Dresden as a conqueror, craving permission of the Electress to look at the pictures, yet the feeling of respect which made him approach them as a worshipper, not as a robber, was princely. Napoleon came to Potsdam as a

conqueror, took off his hat when he entered what had been Frederick's apartment, and let loose his plunderers upon Frederick's pictures. Prussian bayonets have brought them all back, but some of them much injured by French improvements.

The palm of the gallery is disputed between Da Vinci, Raphael, and Titian. There are several pictures by these masters, but the three which contend for the prize are, of Da Vinci, Vertumnus, in the disguise of an old woman, persuading Pomona to throw off her virgin coyness, and learn to love; of Raphael, an Ecce Homo; of Titian, a sleeping Venus. In the first, Pomona is seated in an orchard, beneath a tree, whose fruit she has been gathering. Vertumnus, with a wrinkled, but not a vulgar visage, leaning on a staff, which he scarcely seems to require, bends towards her in an attitude of eager exhortation. There is a certain play about the withered features, which tells that he sees his oration is beginning to work. The bashful beauty hangs her head; a smile of mingled incredulity and approbation lights the under part of her beautiful countenance; her hands are

busied about her fruits and flowers in a way which shows that her thoughts are occupied with something else. Besides the excellence of the individual figures, the picture derives great effect from the contrast in which they are placed, blushing, blooming youth and simplicity by the side of wrinkled and wily old age. The great merit of Raphael's Ecce Homo lies in its lofty ideal expression; it is the highest possible degree of mental suffering, purified from every thing mean and vulgar, announcing not merely the agony of the soul, but likewise the fortitude and resignation with which it is borne. Titian's sleeping Venus, without a rag of drapery, reclines, on her right side, on a blue couch, the breast and head being somewhat elevated on a white pillow. The back is turned towards the spectator; the left leg is bent into the picture, thus presenting the prettiest sole of the prettiest foot that ever was painted. The arms are folded under the head, and the countenance is half turned round. The softness and elegance of the whole figure, the symmetry of the proportions, and, above all, the truth and delicacy of the colouring, are things which cannot be described,

and in which it excels both its competitors. In expression, again, it is necessarily far beneath them; for, although enthusiasts have pretended to guess even what the slumbering beauty is dreaming about, all the soul which such a figure can possess is merely animal life. Frederick paid five thousand guineas for the Pomona, and three thousand for the Ecce Homo. The superintendent of the gallery told me, that when the righteous work of restitution was begun at Paris, the French were so intent on retaining the Pomona, that, for a while, they pretended it had gone amissing. The acknowledgment, that they could be guilty of the barbarous negligence of allowing such a picture to be lost, was not less disgraceful than the lie itself.

The waking Venus of Titian is insipid after her sleeping namesake. In the back ground, there once was a landscape, with two persons seated under a tree, and one of the two was a portrait of Titian himself. In Paris, the picture was *cleaned*, that is, the landscape disappeared, and, though the figures remain, the portrait is gone. Titian's Danae has returned entirely ruined; the picture is spoiled; colouring, ex-

pression, and perspective, are all destroyed. A small Madonna, by Correggio, shows still more clearly how little the original colouring of an artist was able to resist this process of cleaning; for, when submitted to this reformation in Paris, a groupe of angels, in the upper right hand corner, which Correggio himself had effaced, apparently from feeling that they overloaded this part of the picture, was brought to light.

The walls groan under Rubens. The Israelites, perishing by the fiery serpents in the wilderness, is a powerful picture. Though not so chaste or restrained in the agonizing expression which belonged to the scene as the representation of the same subject by Hannibal Caracci, it has much more force of grouping and colouring. The most powerful figure is that of a man expiring under the influence of the poison, which a serpent, coiled round his body, is biting into his throat; the wretch is extended on the ground, and never was the death struggle delineated with more horrible truth. Every limb and feature is cramped and convulsed, and the natural colour is already giving way to a dark, livid hue. Another excellent groupe is an old

woman, who, with an anxiety that threatens to render the exertion useless, strives to raise in her arms a grown up daughter, that she may turn her eyes to the healing serpent.

Few pictures in Potsdam please more than some splendid specimens of the historical style of Vandyke. If not successful competitors with Rubens, they are dangerous neighbours to him. Vandyke had drawn much from the best schools that preceded him; yet he is any thing but a mannerist or imitator; his grouping and expression are entirely his own; and the Dutch and German painters never required to cross the Alps to learn colouring. His St Matthew is the perfection of placid, dignified meditation. It may have been bad taste, but the simplicity of composition, the truth of expression, and the mild balancing of light and shade in his Isaac blessing Jacob instead of Esau, drew me irresistibly from the gorgeous masses of Rubens by which it is surrounded.

It must be allowed, that Frederick, or those who collected for Frederick, displayed much good sense and taste in their selection; they collected for the study of the art, not for its his-

tory. The gallery is still very incomplete, but what has been done, has been well and sensibly done. It was much better to lay out the same sum of money on a few good, than on many mediocre works; and whoever thinks of the immense price which great works of the great masters now bear, (if they can be purchased at all,) instead of contemning the small extent of the Potsdam gallery, will be surprised, that a prince who had so much to do with his money as Frederick the Great, should have been able to gather round him so many admirable specimens of the highest perfection to which the art has been carried.

Though it was only May-day when I entered Berlin, the heat was more oppressive than that of Lombardy or Romagna during the dog-days. The thermometer does not absolutely stand so high; but, from the action of the sun on the sandy soil which surrounds the Prussian capital, the heat has a sultry and vapoury quality, which renders Berlin a disagreeable residence in summer. Many families fly to Dresden to seek less insalubrious dog-days. The inhabitants of this raw northern climate enjoy the shade under the

lime trees which adorn their principal street, as late in the evening as Italians on the verandas of Naples, or under the porticoes of Romagna. Even the street musicians generally come forth to their labours towards midnight; and, in the Linden, the citizens furnish a more pleasing serenade, by hanging out nightingales from their windows, or on the branches of the trees, where they sing all night long, "most musical, most melancholy."

The entrance to Berlin from the west is by the Brandenburgh Gate, the most simple and majestic portal in Europe. It is an imitation of the Propylæum of Athens. Six lofty, fluted, Doric pillars, on each side, support an entablature, without any pediment; a gateway, not arched, passes between each couple of pillars. On the entablature stands the bronze figure of Victory, drawn in her chariot by four horses, and bearing the Prussian Eagle in triumph. It is a very spirited work, and was therefore sent to France, not more on account of its own merits, than to insult the Prussians. Their good swords have replaced the goddess on their Athenian portal, where she seems to guide her

steeds, amid a hundred memorials of Frederick, towards the royal palace. Though the guard-houses which spring out from each extremity of the gate are in the same general style, they look insignificant, and somewhat encumber the imposing forms to which they are attached. Close by is the house of Blücher, the greatest military favourite of the Prussians since their great king. They seldom give him any other name than "Marshal Forward," and love to place him and Gneisenau in the same relation to each other in which the Romans set Marcellus and Fabius. Between them, they nobly retrieved the ignominy of Jena.

From the portal you enter at once the most splendid street in Germany. It runs due east and west, for about three quarters of a mile, from the Brandenburgh Gate, which closes the perspective at one extremity, to the royal palace, which terminates it at the other. It is divided, in fact, into five parallel walks, by double rows of lime trees and horse chesnuts, and from the predominance of the former it has its name, *Unter den Linden.* The central alley, the most spacious and convenient of all, is appropriated

to pedestrians; the four others are common to all the world, but carriages generally confine themselves to the outermost on each side, formed by the last row of trees and the houses. Many of the buildings which line the sides of this mixture of town and country, though unambitious in point of ornament, are ample and imposing, the abodes of courtly and diplomatic pomp, of an expensive hotel, or a restaurateur celebrated for his kitchen.

Unter den Linden is the scene of all the bustle of Berlin, but not the bustle of business; if there be any of that, it is confined to the old, or eastern part of the city; it is the bustle of idle people amusing and enjoying themselves, and of lovely women seeking admiration. During the greater part of the day, especially on Sunday, it is filled with crowds of well dressed, comfortable looking people, streaming merrily along in both directions, or, with an ice in their hands, laughing at the heat, on the benches which are ranged along beneath the shade of the lime trees. Now and then, the king comes lounging up the alley, attended, if attended at all, by a single servant, in a very sober livery, his hands behind his back,

and his eyes commonly turned towards the ground, enjoying the shade with as much plain heartiness as the meanest of his subjects. The loungers rise from their benches as he passes; the gentlemen take off their hats; the ladies make their best curtsey; the *Strassenjungen*, a class for whom Frederick had more respect than for an Austrian army, do all they can to make a bow. The king has a nod or a smile for every body, and passes on in the well grounded assurance, that every one he sees would shed his blood for him to-morrow. Royalty, in Germany, from the Emperor of Austria down to the Prince of Nassau, is accustomed to appear among its subjects with much less of majesty and reserve about it than is common among ourselves. What a bustle would be created if our King should take a walk, some forenoon, from Carlton House to the Bank, accompanied by a solitary and panting beef-eater! The Germans would find nothing remarkable in it; our political clubs would vote, that the Bank was insolvent, and that his Majesty had been attending a meeting of creditors.

Except the Linden, and one or two por-

tions of the city to the north of the Linden, all on the west of the Spree, being abandoned to the fashionable world, is regular and dull. The buildings are not, properly speaking, monotonous; for, though the streets were laid out, the houses were not built, on any regular plan; but there is no life in these long, straight, stone alleys, some of them a mile in length, piercing the city from one gate to the other. It is perpetually the same thing, with nothing either in the dead or living objects which can attract attention for an instant. Nothing in pedestrian exercise is so deplorable as walking the streets in this part of Berlin. You are in no danger, as you are in Paris and Vienna, of being rode over; for each side of every street, either somewhat elevated above the centre, or separated from it by a kennel, is set apart for the humble foot-walker; but these pretended pavements are merely the worst of all causeways, formed of so many small, rough, sharp pieces, that walking, with the thermometer at 80°, is exquisitely painful. The *Wilhelmstrasse*, full of palaces, and inhabited, at least in that part of it nearest the

Linden, only by people of fashion, is the most intolerably paved street in the city.

Sand is bad; but, to get off one of these *trottoirs pavès* into the desert of a square, is a deliverance to which alone I can ascribe it, that the squares of Berlin have been praised so much above their merits. Some of them are spacious in extent, and surrounded by handsome buildings; but the want of all ornament reduces them to mere vacant areas. They are generally only a dead surface of loose parched sand, without pavement, or turf, or shrubbery, and the only decoration of which they can ever boast is a row of stunted trees; *Wilhelmsplatz*, the finest of them all, the abode only of princes and peers, plunges you at once ancle deep in sand; it is the legitimate offspring of the road between Hanover and Brunswick; you may see royal coachmen urging their steeds across the one with as much anxiety as your own postilion encouraged his sorry nags along the other.

The stagnating water is another source of discomfort, and is most troublesome precisely in the most fashionable parts of the city. Though the Spree traverses Berlin, dividing it into two

nearly equal parts, the site, especially on the left bank, where the more modern and gaudy portion of the city stands, is so dead a flat of itself, and is so little elevated above the level of the river, that, even in the Wilhelmstrasse, and on the Wilhelmsplatz, in front of magnificent palaces, the water overflows the kennel, and spreads itself back over the pavement, under a heat which brings corruption after a few hours stagnation.

The older and less fashionable part of the city, on the right bank of the Spree, though it has no such spacious and regular streets, nor, excepting the palace, which is in its outskirts, many imposing edifices, is more lively and industrious. In no great capital is a Briton so struck with the absence of those splendid and seductive shops which fix the eye, and undo the purse, in London, Paris, or Vienna. The Spree itself, which separates the two parts of the town, bears the only character which so small a river can bear in so large a city, that of a broad, deep, muddy ditch. It has some dignity only where it sweeps boldly round the huge pile of the palace. It is invaluable, however, to the inhabitants, both as a means of cleanliness and a vehi-

cle of commerce. To the eastward, about fifty miles nearer its source, it communicates with the Oder by a canal, and thus brings down to Berlin the minerals of Upper Silesia, and the corn and manufactures of Middle and Lower Silesia. The craft, again, which follow its stream to the westward, are carried by it into the Havel, six miles from Berlin, under the fortifications of Spandau; the Havel bears them into the Elbe, and, on the Elbe, they descend to Hamburgh. The vessels which crowd the quays of Berlin are long, narrow, flat-bottomed, uncouth-looking things, but perfectly well suited for the sort of navigation. The minister of a northern court threw all the ship-wrights of Berlin into consternation, by making one of them build a pleasure boat with a keel. When he used to go out in it on the river, carrying sail, the shores were lined with astonished spectators. A royal prince was one day on board, and became so alarmed at the gentle heeling of the boat, under a moderate breeze, that he insisted on being set on shore.

Altogether, the Prussians, though possessing no mean extent of sea-coast, frequently display strange instances of geographical ignorance. A

well-known geographer of Berlin, having read that one of our navigators had found an *ice island* in a considerably more southern latitude than these frozen masses usually frequent, set it down in his book as the latitude of *Iceland*. A Berlin newspaper, giving an abstract of the discoveries made in the first of our late voyages to ascertain the existence of a North-West Passage, gave to Melville Island the latitude of Captain Flinders' Melville Island on the coast of New Holland, placing it near the Equator instead of near the Pole. The blunder was notified to the editor, and the next number contained an "Erratum in our last.—For Melville "Island in such and such a latitude, read "Melville Island in this other latitude, (giv- "ing the true northern latitude,) *which is not* "*to be confounded with Melville Island in this* "*latitude*, (giving the blundered one); a line "was omitted through the carelessness of the "compositor." A much better practical joke was played off upon their ignorance by the same minister who insisted on having a boat with a keel. The Linden runs east and west; therefore, in the latitude of Berlin, the houses

on the north side of the street are in the sun, and those on the south side in the shade. The palace is to the east of the Linden. But the court-chamberlain, in issuing directions for a funeral, took it into his head, from some indistinct notion that southern climates are always warm climates, that the sunny side of the Linden must be the south side; and, in his circular to the elevated persons who were to attend, he actually inverted the two sides of the street. This northern minister, having no wish to attend the ceremony, and having a house on the north side of the Linden, took advantage of the blunder, and went to the country. Next day, the sole topic of conversation in the circles of Berlin was, What can be the meaning of the absence of the —— minister? His Excellency, who had foreseen this, immediately sent in a laughing, half-official sort of note, stating, that he had always "believed his house to be on the north "side of the Linden, and that, therefore, as the "palace was to the east of him, when he wished "to go to it, he was in the habit of ordering his "coachman, on issuing from the gateway, to "drive to the left. But, having learned from

" the court circular, that his house was on the " south side of the street, and that, therefore, to " get to the palace, he must take an opposite di- " rection from that which he usually took, he " had ordered his coachman, on this occasion, to " turn to the right; the consequence of which " was, that, after an hour's driving, instead of " finding himself at the palace, he found himself " at the gates of Spandau."

Between the Brandenburgh gate and the palace, are crowded together nearly all the fine edifices of Berlin. The guard, the university, the arsenal, the opera-house, the new theatre, the palace, with its church, are all in the neighbourhood of each other. The palace has nothing to recommend it but its huge size, and the splendour of its furniture. Except the plain, simple apartment of Frederick himself, it is as gorgeous as royalty could make it; but, in general, to describe the inside of a palace is nothing better than to describe an upholsterer's shop. It is not, however, the regular residence of the present king; he generally lives in a much more modest looking house in the Linden. The arsenal, though it has neither porticoes nor

pillars, is the finest building in Berlin; the extent and simplicity of its fronts are majestic, and its military trophies and emblematical groupes display a great deal of good workmanship.

In the public architecture of Berlin, there is a tiresome degree of uniformity, arising from a too frequent repetition of the same forms and combinations; it is easily seen that it has sprung up, in a great measure, in the lump, on one wholesale plan. The general style is an Ionic portico, placed before a very plain front. Sometimes three out of the four sides are garnished with this appendage, but the pillars never extend along the whole front, or are carried entirely round the building. What may be called the ground floor, generally formed of rustic work, projects, and on this is raised the portico. The effect is not so pleasing or imposing to the eye, as when the pillars clothe the whole, or nearly the whole front of the building; and, even if the style possessed more merit than it really does, it looks like poverty of invention to have so much of it, and so little of any thing else. Potsdam and Berlin are full of it; but the uniformity is more striking in the latter,

from the proximity of the buildings. Thus, on the *Place des Gens d'Armes*, stand the opera house, the theatre, and two gorgeous churches, all in the same fashion; the university, too, is nearly the same thing.

The new theatre was to eclipse all the other productions of Prussian architectural taste, and tower above the less gaudy, but much more majestic opera house of Frederick. The Ionic portico itself is a beautiful object; but it is difficult to conceive how the same architect who reared it, could have crowded into the body of the edifice almost every fault which such a building can possess, did we not know, that it is much easier to follow known rules and fixed proportions in raising pillars, than to combine a graceful and dignified whole. Above all, the unlucky thought of carrying up the main body of the building so far above the pediment of the portico, and terminating it, at the same time, with a pediment of its own, has destroyed all grace and symmetry, and offends the eye mortally. Modern extravagance in windows often stands in the way of architectural beauty; but in what edifice can it interfere less than in a

theatre? Yet this building is so slit in every direction by narrow, insignificant windows, that the American was quite justifiable, who exclaimed, on first seeing it, "What a huge hot-house the king has got!" Neither the king nor his subjects are satisfied with this monument of native genius; but there it stands, and the money has been spent.

The dramatic troop is much less defective than the building in which they perform. While Iffland, the Garrick of Germany, was manager, the Berlin theatre had no rival except Weimar. In some departments of comedy, it is now inferior to Vienna, and, in tragedy, is at least not superior. Madame Stich of Berlin counterbalances Madame Schröder and Madame Löwe of Vienna; she is not so overpowering as the former of these ladies in the expression of strong passion, she could not play Lady Macbeth so well; nor has she the same melting power of tenderness that distinguishes the latter; but Madame Stich has a truer conception of character, though her acting sometimes falls short of her idea, and a more chaste and sustained style of representation than either of

them. She is the only actress whom I ever saw give any thing like a good performance of Schiller's Maid of Orleans. Joanna is the touchstone of German actresses; they perpetually convert her into an ordinary, ranting, declamatory heroine, the very antipodes of the poet's Joanna; and they always miss that deep, solemn, supernatural feeling, which separates her from ordinary tragic personages.

Out of this country, I never witnessed that sort of respect for royalty, which displays itself in singing, manifested with so much enthusiasm as on the evening this theatre was opened. So soon as the hearty shout which welcomed the king, when he entered his box, had ceased, the whole immense audience burst forth into *Heil Dir im Sieger Kranz*, the Prussian God Save the King. They sing it to the same air with our own. These matchless notes have made their way widely; the Saxons use them for the same purpose; so do the Weimarese. The Burschen, again, have a score of songs adapted to them. The Austrians were perfectly right not to borrow from foreign treasures, when they had Haydn to compose their *Gott erhalte Franz*

den Kaiser; but the Austrian hymn, with all its melody and sweetness, has too much of the psalm in it; it wants the manly, majestic, full-hearted boldness of the strains in which we are accustomed to express, not more our respect for our monarch, than our own national pride. When an English audience sings God Save the King, it seems to consider itself as doing an act of condescension, and to feel the same sort of satisfaction which a man feels in conferring a favour.

Operas are got up, in Berlin, with an extravagant expenditure on pomp of decoration and splendour of costume. But the taste of the public is not pure; they have not that natural feeling of the eloquence of "sweet sounds" which distinguishes the Italian and Bohemian, and they have not passed through that training under the hands of great masters which has formed the accurate, though somewhat artificial taste, of Dresden and Vienna. Their opera is under the direction of Spontini, whose operas are, in general, as much for the eye as for the ear. The whole city was on tiptoe expectation for the production of his regenerated Olympia, which had formerly

failed in some other capitals. Twenty-five thousand rix-dollars (nearly L. 4000) had been expended on the decorations; five hundred pounds of the sum had been laid out in creating an elephant, destined to make a principal figure in the performance. A great personage, whose treasury must bear the load of all these expences, was alleged to have grumbled at this item, unless the composer would undertake to make the quadruped sing a bass solo. Though some left the house, unable to endure the incessant thundering of the orchestra, and Professor W—— declared it to be just as pleasant as dining on Cayenne pepper, the great body of the audience seemed to be perfectly satisfied at having their ears so stunned, and their eyes so dazzled. The appearance of the elephant, moved along by a little boy in each leg, was hailed with a shout which might have wakened Frederick in frowns from his grave at Potsdam, at the corrupted taste of his descendants. On the third representation, when the animal was on the stage, the hind-leg boys quarrelled with the fore-leg boys; their angry gestures in the intestines of the grave animal threw it into inconceivable

convulsions, and its disturbed frame finally measured its length upon the boards.

Every week, two or three grand concerts are given, under the royal authority, in the music hall of the new theatre, an apartment of such fair proportions, with so much elegance, yet chasteness and simplicity in its decorations, that it would leave the eye nothing to desire, were it not the unseemly pigeon holes which, under the name of boxes for the royal family, disfigure one side of the room, and break the unity of the whole. Every entertainment of this sort consists partly in a mixture of elocution and instrumental music, which is of very questionable merit, and almost peculiar to Germany. A favourite ballad, for instance, of Schiller, Bürger, or Göthe, is delivered by a reciter, just as any other elocutionist would read it, but is accompanied, either in a continued strain, or only by fits and starts, as the composer thinks proper, by instrumental music which is, or pretends to be, characteristic of the sentiment that pervades the particular verses, or representative of what they happen to describe. For example, were the elocutionist reading Chevy Chace, at the

very outset, "God, prosper long our noble "king," his voice would probably be drowned in the jubilee of the orchestra, and would forthwith be heard again, as the instruments softly bewailed that,

> A woeful hunting once there did
> In Chevy Chace befall;

unless the French horn were made to render him inaudible, for the purpose of suggesting woodland associations, and the idea of a "hunting." Among other things, I heard Schiller's *Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*, a beautiful ballad, out of which Holbein has manufactured a very poor, prosing, tiresome drama, recited in this way, and the effect was not fitted to make one partial to this mode of marrying music to immortal verse. The whole system forgets the specific difference between reading and singing. The reader stands in quite a different relation to a musical accompaniment from the opera singer. Though readers speak of musical, melodious, or harmonious elocution, reading is not singing, in any accurate sense of the words. In any given song, there is only one way of reading it well;

but more than one melody may be composed for it, all equally good. A union of ordinary elocution with instrumental music does not seem to be less incongruous or confused than if one person were to recite a ballad while another simultaneously sung it.

The great men of Prussia have been principally kings and warriors, and she cannot be accused of what is the disgrace of Austria, public ingratitude to their memories. If Frederick laughed at German poets, he entertained a profound respect for German soldiers; his gratitude, and the public spirit roused by the events of late years, have called forth upon the streets, and squares, and bridges of Berlin, in marble or in bronze, the long line of Prussian heroes. A spirited, though somewhat clumsy equestrian statue of the great Elector, adorns the principal bridge across the Spree; Prince Henry of Prussia defends the shady garden which borders the river below the bridges; the Prince of Anhalt Dessau displays his old-fashioned uniform in front of the palace; the Wilhelmsplatz bears the great worthies of the Seven Years' War, Ziethen, Keith, Seidlitz, Schwerin, and Winterfeld, and

the last moments of three of them who fell in battle are preserved, in the church of the garrison, in glaring and literal pictures. Blücher, Bülow, and Gneisenau, the heroes of a war no less honourable to the national feeling and national devotedness of Prussia, than that which Frederick waged against the half of Europe, will, by this time, have been publicly added to their worthy predecessors. I saw the latter two, scarcely finished, in Rauch's workshop; they are both excellent statues, perhaps a little too true, but simple and dignified, and free from all frippery and trifling. Rauch has improved on his predecessors in the drapery of his figures more than in any thing else. The fidelity with which the heroes of the Seven Years' War are wrapt up in a uniform, with all its multifarious trappings, leaves the sculptor room for no other merit in his drapery than that of representing correctly in marble what already existed in cloth and gold lace. The best statue in Berlin is the portrait statue of the late Queen of Prussia, on her tomb in the gardens of Charlottenburg; it entitles Rauch to rank among the first sculptors of Germany.

The Prussian artists did not long retain the ancient models which Frederick procured for them by purchasing the collection of Cardinal Polignac. When, in the Seven Years' War, the united hosts of Russia, Austria, and Saxony, ventured to march to Berlin, while the king was facing other enemies in another province, the Saxons, who took possession of Charlottenburg, in revenge for the bombardment of Dresden, a measure altogether in the ordinary course of war, broke the statues in pieces, and continued pounding the very limbs into powder, till the terrific intelligence, that Frederick, with his little army, was in full march from Silesia, left Austrians, Russians, and Saxons, no other object of emulation except who should most readily get out of his way. This was but a bad return for the reverence with which Frederick had treated the gallery of Dresden. When he saw the barbarity with which they had destroyed his statues, he clenched his fist, and stamped the ground in indignation; "The monsters! but how could they "know the value of such things! we must for-"give them;" and he displayed his forgiveness by forthwith plundering and burning Huberts.

burg, the most splendid of the country residences of the Elector of Saxony.

The picture gallery, too, was a wholesale purchase made by the present king. The walls of the Giustiniani palace in Rome were left bare, and their ornaments exchanged for Prussian dollars. The pictures, after those of Potsdam, are scarcely worth looking at; the collection is rich in great names, but destitute of great pictures.

On a sandy hillock, about half a mile beyond the walls, stands the *Volks-Denkmal*, or Monument of the People. It was erected by the present king, and, with much pomp, dedicated by him to his people, to commemorate their exertions in the triumphant campaigns which terminated the war. It is a lofty Gothic tabernacle, or rather a concretion of such tabernacles, pierced with niches, and bristled with pinnacles. Four of them are set against each other, and as they are square, each presents three sides. In the twelve sides thus formed are as many niches; each niche is appropriated to a battle, and contains a statue intended to be emblematical of the combat, or representing some person who

distinguished himself in it. The statues are not yet complete; that in the niche, set apart for Grossbeeren, represents a Prussian Landwehrmann, or militia-man, because the day was won by the good conduct of the militia; the countenance struck me as a portrait of the Prince Royal. The niche of the Katzbach is filled with Blücher, and that of Leipzig, a better known battle, with a less known warrior, Prince Henry of Prussia. The statues were modelled partly by Rauch, partly by Tieck; the artists have done all that could be expected under so discouraging a similarity of subject. The want of simplicity and dignity, the multiplicity and littleness of parts, is the great objection to the whole; it has too much of the toyshop, especially as, in the desolate sands that surround it, there is nothing to accord with the Gothic plaything. Why was this popular monument, erected by a king, and dedicated to a nation, to preserve the daily memory of such men and such deeds, thrown outside of the walls, into so dreary a wilderness, which nobody would ever think of traversing, except to see the monument itself? When a Roman emperor wished to record his

military exploits in the eyes of the people, he built his triumphal arch in the neighbourhood of the Forum, or raised his sculptured pillar in a public square.

The monument, with its tabernacles and statues, consists entirely of cast-iron, in the manufacture of which the Prussians have arrived at great perfection. The iron is principally obtained from the mines of Tarnowitz, in Upper Silesia; and the expence of transporting it is greatly lessened by a canal which, leaving the Oder immediately above Frankfort, connects that river with the Spree, coming down from the Lausitz towards Berlin. The foundery itself is in Berlin, and supplies cast-iron monuments to all Germany. They even make, in relief, copies of celebrated pictures: I saw the Last Supper of Da Vinci cast in a space of about six inches by four, with a neatness and precision which could not have been expected from such materials, and on so small a scale. Larger busts are excellently well done; the favourite ones are those of the late Queen and Blücher, for every Prussian will sacrifice a great deal to possess a memorial of either the one or the other. During the war,

the church bells of a great number of villages, were melted down into cannon; and the king is now melting down iron cannon to give the churches cast-iron bells. The difference, in point of expence, is enormous, and they sound just as well as most of our own country bells. The director seemed to entertain little doubt, that, in a few years, the Prussians would leave all Europe, except ourselves, far behind them in ornamental iron-work. He had been sent over to examine all the great iron establishments of England and Scotland; and, hanging over an English grate, of hammered iron, which he pronounced to be inimitable, and allowed could not *yet* be made in Prussia, he spoke of the perfection which he believed us to have reached, in a strain of enthusiastic eulogy altogether professional. It was honest; and this willingness to learn is the first thing to produce the capacity of teaching. A Frenchman would have found out, either that we knew nothing about the matter, or that all we did know which was worth knowing had been derived from his countrymen. The directors of the Berlin foundery even ventured to make a steam-engine, for the purpose

of blowing their bellows. Though they succeeded in constructing one which works, it cost them, they say, more money than if they had ordered it from this country. Yet they were much more successful than the directors of the iron mines at Tarnowitz, who, having got an engine from England, could not put it together so as to make it work. It refused to make a single stroke, till a workman was brought out to correct their blunders. It is said that they displayed a rather forcible desire to retain the Birmingham wanderer, and that he, at last, made his escape only by stealth.

At first it might excite wonder why so sandy and dreary a soil should have been selected for the capital of Prussia, in preference to the more pleasing and fertile banks of the Havel; but it is fortunate that it is so; for the neighbourhood of a capital of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, by creating a thousand wants, and recompensing the industry which supplied them, has peopled and cultivated a district which might otherwise have remained nearly useless to the monarchy. Neither labour nor money has

been spared to convert these parched levels even into something which apes park and forest, by planting trees, and making straight walks among them. The citizens of Berlin believe that nothing of this sort can be finer than their *Thiergarten*, an extensive plantation, in which there are too many firs. It commences outside of the Brandenburgh Gate; here there are no suburbs; from between the Doric columns of the portal, you at once enter the wood, where carriages and pedestrians toil along in the same deep sand, for, though there are some verdant and refreshing spots, the walks are not even gravelled. Along its southern boundary is a line of small but handsome villas, in which the higher class of citizens seek refuge in summer, from the sultry heat of the city. On the north it is bounded by the Spree, and the portion of it in the neighbourhood of the river is the Vauxhall of Berlin. The bank is lined with coffee-houses; rustic benches and tables are fixed beneath the shade of umbrageous limes and elms; beer, coffee, and tobacco, are the sources of enjoyment; crowds of pipes, ready to be stopped, are piled

up like stands of arms.* Numerous itinerant venders wander from room to room, and tree to tree, displaying seductive layers of segars, from the genuine Havannah, down to the homely Hanoverian or Bavarian. As evening comes on, and the boats return up the river, with the parties which have been enjoying Charlottenburg, if the weather does not drive the happy crowd within doors, numerous lamps are hung up among the trees. The clouds of smoke aid the dimness of twilight, and both render the shady recesses of the wood fit scenes of intrigue and assignation.

The same general character belongs to the grounds of Charlottenburg, a royal residence,

* The northern Germans are much less luxurious in the article of pipes than their countrymen of the south. The pipes of Vienna are superb things. Every where, however, those piled up in the coffee-houses for general use, consist merely of an unbarked, hollow wand, from two to three feet long, fixed into a bowl of burned clay. The china bowls are for the more ornamental class of pipes. I was told in the porcelain manufactory at Berlin, that it annually manufactures nearly 30,000 pipe heads.

about two miles from the city, the palace in which Frederick deposited his treasures of sculpture, and, from associations still more interesting, the favourite residence of the present king. The palace has no other merit than its size. The grounds are better laid out than the Thiergarten, and are the great resort of the Sunday strollers from Berlin; the adjacent village consists almost entirely of coffee-houses; and there is a small theatre, to which a detachment from the city troop is marched up on Sunday evening. Advantage has been very skilfully taken of the Spree, which bounds the grounds, to introduce various pieces of water, and call forth a more refreshing verdure than is found in the Thiergarten. Beyond the river, the country is entirely open, yet it is more pleasant than the sandy alleys, and stiffly marshalled trees of the grounds themselves; it is monotonous, to be sure, but it is fresh and green. Though an inhabitant of the more favoured countries of the north, to say nothing of the south, would not perhaps give a second look to the view, it is perfectly natural that a young tradesman of Berlin should believe that he is revelling among the

richest beauties of nature, when, on a Sunday evening, he strolls with his love through the shades of Charlottenburg, and treats her to the pit of its little theatre.

In a retired corner of the grounds, where no sound can penetrate from the world without to disturb the repose to which the spot is consecrated, a small Doric temple is seen lurking beneath the melancholy shade of cypresses and weeping willows. It is the tomb and monument of the late Queen of Prussia, the fairest and most amiable, the most interesting and most unfortunate princess of her day. The place is so well chosen, and all its accompaniments are so much in unison with the sacred purpose to which it has been applied, that even the ignorant stranger feels he is approaching a scene of tender and melancholy recollections. In the interior of the temple, the walls are covered, to a certain height, with marble, and the rest is painted in imitation of marble. Excepting this, and two magnificent candelabras, formed after antique models, there is no effort at splendour of decoration. The body lies in a vault beneath; the back part of the floor of the temple, which

corresponds to the ceiling of the vault, is elevated above the anterior part; and on this elevation is a full length statue of Louisa, reclining on a sarcophagus. It is a work of Rauch. It is a portrait statue, and the likeness is allowed to be perfect; the king insisted it should be Louisa; he would not sacrifice a single feature to what the artist might perhaps have reckoned a pardonable embellishment; but Louisa's was a face and a form which few artists could have successfully embellished. The expression is not that of dull, cold death, but of undisturbed repose. The hands are modestly folded on the breast; the attitude is easy, graceful, and natural; but the partial crossing of the legs, and the perpendicular erection of both feet, which start up under the shroud in nearly a triangular form, give some stiffness and harshness to the lower extremity of the figure. The artist had no opportunity of displaying anatomy, in which so many find the perfection of sculpture. Only the countenance, and part of the neck, are bare; the rest of the figure is shrouded in an ample, and extremely well wrought drapery. As the management of drapery is the rock on which

modern German sculptors, and, in fact, mediocre sculptors of all times, and of all countries, most frequently split, either bundling it up in heavy cumbersome masses, or frittering it down into numerous small parallel grooves, Rauch may be the prouder of having here given his countrymen a very good example how it ought to be done. The great charm of the statue is, the decent, simple, tranquil air which pervades the whole figure; there is no tinge of that unfortunate striving after *effect* which disfigures so many monumental piles. I observed no inscription, no pompous catalogue of her titles, no parading eulogy of her virtues; the Prussian eagle alone, at the foot of the sarcophagus, announces that she belonged to the house of Hohenzollern, and the withered garlands which still hang above her, were the first offering of her children at the grave of their mother. The king still spends many of his hours in this solitary tomb, which, however, breathes nothing of death, except its repose. The key of the vault in which the body is deposited is always in his own possession; and, annually, on the anniversary of her death, he gathers his children round him at her grave,

and a religious service is performed by the side of her coffin.

The memory of Louisa may safely disregard the foul calumnies of French babblers, who lied and invented to gratify their unmanly master; if the character of a woman and a queen is to be gathered from her husband, her children, and her subjects, few of her rank will fill a more honourable place. She said herself, shortly before her death, "Posterity will not set down my "name among those of celebrated women; but "whoever knows the calamities of these times, "will say of me, she suffered much, and she suf- "fered with constancy. May he be able to add, "she gave birth to children who deserved better "days, who struggled to bring them round, and "at length succeeded." She was not distinguished for talent, but she was loved and revered for her virtues; she had all the qualifications of an amiable woman, of a queen she had only the feelings. Every Prussian regarded her, and still speaks of her with a love approaching to adoration. It was not merely her beauty or female graces, richly as she was endowed with them, that captivated her husband's people; it was her

pure, mild, simple, and affectionate character. They had sighed beneath the extravagant government of mistresses and favourites, which disgraced the closing years of the reign of the preceding monarch; and they turned with fondness to the novel spectacle of domestic happiness and propriety which adorned the throne of Prussia, when his present majesty mounted it, with the fairest princess of Europe by his side, and both surrounded by a family, in which alone they continued to seek their pure pleasures and simple amusements. Courtly extravagance and dissoluteness were banished, for empty pomp and noisy gaiety did not suit their domestic attachments; while they supported the dignity of the crown, they never made themselves the slaves of court etiquette. Madam! Voss, the queen's *Oberhofmeisterin*, who had no idea that the world could possibly go on, unless every body, and, above all, kings and queens, moved according to the established ceremonial of centuries, was often irritated and perplexed by the royal couple. "Can I see the queen," said his majesty to her one day; the *Frau Oberhofmeisterin* would give no reply, till she had

put the question to the queen, and had brought back an answer with all due formalities. But Frederick William and his consort did not live on such distant terms; and the old lady, on entering her majesty's apartment, to deliver the message, turned pale with horror at finding the king already there, seated on the sofa, with his Louisa in his arms. Major Köckeritz, an old veteran officer, was much in the confidence of the king, and frequently dined at the royal table. The queen observed that he always retired before coffee was brought in, and she learned from her husband that the old soldier had accustomed himself to smoke a pipe along with his coffee, an indulgence which he could not enjoy in the presence of her majesty. Next day, when the major was about to retire as usual, the queen left the room for a moment, and returned with pipes and a box of tobacco: "There, "Major; I know you like tobacco as well as "coffee; do you imagine I will not know an old "friend's face through the smoke of his pipe?"

From the moment that Prussia awoke, too late, on the brink of the precipice to which an unstable and short-sighted policy had conducted

her, the life of this young and beautiful woman was uninterrupted bodily decay, the effect of mental suffering. Her hopes had been high, that the exertions of 1806 might still save the monarchy; she accompanied the king to the army, but retired to a place of safety immediately before the battle of Jena. She and the king parted in tears, and never met again in happiness; the battle was lost, and Prussia was virtually effaced from the number of the nations. She came down to Tilsit, during the negotiations that followed, much, it is said, against her own inclination, but in the view that her presence might be useful in softening the conqueror, who had declared that, in ten years, his own dynasty would be the oldest in Europe. It would probably be going too far to follow, to its whole extent, the enthusiastic execration which the Prussians bestow on Bonaparte for the unfeeling insolence with which they assert him to have treated their idolized queen; but it was an unmanly exploit, to strive to hurt the feelings of a woman. "The object of my journey," said the queen to him, on his first visit after her arrival, "is to prevail on your majesty to grant Prussia

"an honourable peace."—"How," answered Napoleon, in a tone of sovereign contempt, "how could you think of going to war with "*me?*"—"It was allowable," replied the queen, "that the fame of Frederick should lead us to "overrate our strength, if we have overrated it." Napoleon always acted towards Prussia with the virulence of a personal enemy, rather than with the prudence of an ambitious conqueror; but he is alleged to have hated the queen still more bitterly than the king, whom he affected to despise. He believed it was her influence, and that of Hardenberg, that had brought Prussia into the field; and he knew that the queen's insuperable enmity to him, joined to the love which her subjects lavished on her, was a principal source of the hatred that burned against him in every corner of the kingdom. While Berlin remained in his possession, tongues and pens were ordered to ridicule and vilify the queen; nor did the emperor himself always blush at relating the lying calumnies invented to please him. A distinguished literary character had the boldness to say in the very presence-chamber of Napoleon, "If his majesty wishes to be thought an

"emperor, he must first learn to be more of a "knight; by encouraging these foul slanders "against an absent and unfortunate woman, he "only makes it doubtful whether he be even a "man."

From this moment, the queen visibly sunk; her high spirit could not brook the downfall of her house, and her keen feelings only preyed the more rapidly on her health from the effort with which she conceáled them; the unassuming piety and natural dignity of her character allowed neither repining nor complaint. She lived just long enough to witness the utter degradation of the monarchy, and to exhort her sons to remember that they had but one duty to perform, to avenge its wrongs, and retrieve its disgraces,—and they have done it. "My sons," said she to them when she felt, what all were yet unwilling to believe, that the seal of death was upon her, "when your mother is gone, you will "weep over her memory, as she herself now "weeps over the memory of our Prussia. But "you must act. Free your people from the de-"gradation in which they lie; show yourselves "worthy to be descendants of Frederick. God

" bless you, my dear boys! this is my legacy, " save your country, or die like men."

This salvation was in reserve for Prussia, and the memory of the queen had no small share in producing that burst of national devotedness by which it was wrought out. While sinking beneath the heart-breaking pressure of the present, she never desponded concerning the future; a firm belief that the debasing yoke could not endure, clung to her to the last, and her letters, especially those to her father, express it repeatedly. In one she says, " The power of France " cannot stand, for it is founded only on what is " bad in man, his vanity and selfishness." Her firm assurance was shared by the whole nation; after her death, they still looked forward with confidence to the fulfilment of her hopes. It seemed as if the superstition which Tacitus has recorded of the ancient Germans had revived among their posterity, and the spirit of a woman was held to possess prophetic power. When the hour of fulfilment did come, Louisa was a sort of watch-word to the arming Prussians; not one of them ever forgave the insults or forgot the misfortunes of his queen. Even amid the triumphs

and exultation of the contest which hurled France beyond the Rhine, and her unquiet despot from his throne, accents of regret were ever and anon bursting forth, "SHE has not lived to see it;" and, long after she was gone, the females of Berlin were wont to repair, in an affectionate pilgrimage, on the monthly anniversary of her death, to her tomb at Charlottenburg, and deck her grave with fresh flowers.

The king recovered his honour and his kingdom, but has never regained his cheerfulness and happiness, since he saw his queen expire, pressing to her bosom the last letter he had written to her. Every body knows his despairing exclamation to his father-in-law: "Had she "belonged to any other, she would have lived; "but because she belonged to me, she must die." It is not easy to conceive a monarch borne down by more accumulated suffering than what was laid on this unhappy prince. Stripped of the better part of his territories, and holding the rest by a severe, and yet uncertain peace; exposed, at every moment, to the arrogance of a political superior, who acted towards him, at the same time, with the venom and coarseness of a per-

sonal enemy; knowing that his subjects were impoverished by an unsuccessful war, and yet compelled to increase their burdens to meet the demands of the conqueror; depressed by the humiliating reflection, that, under him, the glories of his race had passed away, and that, instead of the powerful monarchy and dreaded army which he had received from the genius of his predecessors, he had nothing to transmit to his sons but a ruined kingdom, and the history of his defeats; struck, at the same time, with the heaviest of all domestic blows, in the loss of her to whom his heart was more fondly and firmly rivetted than to his crown;—so far is it from being wonderful that the character of Frederick William has become serious and retired, that these very qualities are virtues. The heart which readily forgets all that it suffered in days of adversity gives no good promise of steadiness or moderation in more prosperous fortunes.

In the presence and form of the Prussian monarch there is nothing commanding, nothing that might be termed kingly. His features are not vulgar, but they approach the unmeaning; they do not suggest imbecillity, but they speak

mental inactivity. He stands much higher with his subjects on the score of heart than of head. Frequently as he appears among them, it is more as a fellow citizen, than in the pomp or terrors of despotic royalty. A review is the only piece of regal parade in which he seems to find much enjoyment. Since the days of Frederick, the military manœuvres, in spring and autumn, have always attracted much attention and admiration in the north of Germany; but, except the imposing spectacle of great masses of well disciplined soldiers, in splendid uniforms, to a mere civilian who does not understand the combinations, nor can follow the leading idea which directs the various movements, the bustle, and riding, and shouting, is scarcely more animating than that of a fox hunt. Between fifteen and twenty thousand men were said to be in the field; the manœuvres, apeing the movements of a regular campaign, were executed in an open tract of country to the westward of the capital, and extended over a space of ten or twelve miles. During the four days that the campaign lasted, the troops *bivouacked* every night in the open air; exhausted, during the day, by marching

and manœuvring under a burning sun, they were laid down in the evening to encounter the heavy dews. The king rode hard and worked hard; but his eldest son, the Crown Prince, who is allowed to have military talent in him, was by far the most active personage. A few years ago, the manœuvres terminated with a feigned attack and defence of Berlin. The Crown Prince, who commanded the attacking army, made his way into the town in defiance of the king, and, by an unexpected movement, made his father a prisoner in his own palace. When he made this parricidal onset, a park of artillery, stationed at the palace, was discharged against him in such a hurry, that scarcely a pane of glass remained unbroken in the whole edifice.

The interest which the king takes in these armed shows is much more political than military, for he makes no pretensions to any distinguished acquaintance with the art of war. No prudent man will assert, that Prussia, exposed as she is to France, Russia, and Austria, can safely exist, in the present condition of Europe, without maintaining as large an army as her re-

sources will allow. Her king is not able to lead an army in a campaign; but in every other way, he takes an interest in the state of the military force of his monarchy, and there is every reason why he should do so. It would not be wise in the sovereign of a country, whose very existence may every moment turn out to depend on its military strength, to manifest any indifference to the state of his army, even though it should expose him to the charges of military affectation which have so often been brought against the King of Prussia. It has been the fashion, with certain classes of persons, to represent him as merely an imbecile projector of uniforms; the attention which he pays to his army rests on a far more solid and politic ground than any silly fondness for military parade.

Though liberal in supporting the utility of public institutions, and the splendour of public amusements, he lavishes nothing on his own personal pleasures. No sovereign could display less attachment to the mere gaudy pomp and lawless gratifications of royalty. A gentleman started one evening, in a mixed company, the hasty proposition, that all the Prussian monarchs had

been distinguished for frugality. Of the earlier ones, little seemed to be known; for Frederick he had the old story, that he seldom had more than three shirts, and that, when any of them gave way, in the course of campaigning, he used to write to his sister, the Duchess of Brunswick, entreating her, for Christian charity, to make him a new one. The late king was given up as irreconcileable with the truth of the proposition; and being hard pressed to prove, even in the reigning sovereign, any spirit of economy which did not arise from necessity, the defender of Prussian frugality alleged the anecdote, that, on the first visit which the present king paid to the Isle of Peacocks, after having had the walks laid with new gravel, the only remark he made was, "What excellent gravel this is! how it saves one's "boots!" A much more serious proof of the same laudable quality lies in the fact, that, during the degradation of the monarchy, he put his royal establishment on a footing which many an English nobleman would have reckoned mean. He frequently would not even allow his sons wine.

The Crown Prince, the heir apparent of the

Prussian monarchy, has the reputation of being a cleverer man than his father, but does not seem to be so universal a favourite. If public tales "can be in ought believed," his sharpness is accompanied with that unfortunate disposition which makes many men prefer making an enemy to losing a joke. An old and respected member of the government of Pomerania closed a memorial to the ministers, recommending certain improvements in the administration of the province, with saying, that, if adopted, they would create a second Pomerania. Shortly afterwards, he appeared at the levee of his Royal Highness in Stettin, and the unfashionable width of the lower part of his dress raised a titter among the more courtly attendants. "I am happy to see "you, Herr,—" said the prince, "and I doubt "not but you have brought the second Pomer- "ania in your breeches pocket." For the sake of a bad joke, he chose to ridicule a worthy and deserving man. Prussia owes a large debt to the late Chancellor Hardenberg; yet, if half the stories in circulation be true,* the Crown Prince

* If it be just to require of every traveller that he shall not indulge in the mere flippant, uninteresting gossipping

lost no opportunity of expressing his dislike for him, and was sometimes rewarded for his flippancy by house-arrest, by order of his father. On some of the annual festivals, it is a customary amusement all over the north of Germany, to elect a king of the family circle. His majesty chooses a queen for himself, and the royal pair exercise despotic authority over the domestic realm for the evening, just as in England on Twelfth Night. On an occasion of this

---

of private scandal, or abuse the kindness of foreigners towards him as a stranger, so as to injure their own comfort, it is equally true, that he cannot be called on to vouch for the certain truth of all anecdotes which may reach his ears. Where they concern persons or things of sufficient importance to justify the mention of them at all, he does enough if he can say that they are current in the mouths of persons in grave and well informed society. An anecdote in general circulation, even though not strictly true in point of fact, will commonly be accordant with the character of the person of whom it is related, and will thus be a correct, though perhaps a fictitious illustration of his mode of acting. Anecdotes, in fact, are just like bank-notes; few persons can tell which are genuine, and which are not; but every one lends his aid to keep them in circulation.

kind, the king had gathered his family and some of his personal friends round him: The lot placed the diadem of the evening on the head of the Crown Prince, and his Royal Highness immediately placed by his side a young princess of a northern court. "Come, my queen, you "must first of all take a lesson in the art of "governing; you will not find it very puz- "zling; it goes thus. We find out some sly, "crafty fellow, such a person as Hardenberg, "for example. We tell him to have money "ready for us whenever we want it, and to do "as he likes, and you and I sit still and play "cards. Don't you think, my love, we shall "get on well enough?" "Can you divine, "Hardenberg, what is the first thing I shall do "when I am king?" said he once to the Chan- cellor. "I am confident," replied the latter, "it will be something equally honourable to "your Royal Highness, and beneficial to the "public."—"Right for once, Chancellor, for it "will be to send you to Spandau." It was customary for the princes of the blood, as well as the nobility, to wait on Prince Hardenberg with their congratulations, on the anniversary of his

birth-day. The Crown Prince refused to go, until compelled to it by his father, under the pain of the royal displeasure. "I hope, Fritz, "(the domestic abbreviation of Frederick,) that "you will never have the same reason which I "have had, to know what such a man is worth." The Prince drives to the Chancellor, makes the formal congratulation, adds, "I have done this "by the command of my father; as to the rest, "remember, Chancellor, that you and I are "where we were," *(es bleibt beim alten.)* There was neither good sense nor good feeling in such petulant conduct towards a grey-headed statesman, to whom the monarchy owed so much.

CHAPTER II.

BERLIN—THE MANNERS—THE UNIVERSITY—THE PRESS—THE GOVERNMENT.

ALTHOUGH of a less lively capacity than the Saxons, the upper classes of Prussian society are at least as thinking and well educated people as the corresponding classes in any other German state, and much more so than their brethren of Austria. The very poverty which has overtaken so many of them, partly from the events of the war, but still more from the division of property brought about by the government itself, has done them good in this respect.*

* They were so impoverished, that, when Prussia took the field, after the retreat from Russia, the government,

While they have been descending, other ranks of society have been rising, in the possession of

---

with the view of arraying every man and every dollar in the kingdom against the tottering domination of France, found it necessary to grant them a *moratorium*, (with which they had been indulged on some former occasions,) that is, a prohibition against their creditors to take any legal measures against them, either for the principal or the interest of their claims. The edict granting it spoke out plainly the condition of the aristocracy; "after meeting the demands made upon them for the "war just begun, they have nothing left to pay their "creditors." Creditors thus deprived of the whole or part of the income from which alone they could defray *their* share of the public burdens, began to complain loudly and reasonably of the unequal dealing, and the courts of law protested highly against this interference with the course of justice. Hardenberg, who was busied with the negotiations in Paris, sent up an order to recall the *moratorium*; but the aristocracy, in their turn, raised so loudly the outcry of oppression, that it was again renewed, till Hardenberg, on his return from Paris, told them plainly, that the privilege of not paying their debts could no longer be allowed them; that the law must take its course against them and their estates, as against all other subjects; and the *moratorium* was finally recalled. Such an expedient, always a desperate remedy, is scarce-

what was indispensable to the respectability of their aristocratical supremacy, superior wealth; and they have found themselves compelled to make themselves respectable as men. Above all, the end which Stein and Hardenberg put to their exclusive enjoyment of all public offices has had the good effect of driving them to fit themselves for these offices. Nothing teazed or provoked them more than the crowd of *novi homines* introduced into the different departments of the administration. The letter of the

---

ly useful to the state; for, in the same proportion in which it increases the capacity of the debtor, it diminishes the capacity of the creditor, to contribute to the public necessities. To creditors who have no other revenue than the interest of money lent out on landed security, it is temporary ruin; to the debtors themselves, it only puts off the evil day for a limited period, without increasing their means of meeting the demands which that day will at last bring with it. Yet no measure incensed the aristocracy more against the minister than the recal of the *moratorium*, for it brought many estates into the market. They have not scrupled to accuse him from the press, of having acted under the influence of "a party which is determined to drive the aristocracy and "landed interest from the stage."

law has thrown every office, civil and military, open to the ambition of every citizen; and the proper spirit which produced the change has acted upon it. * The prejudices of a once privileged caste, however, still clung to them; they could not learn at once to see how their own beneficial superiority was most lastingly secured by the very changes which destroyed their exclusive predominance. Accordingly, they are still the body which throws most obstacles in the way of introducing popular spirit, and the influence of the popular voice, into the forms of government. Their rank necessarily brings them into perpetual contact with the monarch; they are willing that he should retain absolute authority, because they believe that the greater share

* Before the change introduced by Stein shortly after the battle of Jena, almost every officer in the army was of noble birth; and an unthinking and superficial party in Germany, which eagerly hunts out every circumstance that can be turned against the aristocracy, has not scrupled to ascribe to this, though very unjustly, the loss of the battle. In 1817, according to a statement in Benzenberg's *Wilhelm Der Dritte*, there were 4140 officers of noble birth, and 3353 commoners.

of it will be lodged in themselves, as forming the society in which he lives, and because they regard every measure which tends to elevate their inferiors as an aggression on their own rights. M. de Bülow wrote one of the many answers which Benzenberg's book on Prince Hardenberg's administration called forth. He there says: "In "war, dedicated to the defence of the country, "and particularly formed for this calling, the "nobility are, in peace, the guardians of fine "manners. To them has hitherto been entrust-"ed the representation of the country, and they "have always proved a powerful bulwark against "the arbitrary conduct of public servants." He adds, "The king is the supreme head given by "God to the nation, and unites in himself the "legislative, judicial, and executive powers, be-"ing responsible, not to the nation, but only to "God, and his own conscience." Though it is to be lamented that a man of rank and education should, at this time of day, so openly maintain at once oligarchy and the divine right, yet the gentleman who wrote this is evidently no blockhead; his book contains much information, and, on many points, a great deal of good sense.

Though there is abundance of gaiety and hospitality in Berlin, there is not much pomp or luxury; their establishments are on a smaller, and less showy scale, than in most other capitals of the same size; even the nobility are totally eclipsed by the princely grandees of Hungary and Bohemia, who fill Vienna with so much splendour; from disposition they are less reckless in their choice of amusements, and, from necessity, they are less extravagant. I did not expect to have found the churches so well attended, even by the higher classes. In the cathedral, I heard the best sermon preached which I heard in Germany; yet the clergyman who delivered it has the reputation of being attached to the tenets of Socinianism, a heresy which the orthodox allege is spreading itself widely among the Prussian theologians.

It is dangerous to form sweeping judgments concerning the manners and morality of a people, without a longer residence among them than I enjoyed among the Prussians; but, from all I learned, as well as from the testimony of foreigners who had long had opportunities of observing, the higher ranks in Berlin are a more worthy

and well-behaved set of people than those of the same class in any other German capital of importance. This honourable change for the better, from what they were thirty years ago, is to be ascribed, in a great degree, to the example set them by his majesty and the late queen; their domestic habits, and pure lives, chased from the court the debaucheries which had polluted it during the last years of their predecessor. Then came the sobering influence of national ruin and private disaster, which at once compelled them to think, and disabled them from spending. The better moral character which they have gained for themselves is, in a great measure, deserved, but not, I am afraid, to the full extent to which it has been ascribed to them; at least, among the middling and inferior classes, there is no want of unblushing licence, and unprincipled intrigue; and, that the lower ranks should be very dissolute, while their superiors are people of very exemplary conduct, is a phenomenon, the existence of which, from the very nature of civil society, must always be received with some incredulity.

Morality cannot but suffer from the impolitic

and indecent facility with which the marriage tie is dissolved, a facility common, though in various degrees, to all the Protestant countries of Germany; and perhaps no less injurious than the absolute indissolubility of that relation which reigns in Catholic countries. A separation is so easily obtained, even on grounds which approach mere caprice, that marriage ceases to be viewed in the serious and lasting light which is essential to its well-being, and becomes a temporary connection, to endure only so long as liking or interest may render it advisable. In 1817, 3000 marriages were dissolved in Prussia, among a population of not much more than ten millions.

Neither are the lower orders of the Prussians at all a noisy people in their amusements; to smoke and drink beer, or wine, if they be rich enough to afford it, is the highest enjoyment of the ordinary people. The capital is surrounded with gardens set apart for these solitary enjoyments. A man sets himself down for hours in a room, filled with smoke, if it rains,—or in an arbour, if the weather be fair, dead to every earthly source of interest except the tobacco which

regales his palate, and the band of music which is generally provided to regale his ears. Even the dance, which in Vienna brings joyous crowds together in a hundred scenes of laughter, and humour, and dissoluteness, is, in Berlin, both less frequent and less pernicious. Besides walking, the game of nine-pins alone, as a bodily exertion, seems to overcome their apathy; scores of parties hurl along their bowls every evening, under long wooden sheds. Altogether, they appear to have a strong disposition to mind no person's business but their own, and intermedle with nothing which does not immediately concern themselves. I saw a thief pursued one day in the streets; a servant-maid of the house from which he had just carried off some silver-spoons, was running after him, raising the hue and cry. He crossed the Linden, which was crowded with idle people, and coursed along the northern division of the Wilhelmstrasse, one of the busiest parts of the city. Here half a dozen turned their heads to see what was the matter; there half a dozen stood still to witness the race between the thief and the girl; half a dozen boys joined in the chace; and the thief, in broad day-

light, distanced his pursuers, and made his escape, without any sort of difficulty or interruption. In Britain there would have been an hundred pair of heels after him, and a dozen pair of hands grasping his throat, in the twinkling of an eye.

Even among the lowest of the people, you seldom witness those scenes of brutal intoxication which so frequently attend the idle hours of the same classes in our own country. They have the farther merit of seldom quarrelling in their cups, and the more questionable one of never coming to blows, when they do quarrel. A German quarrel is almost universally a mere warfare of words; the parties belabour each other with the most brutal language, without any object but that of having the last word. A stranger who listens to the abusive terms which they heap upon each other, sees no possibility of the matter coming to any other termination than what is vulgarly called "a set-to," and that, too, a speedy one. *Noch einmal*, "will you say that "again?" seems to be the signal for blows, but no blows come. If the words be not repeated, the victory is won, and the combatants separate

with mutual growlings; if they be repeated, then they are answered, not with a blow, but with some still more gross and indecent expression of obloquy, somewhat in the way of the Comment scale of the Burschen, and the course of eloquence begins again, to terminate in the same way, till one of the opposing orators has scolded himself out of breath. Such a mode of quarrelling among men annihilates a distinction between the sexes,—which is always a bad thing. Even the German oaths are too tame for a mortal verbal quarrel; they neither possess the reckless, execrating energy of our own, nor excite the mythological reminiscences of the Italian oaths. It is amusing to hear an Italian swear, in one breath, by the Mother of God, and, in the next, by the Body of Bacchus.

The military pride of the Prussians is almost as high as it was under Frederick; and though the late contest can perhaps display no particular combat to rival the battles of the Seven Years' War, yet of that national spirit which, when well guided, produces military invincibility, they have reason to be proud. History presents few examples of so universal a devotedness to patriotic

duty as that which Prussia exhibited, when the retreat of the French from Russia induced her rulers to arm. The population of the kingdom did not then exceed six millions; the fortresses were in the hands of the enemy; the treasury was empty; the army was comparatively insignificant and discouraged; yet the mere love of country in the people, and hatred of an enemy who had oppressed, and, what was worse, had insulted them, soon placed in the field an army greater, in proportion to the resources of the monarchy, than either that of Russia or Austria. From the moment it was known, that the king intended to retire into Silesia, eager reports went abroad among the public, that their ardour would soon be let loose. In his proclamation from Breslau, the king gave the signal; he told his subjects frankly: "I want men; I have no "money to meet any great outlay; I must trust "to you for both; you know for what we are "fighting." Never was the call of a monarch better answered; the country rose with an ardour and unanimity, and a fearlessness of all the dangers and sacrifices of the contest, which were more imposing in their moral grandeur, than even in their military power. It is true,

that the squadrons which thus sprung, as it were, out of the ground, were chiefly raw citizens from the shop, the desk, and the plough, or boys from the class-rooms of the universities; yet these were the very troops that marched in triumph from the Katzbach to Paris. No age, and no sex, shrunk from the exertions and privations which necessarily accompanied this splendid burst of national enthusiasm. When the Prussians look back on what they then did and suffered, they still find it difficult to conceive how they could accomplish it; and it was, in fact, possible, only where every man felt that he was fighting, not merely a political quarrel of his government, but a personal quarrel of his own and of his country. The pride with which a Prussian throws out his breast and erects his head, when he speaks of the "Liberation War," "the Holy War," the War of the People," which are its popular appellations, is perfectly pardonable. If to shrink from no danger, where the liberty and independence of country are at stake, makes a people respectable, no country in Europe is entitled to place itself above Prussia. How different a picture did France pre-

sent, when her "sacred soil" was overrun by triumphant invaders, and the pretended idol of her love was about to be driven from his throne! How little could Napoleon trust to his subjects, compared with Frederick William, at whom he used to laugh, because he could not command an army or win a battle! Germans know nothing of French fickleness, and little of Italian misrule; they will never behead a Louis to-day, to crouch to a Bonaparte to-morrow.

The popular mode, too, in which this popular contest has been commemorated, keeps its glories always fresh in the minds of the people, and memorials of it always before their eyes. To all who fell in battle, after displaying conduct which, had they survived, would have gained them the iron cross, monuments were erected by the state. The encouraging recollection has been still more widely diffused, by setting up, in every parish church, a tablet, bearing the names of the men belonging to the parish who fell in the war, with the simple inscription, "They died for their king and country." On the conclusion of the campaign, a funeral service was performed in every church, in honour of

their memory. The pastor read their names to his congregation, to most of whom, of course, they were personally known; he ran over their "short and simple annals," and pronounced his panegyric on their having proved faithful even unto the death. In a village in Lower Silesia, while the clergyman was speaking, a youth, who had been too young to join his comrades, exclaimed aloud, "Oh that it would come again!" The order of the Iron Cross was instituted solely to reward the deeds done in this war, and superseded, in the meantime, all other military decorations. It was of iron, to mark, as it is expressed in the Act of its Institution, the fortitude with which the people had endured, and the ardour with which they were now rising to shake off the evils "of an iron time." The cross bears the initials of the king's name, three oak leaves, and a year. Grand crosses, which were to be given only to a commander who had won a battle, or successfully defended an important fortress or position; were won by Blücher, Bülow, Tauenzien, Yorck, and the King of Sweden. As Blücher and Bülow are dead, only two of the grand crosses remain in Prussia. Of

the two inferior classes which were bestowed, with the same laudable frugality, only on indubitable instances of merit, nearly ten thousand are said to have been distributed. It is, perhaps, the only order in Europe of which every man who wears it can honestly say, I won it fairly amid blood and danger.

The women, too, were not awanting in the contest, and to receive their worthies was instituted the order of Louisa, in memory of her whose name was the signal to vengeance all over the kingdom. One of the first who obtained its honours was the widow of a hosier at Leignitz, in Silesia, who supplied a whole regiment with gloves at her own expence, and converted her house into an hospital for wounded officers. The ladies sent their jewels and ornaments to the treasury for the public service; they received in return an iron ring, with the emphatic eulogy, *Ich gab Gold um Eisen.* "I gave Gold for Iron;" and a Prussian dame is as proud, and as justly proud, of this coarse decoration, as her husband or her son is of his iron cross. The value of these honours is infinitely increased by the impossibility of abusing them; both orders

are sealed up; they were instituted only for this national struggle, and, with the restoration of the Prussian independence, were closed for ever, or, at least, till a new necessity shall again have called forth a similar display of love of country. But such things seldom happen twice in the history of a people.

The University of Berlin, though only founded in 1810, is, after Göttingen, the most flourishing and reputable in Germany. Prussia is principally indebted for it to Professor Wolff the well known philologist, and who is, himself its brightest ornament. He filled a chair in Halle; when Halle was abolished, and that portion of the monarchy incorporated with the kingdom of Westphalia, the professor emigrated to Berlin, full of the idea of establishing a new university in the capital. He made the proposal to the king, and found his majesty favourable to it; but Stein, who was then minister, could not reconcile his ideas of academical tranquillity with the bustle and pleasures of a large capital, and, with his customary violence, at once pronounced the scheme to be mere madness. Humboldt, however, and Müller, the historian, enter-

ed fully into the professor's views; and it was agreed they should meet at supper at the minister's, and he would hear what they had to say in defence of their plan. Wolff, wishing to have some conversation with Stein alone, went half an hour sooner than his coadjutors; not finding the minister at home, he was leaving the door, when his carriage drove up; he no sooner saw Wolff, than, as if his head had been all day full of the subject, he cried out vehemently, while yet on the steps of the carriage, "I am not of your "opinion." Wolff was precisely the man to deal with such a character, and answered just as vehemently, "I am not of my own opinion." Unaccustomed to be encountered in his own way, the minister stood astonished, no less at the manner, than the paradoxical import of the reply. "Not of your own opinion! pray, then, of "whose opinion are you?"—"You are for the "ideal, and so would I be; we cannot reach it, "therefore I am for the necessary and practica- "ble, and so must you be. The lightning has "struck in amongst us; we are burned out; you "would leave us without shelter because you "cannot build us palaces; I think it would be

"better to put even huts over our heads." In the meantime they walked up stairs, the minister loudly and vehemently maintaining that it could not succeed. They carried on the argument, if that can be called argument, which was an alternation of hardy, decided assertion and counter-assertion; it went on, as the professor expresses it, *Schlag auf Schlag*. "Good God! "Wolff, only think how many bastards you will "have every year!"— "Almost as many, I dare "say," replied Wolff coolly, "as they have in "Leipzig."—"We are too near Frankfort on the "Oder," said the minister; "we are just four- "teen miles farther from it than Leipzig is from "Wittenberg," answered the professor. The minister had the worst of it; he was driven from one position after another; more than all, he was delighted at being met in the same determined, unbending, almost contemptuous style, which characterized himself. Once overcome, he threw himself into the design with the same ardour with which he had opposed it; and Humboldt and Müller could scarcely trust their ears, when the man whom they had left in the morning raving against the proposal as a child of bed-

lam, greeted them on their entrance in the evening, with "It must be; it is all settled; we "must have a university here, cost what it may." Still his fears of the dangers to which the young men might be exposed from the crowds of worthless women in the capital haunted him. "Will you not go to Potsdam?"—"With all "my heart," said Wolff, "if you promise to "send us your libraries, your museums, and, "above all, your botanic garden." The university was established; and, in fact, there was every thing that could promise success. The king was liberal far beyond the merely necessary, and the capital was already full of the materials for such an institution, which could not have been collected any where else without much time and a great expenditure. There was a well stored library, a botanical garden, and a museum of natural history, besides anatomical collections. Berlin possessed, likewise, men of the first eminence in various departments. Wolff, himself a host, was at hand for philology; Klaproth was ready to take the chemical chair, to which he did so much honour in the eyes of Europe, and what name, of late years, has stood higher

in botany than that of Willdenow? Müller engaged, if it should be necessary, to make himself useful in history; and, to aid the young institution, Humboldt himself offered to read lectures. It was, indeed, the first experiment of setting down a crowd of wild German academicians in the midst of a large capital; but the consequences have fully justified the sagacity of those who recommended it. The students, instead of being more disorderly, are less unruly than elsewhere. Their love of power cannot fight its way through such a population; they are lost in the crowd, and the outrageous spirit of domineering dies out from want of food. Apprehensions were entertained, that they would not live in amity with the military; and there have been some duels, in which one or two of the Burschen have been shot, the most efficacious of all remedies to bring the whole body to their senses. Not only the Burschen defenders of academical liberty, but many professors who hold their own exclusive jurisdiction essential to the well-being of a university, have said much against the degree to which Prussia has restrained this power, and represent it as having lowered the tone, and

confined the utility of her seminaries. There is not a word of truth in it; there is not in Germany a better behaved, or more effective university than Berlin.

Wolff himself is the best known of its members, a most erudite, and friendly, and entertaining person; full of Greek, but still fuller of good humour and jocularity, and overflowing with remark and anecdote, the result of a long life spent in constant communication with all the great characters, not merely of Germany, but of many foreign countries. Notwithstanding his learning and fame, no man can be farther removed from pedantry and pride, and, like Blumenbach, he hates nothing so much as erudite dulness. You cannot converse with him half an hour, without finding out that he is a clever and entertaining man; but you may converse with him for months without finding out that he is, if not the first, assuredly among the first scholars of his day. The first work he published was a translation of the Fatal Curiosity, to which he prefixed a Dissertation on the Drama, written in English. It was published anonymously, and the German reviewers took it into

their heads, that it must be the production of some English language master who wished to give a specimen of his acquirements in both tongues. Accordingly, they found the English part of the book to be excellently well written, and declared that the German part betrayed at once the pen of a foreigner, who had but an imperfect acquaintance with the language! He once proposed to execute a translation of Homer, in which not only word should be rendered for word, but foot for foot, and caesura for caesura. A few specimens of it have been printed in the third volume of his Analecta. He began with the Odyssey, translated about an hundred lines, and finding the labour too great, and the gain too small, freed himself by demanding eighteen rix-dollars for every verse, a price which he knew well nobody could pay. One verse cost him two weeks. He succeeded best when travelling, and boasts of having translated a whole line and a half during a journey to Hamburgh, an effect of motion which he first learned from Klopstock. He is best known among scholars by the Prolegomena to his Homer, which have placed him at the head of clas-

sical sceptics. The doctrines maintained in this celebrated Introduction were far from being altogether new; but Wolff was the first who gave them a connected and systematic form, and propped them with an extent of erudition and an acuteness of remark, which the orthodox believers in the antiquity, purity, and unity of the Homeric poems will not easily get over. * The doctrines of the new sect, however, have not yet made great progress. "If twenty persons understand them in Germany," says the professor himself, "probably twenty-one understand "them in England; but I am quite sure that in "less than two hundred years, every body "will understand them, and believe them, too." He avers, that the English bishops are to blame for the little progress his creed has made in this country, although Wood's Essay was the first important statement of its general tenor. The mat-

* The *Essai sur le question, si Homere à connu l'Usage de l'Ecriture, et si les deux Poémes de l'Iliade et de l'Odyssée sont en entier de lui,* is an excellent epitome of the whole discussion. It is by M. Françeson, a French grammarian of Berlin. I have heard Wolff himself speak of it in terms of high approbation.

ter stands thus. Certain German theologians, adopting principles which, in regard to Homer, Wolff has rendered it difficult to controvert, have applied them to the sacred records, (of the Old Testament,) and arrived at the same conclusions. Believing themselves to have proved that the art of writing was unknown at the time when many of these books were penned, and that they descended from one generation to another only through the medium of oral tradition, they infer, that such a traditionary preservation is irreconcileable, from its very nature, with the continued authenticity and purity of the text. "Your bishops," says Wolff, "know this; they "are sharp enough to see the consequences "which must follow, if the principles be once "admitted, and, therefore, they proscribe my "prolegomena." Yet the prolegomena have been reprinted in one of the university editions (I think the Oxford) of Ernesti's Homer! But he is by no means the only distinguished and learned person among his countrymen who has strange notions regarding our condition, and modes of thinking and acting. An erudite professor of Jena believed Scotland to be a Catholic

country; and one of the most distinguished of the sages of Göttingen, when explaining to his class the term *Post Captain*, as used in the British navy, told them, that it meant the captain of a Post Ship, a ship that carried the Mail. The Germans, again, in their turn, occasionally hit on matter of laughter at us for our ignorance about them. Is it true, as they allege in Berlin, that the diploma given by the University of Oxford to the King of Prussia, when he was in this country, styles him Frederick William the Second, instead of the Third?

Though Berlin is full of scientific and literary merit, the people in general are not great readers, and what they do read has previously been purified in the furnace of the censorship. In the department of journals, few things are more dull, stale, and unprofitable, than the newspapers of Berlin; their public politics are necessarily all on one side, and even on that side, they seldom indulge in original writing, or venture beyond an extract from the Austrian Observer; but they give most minute details of plays and operas, concerts and levees. Voss's Journal is the best of them even in political matters; and

it has a wide circulation out of Prussia, for its literary and critical articles are frequently written with very considerable talent. Even the arts and elegant literature must occasionally languish beneath the censorship. Spontini's Opera, Olympia, already referred to, seemed to please those who had encouraged its performance, much more than those who were to pay for its outrageously costly decorations. It was expected that it would be severely criticised; for, generally speaking, a German journalist who wishes to be read, will less reluctantly give up his right to criticise the government, than his privilege of sitting in judgment on Müllner and Houwald, on Rossini, Weber, or Morlacchi. To the astonishment of every body, all the critiques were on the eulogistic side; and it was currently asserted, that the editors had received "invitations" from the censor, either to say nothing at all about the new opera, or to say something laudatory. A few years ago, M. Benzenberg, a Prussian from the Rhine, published a book "On the administration of the Chancellor, "Prince Hardenberg," in a style altogether new among the despotic states of Germany.

It examined the various measures of the ministry, eulogized the general spirit of improvement in which they had proceeded, and especially laboured to show how necessarily all those preparative changes must lead to the great consummation, the introduction of popular forms of government. It was he who said, that Hardenberg had revolutionized more, and more successfully, in six days, than the French Convention had done in two years. The censor never hesitated to license the book, notwithstanding its evident tendency; but the aristocracy, and some foreign cabinets, were thrown into a panic, that the confidential minister of the King of Prussia should be represented as capable of doing things which, by any possibility, could be styled revolutionizing. Alarms were scattered, remonstrances were made, and the minister found it prudent, at least, to disclaim all connection with the author. The book was anonymous, although, in Berlin, it was well known who had written it. Benjamin Constant immediately printed a translation or epitome of it in Paris, under the title of, "The Triumph of Liberal "Opinions in Prussia," and ascribed it to a

gentleman who held a subordinate office in one of the departments of the Prussian ministry. This person, in the utmost trepidation, immediately inserted in the public papers, a much more anxious disclaimer, than most Germans would do if charged with sorcery or atheism.

Yet every one who knows the two countries must allow, that the censorship is exercised in Prussia with much more liberality of sentiment than in Austria; and that it must be so, because, in the former, there is much more knowledge. The Prussian government knows that, if its subjects learn and reason, though they may wish for more, they will recognize all the good which has been done; the Austrian government knows that, if it were possible to bring its subjects to learn and think, they would find it had been going backwards since the days of Joseph and Leopold. The reign of Frederick the Great accustomed the Prussians to almost unrestrained freedom of writing, above all, if they could write French, and write like Frenchmen. His successor was more strict, for in the conduct of his government there was much which lay open to attack. The present king began

his reign in an honest and liberal spirit;* and, although more recent events, and, still more, the

* There are some signal instances of the willingness with which he saw the journals point out mal-administration in public servants. A Westphalian newspaper had complained loudly against the administrators of the royal domains, for allowing a certain bridge to remain in a state of decay, which rendered it dangerous. The *Domainen Kammer*, a College entrusted with the management of the domains, complained to the king of this licentious interference with the affairs of government, and demanded the punishment of the transgressor. The king's rescript was in an excellent spirit. "All depends "on the circumstance, whether the complaints made in "the journal are well founded or not. If they are, "you ought rather to thank the author, than expose him "to inconvenience; if they are groundless, then, if you "do not choose to correct the erroneous statement, which "in every respect would be the better way, you must "proceed against him regularly in a court of justice. If "a proper degree of publicity were refused, there would "remain no means of discovering the negligence or faithlessness of public servants. This publicity is the best "security, both for the government and the public, "against the carelessness or wicked designs of the inferior authorities, and deserves to be encouraged and "protected. In the mean time, I hope that the dispute "will not make you forget the thing itself, viz. the repairing the bridge. Berlin, Feb. 20, 1804."

86233

influence of other monarchs, have given the censorship a more searching activity than it once displayed under Frederick William, it would be unjust to deny that the Prussian press is far more indulgently treated than that which exists under any other despotic government in Europe. To the financial state and arrangements of the country, the amount of the debt, the means for meeting it, and the amount of the different branches of public expenditure, the utmost publicity has been given; and the first *compte rendu* of this kind which Hardenberg issued, excited no small apprehensions in some other German governments, lest it should turn out to be a bad and infectious example. These financial arrangements, the institutions which may still be acting prejudicially on industry, the defects in the administration of justice, and how they may be avoided, are all frequent subjects of discussion in pamphlets and periodicals. Although Benzenberg's work on the spirit of the administration excited much hatred and alarm among many powerful persons at home, and some powerful cabinets abroad, nothing was done either against the book or its author. The nobility, instead of

suppressing and punishing, were compelled to answer; and, though it be melancholy that one of their number should have answered by preaching very degrading doctrines, it is encouraging that they had to answer with the pen, not with gens d'armes and state-prisons. Wettwe, a Professor of the University, had represented Sand as a martyr in a good cause, or, if misled, as having been guilty of only a very trivial error. Nobody, surely, will find fault with the Prussian government for dismissing from a station which entrusted him with the education of youth, a man who could propagate such a belief about such a deed. The Professor retired to Weimar, and the Weimar *Oppositions-Blatt* immediately sounded the alarm against Prussian oppression. The affair attracted notice; but Hardenberg, instead of attempting to crush the man, or silence the paper, transmitted to the editor a copy of the Professor's letter (to Sand's mother, I believe) which had occasioned his dismissal, with a request that it should be inserted in his journal as soon as possible.

In 1815 and 1816, when the alarms entertained concerning the designs of private political so-

cieties were at their height, and retarded, or were made the pretence for retarding the introduction of political changes, the lively war carried on from the press between the liberals and their opponents was a phenomenon in Germany. It was downright licentiousness of the press, compared with what would have been allowed in Austria or Russia; *audi alteram partem* had a meaning, and a practical effect; the two parties railed, and sneered at, and misrepresented each other, as if they had been trained to public polemics from their youth. The government, to be sure, went wrong at last; because, instead of allowing the angry opponents to bluster themselves out, it imposed silence on both, by ordering the censor not to allow another syllable to be printed about the matter on either side. How many furious answers were published to Schmalz's furious book against the private societies, real or imaginary! Schmalz, indeed, was honoured with the decoration of the order of Civil Merit; and it would be strange if an absolute sovereign did not bestow his favours on those who defended, rather than on those who attacked his prerogative; but a great deal has been gained,

when the censor of such a sovereign allows such books to be printed, and, in putting a stop to the combat, does it by ordering both parties to sheath their weapons, after they have tried their mutual prowess.

The administration of justice, which, when taken in all its bearings, is the most important of all social concerns, bears a high character in Prussia. Not only in the monarchy itself, but among well informed men in the other states, it is generally allowed, that, nowhere in the countries of the Confederation, is it more pure and independent. The Professor of Public Law in a neighbouring University, who had himself spent the best part of his life as a judge in Prussia, while he denounced its government to me as jealous and illiberal, described its judicial establishments as the most trust-worthy in Germany. The judges of the higher courts are independent of the higher powers. They are more than reputable persons in point of talent, and are sufficiently well paid to place ordinarily moral men above the necessity of polluting their office, to grasp at unworthy gains; nothing can place unprincipled avarice beyond the reach of tempta-

ion. During the period of the Prussian radical alarms, many would have been brought to trial besides Jahn; but the court had shown so refractory a spirit to the arbitrary administration of the police law, that only acquittals could be looked for. Nobody thinks of denying, that the Prussian courts are pure and upright in matters of civil right, even where the crown is opposed to an individual; but, in political matters, the benefit which might result from tribunals that are independent where they do judge, is in a great measure nullified, by the power of the government to prevent the tribunals from interfering. I never heard of any provision, by which a man imprisoned for sedition, for example, could claim the protection of the courts, and insist upon a final investigation, however certain he might be that these courts would do equal justice; and, if he should be acquitted by the judges, I know nothing to prevent a jealous and dissatisfied ministry from still detaining him in his dungeon. *Salus reipublicae suprema lex* may be a necessary rule in all forms of government; but where the definition of the *salus reipublicae* depends on the views

and wishes of the executive alone, even the purest institutions are liable every moment to be paralyzed, and the integrity of the most independent judges to be rendered nugatory. I once heard a Saxon professor, when entering on the subject of police law, address his class thus: "We now come to that precious thing called "police law, such as it may be found in a Code "de la Gendarmerie. It is best and most "briefly defined to be, the absence of all law; "because it depends entirely on the arbitrary "discretion of a single power acknowledging no "guide but its own imagined security, and consists essentially in the privilege of disregarding and superseding all law, without being "responsible, except to the same arbitrary discretion which creates it."

But the Prussian capital contains an open court of justice, a rarity in Germany. The supreme court of appeal of the Rhenish provinces sits in Berlin; and, as these provinces still retain the Code Napoleon, its proceedings are public. Thus the subjects of the old monarchy see justice administered to the new provinces on a more liberal system than they themselves en-

joy; but so small is the interest taken in such matters, that the decent rows of benches in the apartment where the court meets, are left to the undisturbed possession of the dust, except when a crowd is attracted by some case which has set the world by the ears out of doors. It is only a court of review, but its jurisdiction is criminal as well as civil. There is neither pomp nor bustle. In an apartment, up two pair of stairs, seven gentlemen, dressed in black, were seated round a curved table; the President was distinguishable only by sitting in the middle, for, though he wore an order in his button hole, some of the other judges had the same decoration. On his right sat Professor Savigny, whom fame styles the first civilian of Germany, with his long, smooth, glossy hair hanging down somewhat after the student fashion. No wigs, no robes; no imposing accumulation of curl above, and no ample folds of scarlet, or patches of ermine below; there sat the supreme judges of the Rhenish provinces, publicly administering justice in their own coats and hair. * A

* Professor Hornthal, of Friburg, in the notes to his German translation of M. Cottu's book on the administra-

criminal appeal was heard. The appellant's counsel, he, too, wigless and gownless, in black breeches and white cotton stockings, stated his reasons of appeal in a speech of half an hour. He spoke with considerable fluency and energy, but the argument was too much involved in technicalities to be easily understood by a foreigner. The judges were most attentive. The opposing counsel, apparently a much more helpless man in this mode of discussion, made his reply in half a minute. He held out towards the judges a huge manuscript, and merely said, "I am not going to say any thing at all; for "you have already had in writing all that I "would wish to say, and I doubt not but you "have carefully perused it." The Referendary then mounted a pulpit at one corner of the bench, read, from a manuscript, his own view of the case, and stated his conclusions, which were in favour of the appellant. When he had finished, the judges all at once disappeared

---

tion of justice in England, says of German judges, "They "are accustomed to go into court in a dress in which they "would be ashamed to appear in a drawing room."

through a door behind the bench; they returned, after an absence of fifteen minutes, which had been spent in deliberation, and the president, without giving a syllable of observation or explanation, announced the judgment of the court, rejecting the appeal, and confirming the sentence of the inferior tribunal. Thus, neither the opinions of any one judge, nor the grounds on which the decision of the court proceeds, are known; the pleadings and the judgment are public, but the deliberations and opinions of the judges are private. Every body knows, or may know, what the parties have to say for themselves, but nobody can know what the judges have to say for themselves. You know that a man has been hanged, while he argued, and, if he had a clever counsel, argued perhaps to the satisfaction of all except the judges, that he could not legally be hanged; but whether he was in reality legally hanged, is left to that disposition which is the evidence of things not seen.

The Prussian government is usually decried amongst us, as one of the most intolerant and illiberal of Germany, attentive only to secure the implicit and unthinking obedience of its sub-

jects, and, therefore, encouraging every thing which may retain them in ignorance and degradation. Every Briton, from what he has heard, must enter Prussia with this feeling; and he must blush for his hastiness, when he runs over the long line of bold reforms and liberal ameliorations which were introduced into the whole frame of society and public relations in Prussia, from the time when the late Chancellor Prince Hardenberg was replaced, in 1810, at the head of the government. They began, in fact, with the battle of Jena; that defeat was, in one sense, the salvation of Prussia. The degradation and helplessness into which it plunged the monarchy, while they roused all thinking men to see that there must be something wrong in existing relations, brought likewise the necessity of stupendous efforts to make the resources of the diminished kingdom meet both its own expenditure, and the contributions levied on it by the conqueror. A minister was wanted; for domineering France would not allow Hardenberg, the head of the Anti-Gallican party, and listened to only when it was too late, to retain his office, and he retired to Riga. *Prenez Monsieur Stein,*

said Napoleon to the king, *c'est un homme d'esprit;* and Stein was made minister. In spirit, he was a minister entirely suited to the times, but he wanted caution, and forgot that in politics, even in changing for the better, some consideration must be paid to what for centuries has been bad and universal. He was not merely bold, he was fearless; but he was thoroughly despotic in his character; having a good object once in his eye, he rushed on to it, regardless of the mischief which he might be doing in his haste, and tearing up and throwing down all that stood in his way, with a vehemence which even the utility of his purpose did not always justify.

Stein was too honest a man long to retain the favour of France. An intercepted letter informed the cabinet of St Cloud, that he was governing for Prussian, not for French purposes; and the king was requested to dismiss *le nommé Stein.* He retired to Prague, and amused himself with reading lectures on history to his daughters. His retirement was followed by a sort of interregnum of ministers, who could contrive nothing except the cession of Silesia to France

instead of paying the contributions. From necessity, Hardenberg was recalled; and whoever will take the trouble of going over the principal acts of his administration will acknowledge, not only that he was the ablest minister Prussia has ever possessed, but likewise, that few statesmen, in the unostentatious path of internal improvement, have effected, in so brief an interval, so many weighty and beneficial changes,—interrupted as he was by a war of unexampled importance, which he began with caution, prosecuted with energy, and terminated in triumph. He received Prussia stripped of half its extent, its honours blighted, its finances ruined, its resources at once exhausted by foreign contributions, and depressed by ancient relations among the different classes of society, which custom had consecrated, and selfishness was vehement to defend. He has left it to his king, enlarged in extent, and restored to its fame; with a well-ordered system of finance, not more defective or extravagant than the struggle for the redemption of the kingdom rendered necessary; and, above all, he has left it freed from those restraints which bound up the capacities of its in-

dustry, and were the sources at once of personal degradation and national poverty. Nor ought it to be forgotten that, while Hardenberg had often to contend, in the course of these reforms, now with the jealousies of town corporations, and now with the united influence and prejudices of the aristocracy, he stood in the difficult situation of a foreigner in the kingdom which he governed, unsupported by family descent or hereditary influence. His power rested on the personal confidence of the king in his talents and honesty, and the confidence which all of the people who ever thought on such matters, reposed in the general spirit of his policy.

It was on agriculture that Prussia had chiefly to rely, and the relations between the peasantry who laboured and the proprietors, chiefly of the nobility, who owned it, were of a most depressing nature. The most venturous of all Hardenberg's measures was, that by which he entirely new-modelled the system, and did nothing less than create a new order of independent landed proprietors. The *Erbunterthänigkeit*, or hereditary subjection of the peasantry to the proprietors of the estates on which they were born, had been

already abolished by Stein: Next were removed the absurd restrictions which had so long operated, with accumulating force, to diminish the productiveness of land, by fettering the proprietor not merely in the disposal, but even in the mode of cultivating his estate. Then came forth, in 1810, a royal edict, effecting, by a single stroke of the pen, a greater and more decisive change than has resulted from any modern legislative act, and one on which a more popular form of government would scarcely have ventured. It enacted, that all the peasantry of the kingdom should in future be free hereditary proprietors of the lands which hitherto they had held only as hereditary tenants, on condition that they gave up to the landlord a fixed proportion of them. The peasantry formed two classes. The first consisted of those who enjoyed what may be termed a hereditary lease, that is, who held lands to which the landlord was bound, on the death of the tenant in possession, to admit his successor, or, at least, some near relation. The right of the landlord was thus greatly inferior to that of unlimited property; he had not his choice of a tenant; the lease was

likely to remain in the same family as long as the estate in his own; and, in general, he had not the power of increasing the rent, which had been originally fixed, centuries, perhaps, before, whether it consisted in produce or services. These peasants, on giving up *one-third* of their farms to the landlord, became unlimited proprietors of the remainder. The second class consisted of peasants whose title endured only for life, or a fixed term of years. In this case, the landlord was not bound to continue the lease, on its termination, to the former tenant, or any of his descendants; but still he was far from being unlimited proprietor; he was bound to replace the former tenant with a person of the same rank; he was prohibited to take the lands into his own possession, or cultivate them with his own capital.* His right, however,

* This regulation has sometimes been ascribed to anxiety to keep up the numbers of the peasantry to fill the armies; a more probable explanation is to be found in the exemption of the nobility, that is, generally speaking, the landholders, from taxation. They established this exemption in favour of the property which they re-

was clearly more absolute than in the former case, and it is difficult to see what claim the tenant could set up beyond the endurance of his lease. That such restrictions rendered the estate less valuable to the proprietor, may have been a very good reason for abolishing them entirely, but seems to be no reason at all for taking a portion of the lands from him who had every right to them, to give it to him who had no right whatever, but that of possession, under his temporary lease. But this class of peasants, too, (and they are supposed to have been by far the more numerous,) on giving up *one-half* of their farms, became absolute proprietors of the remainder. The half thus taken from the landlords, appears just to have been a price exacted from them for the more valuable enjoyment of

---

tained in their own hands, by abandoning to taxation the lands which they had given out to the peasantry, *Bauernhöfe*. It thus became the interest of the Crown to prevent any diminution of the Bauernhöfe, the only taxable land in the country. To abolish this restriction, was one of Stein's first measures, in 1808; for he was determined to make all land taxable, without exception.

the other;—as if the government had said to them, give up to our disposal a certain portion of your estates, and we shall so sweep away those old restrictions which render them unproductive to you, that what remains will speedily be as valuable as the whole was before.

It cannot be denied, therefore, that this famous edict, especially in the latter of the two cases, was a very stern interference with the rights of private property; nor is it wonderful that those against whom it was directed should have sternly opposed it; but the minister was sterner still. He found the finances ruined, and the treasury attacked by demands, which required that the treasury should be filled; he saw the imperious necessity of rendering agriculture more productive; and though it may be doubted, whether the same end might not have been gained by new-modelling the relations between the parties, as landlord and tenant, instead of stripping the former to create a new race of proprietors, there is no doubt at all as to the success of the measure, in increasing the productiveness of the soil. Even those of the aristocracy, who have waged war most bitterly

against Hardenberg's reforms, allow that, in regard to agriculture, this law has produced incredible good. "It must be confessed," says one of them, "that, in ten years, it has carried "us forward a whole century;"—the best of all experimental proofs how injurious the old relations between the proprietors and the labourers of the soil must have been to the prosperity of the country.

The direct operation of this measure necessarily was to make a great deal of property change hands; but this effect was farther increased by its indirect operation. The law appeared at a moment when the greater part of the estates of the nobility were burdened with debts, and the proprietors were now deprived of their rentals. They indeed had land thrown back upon their hands; but this only multiplied their embarrassments. In the hands of their boors, the soil had been productive to them; now that it was in their own, they had neither skill nor capital to carry on its profitable cultivation, and new loans only added to the interest which already threatened to consume its probable fruits. The consequence of all this was, that, besides

the portion of land secured in free property to the peasantry, much of the remainder came into the market, and the purchasers were generally persons who had acquired wealth by trade or manufactures.* The sale of the royal domains,

* It will scarcely be believed that, up to 1807, a person not noble could only by accident find a piece of land, whatever number of estates might be in the market, which he would be *allowed* to purchase. By far the greater portion of the landed property consisted of estates-noble; and if the proprietor brought his estate into the market, only a nobleman could purchase it. The merchant, the banker, the artist, the manufacturer, every citizen, in short, who had acquired wealth by industry and skill, lay under an absolute prohibition against investing it in land, unless he previously purchased a patent of nobility, or stumbled on one of those few spots which, in former days, had escaped the hands of a noble proprietor, small in number, and seldom in the market. Even Frederick the Great lent his aid to perpetuate this preposterous system, in the idea that he would best compel the investment of capital in trade and manufactures, by making it impossible to dispose of it, when realized, in agricultural pursuits,—a plan which led to the depression of agriculture, the staple of the kingdom, as certainly as it was directed in vain to cherish artificially a manufacturing activity, on which the country is much less dependent. This could not possibly last; the noble proprietors were regu-

to supply the necessities of the state, operated powerfully in the same way. These domains always formed a most important item in the revenue of a German prince, and one which was totally independent of any controul, even that of the imperfectly constituted estates. In Prussia, they were estimated to yield annually nearly half a million Sterling, even in the hands of farmers, and, under the changes which have so rapidly augmented the value of the soil all over the kingdom, they would soon have become much more profitable. But, while compelled to tax severely the property of his subjects, the king refused to spare his own; and, in 1811, an edict was issued, authorizing the sale of the royal domains at twenty-five years' purchase of the estimated rental. These, too, passed into

---

larly becoming poorer, and the same course of events which compelled so many of them to sell, disabled them generally from buying; destitute of capital to cultivate their own estates, it was not among *them* that the purchasers of the royal domains were to be looked for. In 1807, Stein swept away the whole mass of absurd restrictions, and every man was made capable of holding every kind of property.

the hands of purchasers not connected with the aristocracy; for the aristocracy, so far from being able to purchase the estates of others, were selling their own estates to pay their debts. The party opposed to Hardenberg has not ceased to lament that the crown should thus have been shorn of its native and independent glories; "for it ought to be powerful," say they, "as by its own revenues and possessions." Our principles of government teach us a different doctrine.

Beneficial as the economical effects of this division of property may have been, its political results are no less important. It has created a new class of citizens, and these the most valuable of all citizens; every trace, not merely of subjection, but of restraint, has been removed from the industrious, but poor and degraded peasants, and they have at once been converted into independent landed proprietors, resembling much the *petits propriétaires* created by the French Revolution. In Pomerania, for example, the estates of the nobility were calculated to contain 260 square miles; those of free proprietors, not noble, only five miles. Of the former, about 100 were *Bauernhöfe*, in the hands

of the peasantry; and, by the operation of the law, 60 of these would still remain the property of the boors who cultivated them. Thus there is now twelve times as much landed property, in this province, belonging to persons who are not noble, as there was before the appearance of this edict. The race of boors is not extinct; for the provisions of the law are not imperative, if both parties prefer remaining in their old relation; but this is a preference which, on the part of the peasant, at least, is not to be expected. Care has been taken that no new relations of the same kind shall be formed. A proprietor might settle his agricultural servants upon his grounds, giving them land, instead of wages, and binding them to hereditary service; this would just have been the seed of a new race of boors to toil under the old personal services. Probably the thing had been attempted; for, in 1811, an edict appeared, which, while it allows the proprietor to pay his servants in whole or in part with the use of land, limits the duration of such a contract to twelve years. It prohibits him absolutely from giving these families land *heritably*, on condition of service; if a single acre is to be given in pro-

perty, it must either be a proper sale, or a fixed rent must be stipulated, in money or produce. Hardenberg was resolved that his measure should be complete.

When to the peasants, who have thus become landholders, is added the numerous class of citizens, not noble, who have come into the possession of landed property by the sales of the royal domains, and, the necessities of so many of the higher orders, it is not difficult to foresee the political consequences of such a body of citizens, gradually rising in wealth and respectability, and dignified by that feeling of self-esteem which usually accompanies the independent possession of property. Unless their progress be impeded by extraneous circumstances, they must rise to political influence, because they will gradually become fitting depositaries of it. It would scarcely be too much to say, that the Prussian government must have contemplated such a change; for its administration, during the last fourteen years, has been directed to produce a state of society in which pure despotism cannot long exist but by force; it has been throwing its subjects into those relations which, by the

very course of nature, give the people political influence by making them fit to exercise it. Is there any thing in political history that should make us wish to see them in possession of it sooner? Is it not better, that liberty should rise spontaneously from a soil prepared for its reception, and in which its seeds have gradually been maturing in the natural progress of society, than violently to plant it on stony and thorny ground, where no congenial qualities give strength to its roots, and beauty to its blossoms, where it does not throw wide its perennial shadow under which the people may find happiness and refuge, but springs up, like the gourd of Jonah, in the night of popular tumult, and unnatural and extravagant innovation, to perish in the morning beneath the heat of reckless faction, or the consuming fire of foreign interference?

This great, and somewhat violent measure, of creating in the state a new order of citizens possessing independent property, was preceded and followed by a crowd of other reforms, all tending to the same end, to let loose the energies of all classes of the people, and bring them into a more com-

fortable social relation to each other. While the peasantry were not only set free, but converted into landholders, the aristocracy were sternly deprived of that exemption from taxation which, more than any thing else, renders them odious in every country where it has been allowed to remain. They struggled hard to keep their estates beyond the reach of the land tax, but the king and Hardenberg were inflexible: "We "hope," says the royal edict, "that those to "whom this measure will apply will reflect, "that, in future, they will be free from the re"proach of escaping public burdens at the ex"pence of their fellow subjects. They will like"wise reflect, that the tax to be laid upon them "will not equal the expence to which they "would be put, if called on to perform the mili"tary services which originally burdened their "estates." The whole financial system acquired an uniformity and equality of distribution which simplified it to all, and diminished the expence of collection, while it increased the revenue. Above all, that anomalous system, under which every province had its own budget, and its peculiar taxes, was destroyed, and Har-

denberg, after much opposition, carried through one uniform and universal system for the whole monarchy. This enabled him to get rid of another monstrous evil. Under the miserable system of financial separation, every province and every town was surrounded with custom houses, taxing and watching the productions of its neighbours, as if they came from foreign countries, and discouraging all internal communication. The whole was swept away. At the same time, the national expenditure in its various departments, the ways and means, the state of the public debt, and the funds for meeting it, were given forth with a publicity which produced confidence in Prussia, and alarm, as setting a bad example, in some less prudent cabinets. Those amongst ourselves who clamour most loudly against the misconduct of the Prussian government will allow, that the secularization and sale of the church lands was a liberal and patriotic measure; those who more wisely think, that an arbitrary attack on any species of property endangers the security of all property, will lament that the public necessities should have rendered it advisable. The servitudes of thir-

lage,* of brewing beer, and distilling spirituous liquors, existed in their most oppressive form, discouraging agriculture, and fostering the ruinous spirit of monopoly. They were abolished with so unsparing a hand, that, though indemnification was not absolutely refused, the forms and modes of proof of loss sustained to found a claim to it were of such a nature, as to render it difficult to be procured, and trifling when made good. This was too unsparing.

In the towns there was much less to be done; it was only necessary to release their arts and manufactures from old restraints, and rouse their citizens to an interest in the public weal. Hardenberg attempted the first by a measure on which more popular governments have not yet been bold enough to venture, however strongly it has been recommended by political econbmists; he struck down at one blow all

* Let those who accuse the Prussian government of disregarding the improvement of its subjects reflect, that it was only in 1799, that the British Parliament thought of contriving means to rescue the agriculture of Scotland from this servitude.

guildries, and corporations,—not those larger forms, which include all the citizens of a town, and constitute a *borough*, but those subordinate forms which regard particular classes and professions. But whether it was from views of finance, or that he found himself compelled, by opposing interests, to yield something to the old principle, that the public is totally unqualified to judge who serves them well, and who serves them badly, but must have some person to make the discovery for them, the Chancellor seems to have lost his way in this measure. He left every man at liberty to follow every profession, free from the fetters of an incorporated body; but he converted the government into one huge, universal corporation, and allowed no man to pursue any profession without annually procuring and paying for the permission of the state. The *Gewerbsteuer*, introduced in 1810, is a yearly tax on every man who follows a profession, on account of that profession; it is like our ale and pedlar licences, but it is universal.*

* In 1820, it was estimated at 1,600,000 rix-dollars, about L. 225,000. The sum payable by individuals va-

So far, it is only financial; but the licence by no means follows as a matter of course, and here reappears the incorporation spirit; every member of those professions, which are held to concern more nearly the public weal, must produce a certificate of the provincial government, that he is duly qualified to exercise it. Doctors and chimney-sweeps, midwives and ship-build-

---

ries, according to the nature and extent of their profession, form one dollar to two hundred. A brewer, for example, pays according to the quantity of barley which he uses, or a butcher according to the number of oxen which he kills. This must produce an unpleasant inquisition into private affairs. The descriptions, too, are so indefinite, that it must frequently be impossible to ascertain to which class a man belongs. Thus, in the fifth class, which varies from 24 to 84 dollars, stand "the "most respectable physicians in the three large towns, (Berlin, Breslau, and Königsberg.) Now, when the doctors differ, as assuredly they will do, who shall decide on the comparative respectability of these learned persons? Again, midwives in these three cities pay more than in the other towns of the monarchy; but why should such a person pay more in Berlin than in Magdeburgh? Is the *place* where she practises any proof of the amount of her professional gains?

ers, notaries-public and mill-wrights, booksellers and makers of water-pipes, with a host of other equally homogeneous professionalists, must be guaranteed by that department of the government within whose sphere their occupation is most naturally included, as perfectly fit to execute their professions. The system is cumbersome, but it wants, at least, the exclusive *esprit de corps* of corporations.

The other and more important object, that of rousing the citizens to an active concern in the affairs of their own community, had already been accomplished by Stein in his *Städteordnung*, or Constitution for the cities, which was completed and promulgated in 1808. He did not go the length of annual parliaments and universal suffrage, for the magistracy is elected only every third year; but the elective franchise is so widely distributed among all resident householders, of a certain income or rental, that none are excluded whom it would be proper to admit. Nay, complaints are sometimes heard from persons of the upper ranks, that it compels them to give up paying any attention to civic affairs, because it places too direct and over-

whelming an influence in the hands of the lower orders. There can be no doubt, however, of the good which it has done, were there nothing else than the publicity which it has bestowed on the management and proceedings of public and charitable institutions. The first merchant of Breslau, the second city of the monarchy, told me it was impossible to conceive what a change it had effected for the better, and what interest every citizen now took in the public affairs of the corporation, in hospitals and schools, in roads, and bridges, and pavements, and water-pipes. "Nay," added he, "by our example, "we have even compelled the Catholic charities "to print accounts of their funds and proceed-"ings; for, without doing so, they could not "have stood against us in public confidence." This is the true view of the matter; nor is there any danger that the democratic principle will be extravagant in the subordinate communities, while the despotic principle is so strong in the general government of the country.

Such has been the general spirit of the administration of Prussia, since the battle of Jena; and it would be gross injustice to her govern-

ment to deny, that in all this it has acted with an honest and effective view to the public welfare, and has betrayed any-thing but a selfish or prejudiced attachment to old and mischievous relations; that was no part of the character of either Stein or Hardenberg. The government is in its forms a despotic one; it wields a censorship; it is armed with a strict and stern police; and, in one sense, the property of the subject is at its disposal, in so far as the portion of his goods which he shall contribute to the public service depends only on the pleasure of the government; but let not our just hatred of despotic forms make us blind to substantial good. Under these forms, the government, not more from policy than inclination, has been guilty of no oppressions which might place it in dangerous opposition to public feeling or opinion; while it has crowded its administration with a rapid succession of ameliorations, which gave new life to all the weightiest interests of the state, and brought all classes of society into a more natural array, and which only ignorance or prejudice can deny to have been equally beneficial to the people, and honourable to the execu-

tive. I greatly doubt, whether there be any example of a popular government doing so much real good in so short a time, and with so much continued effect. When a minister roots out abuses which impede individual prosperity, gives free course to the arts and industry of the country, throws open to the degraded the paths of comfort and respectability, and brings down the artificial privileges of the high to that elevation which nature demands in every stable form of political society; while he thus prepares a people for a popular government, while, at the same time, by this very preparation, he creates the safest and most unfailing means of obtaining it, he stands much higher, as a statesman and philosopher, than the minister who rests satisfied with the easy praise, and the more than doubtful experiment, of giving popular forms to a people which knows neither how to value nor exercise them. The statesmen of this age, more than of any other, ought to have learned the folly of casting the political pearl before swine.

This is no defence of despotism; it is a statement of the good which the Prussian government has done, and an elucidation of the gener-

al spirit of improvement in which it has acted; but it furnishes no reason for retaining the despotic forms under which this good has been wrought out, so soon as the public wishes require, and the public mind is, in some measure, capable of using more liberal and manly instruments. On the other hand, it is most unfair (and yet, in relation to Prussia, nothing is more common) to forget what a monarch has done for his subjects, in our hatred of the fact that he has done it without their assistance, and to set down his government as a mere ignorant, selfish, and debasing tyranny. The despotism of Prussia stands as far above that of Naples, or Austria, or Spain, as our own constitution stands above the mutilated Charter of France. The people are personally attached to their king; and, in regard to his government, they feel and recognize the real good which has been done infinitely more strongly than the want of the unknown good which is yet to be attained, and which alone can secure the continuance of all the rest. They have not enjoyed the political experience and education which would teach them the value of this security; and even the better informed

classes tremble at the thought of exacting it by popular clamour, because they see it must speedily come of itself. From the Elbe to the Oder, I found nothing to make me believe in the existence of that general discontent and ripeness for revolt, which have been broadly asserted, more than once, to exist in Prussia; * and it

* To this it is commonly added, that the general discontent is only forcibly kept down by the large standing army. The more I understood the constitution of the Prussian army, the more difficult I found it to admit this constantly repeated assertion. Not only is every male, of a certain age, a regularly trained soldier, the most difficult of all populations to be crushed by force, when they are once warmed by a popular cause, but by far the greater part of this supposed despotic instrument consists of men taken, and taken only for a time, from the body of citizens against whom they are to be employed. There is always, indeed, a very large army on foot, and the foreign relations of Prussia render the maintenance of a large force indispensable; but it is, in fact, a militia. "We have no standing army at all, properly speaking," said an officer of the guards to me; "what may be called "our standing army is, in reality, nothing but a school, "in which all citizens, without exception, between twenty-and thirty-two years of age, are trained to be "soldiers. Three years are reckoned sufficient for

would be wonderful to find a people to whom all political thinking is so new, who know nothing of political theories, and suffer no personal oppressions, ready to raise the shout of insurrection. It will never do to judge of the general feeling of a country from the mad tenets of academical youths, (who are despised by none more heartily than by the people themselves,) or from the still less pardonable excesses of hot-headed teachers. When I was in Berlin, a plot, headed by a schoolmaster, was detected in Stargard,

---

" this purpose. A third of our army is annually chang-
" ed. Those who have served their three years are sent
" home, form what is called the War Reserve, and, in
" case of war, are first called out. Their place is sup-
" plied by a new draught from the young men who have
" not yet been out; and so it goes on." Surely a military force so constituted is not that to which a despot can well trust for enchaining a struggling people; if popular feeling were against him, these men would bring it along with them to his very standard. I cannot help thinking, that, if it were once come to this between the people and government of Prussia, it would not be in his own bayonets, but in those of Russia and Austria, that Frederick William would have to seek a trust-worthy ally.

in Pomerania; the object was, to proclaim the Spanish Constitution, and assassinate the ministers and other persons of weight who might naturally be supposed to be hostile to the innovation! This no more proves the Prussian people to be ripe for revolt, than it proves them to be ready to be murderers.

In judging of the political feelings of a country, a Briton is apt to be deceived by his own political habits still more than by partial observation. The political exercises and education which we enjoy, are riches which we may well wish to see in the possession of others; but they lead us into a thousand fallacies, when they make us conclude, from what our own feelings would be under any given institutions, that another people, whose very prejudices go with its government, must be just as ready to present a claim of right, bring the king to trial, or declare the throne to be vacant. Prussia is by no means the only country of Germany where the people know nothing of that love of political thinking and information which pervades ourselves. But Prussia is in the true course to arrive at it; the most useful classes of her society are gradually

rising in wealth, respectability, and importance; and, ere long, her government, in the natural course of things, must admit popular elements. If foreign influence, and, above all, that of Russia, whose leaden weight is said to hang too heavily already on the cabinet of Berlin, do not interfere, I shall be deceived if the change be either demanded with outrageous clamour from below, or refused with unwise and selfish obstinacy from above. No people of the continent better deserves political liberty than the Germans; for none will wait for it more patiently, receive it more thankfully, or use it with greater moderation.

CHAPTER III.

SILESIA—CRACOW.

Von Europen bekriegt,
Um mich hat der Grosse gekämpft und gesiegt.

From Berlin to Frankfort on the Oder, the country is not so woefully barren as much of that which lies to the westward of the capital, but it bears the same general character, and the hand of industry has been unable to cover the nakedness of its dreary sands, or root out its tiresome firs! The population seemed to be thinly scattered, and the villages are few; nor can it be a good sign of a country, that the toll-houses are almost the only good ones to be seen on the road.

Frankfort on the Oder makes a miserable appearance after its wealthy and bustling name-

sake on the banks of the Main. The town, small and ordinarily built, with the principal streets running parallel to the Oder, contains a population of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and displays few traces of mercantile wealth and activity. Its university, too, is gone; in 1810, it was united with that of Breslau. The tiled roofs of a church and some other buildings run up in so acute an angle, that they differ little from the perpendicular walls.

The Oder is here a broad, deep, and majestic river, troubled in its colour, and not rapid in its motion. The bridge is of wood, a very solid, but a very clumsy structure. In point of elegance, the German engineers would do well to learn something from the wooden bridges of Italy, particularly from the new one over the Tagliamento, which is nearly half a mile in length, and under which, when I passed it, there was not one lingering drop of water, though a day's rain in the Julian Alps would speedily have filled the whole vast channel from bank to bank. The parapet of the bridge across the Oder consists of large trees, screwed down upon the planks which form the pavement, and fortified,

at certain distances, by heaps of large stones. All this, cumbersome and clumsy as it looks, has an object. When the river is inundated, it sometimes rises above the bridge, and there is a danger, that the water, hurrying through below, may force up the flooring. To guard against this is the reason of loading it with these enormous blocks of stone and wood.

The contrivance for protecting the bridge against the fields of ice which come down in spring is ingenious in its principle. About two hundred yards above the bridge, a wooden shed rises in the centre of the river, considerably elevated above the ordinary level of the water, and presenting an inclined plane to the current. The effect of this is, to break the descending body of ice into two great masses. A hundred yards nearer the bridge, these masses are opposed by three similar ice-breakers, and are thus subdivided into at least six, which again, on approaching the bridge, encounter another array of these opponents, one in front of each pier, in the usual way, and they are thus reduced to pieces so small, that they

pass into the water-way without exposing the bridge to much danger.

Beyond Frankfort, on the great road to Breslau, there is almost as little to interest the eye as before; the Oder is left to the right, and the verdure which clothes its banks is the only beauty that nature wears. A solitary inclosure, on the summit of a small rising ground, turned out to be a Jewish burying-place, as lonely in its situation, and as neglected in its appearance, as can well be imagined; in so dreary a scene, these habitations of the dead look doubly dreary. The inscriptions were all in Hebrew, and the stones overgrown with coarse rank grass. The Christian cemeteries, on the contrary, in this part of Germany, are kept with great neatness. Every grave is, in general, a flower-bed. I walked out one morning to the great cemetery of Berlin, to see the tomb of Klaproth, which is merely a cross, and announces nothing but his name and age. Close bye, an elderly looking woman, in decent mourning, was watering the flowers with which she had planted the grave of an only daughter, (as the sexton afterwards told me,) who had been interred the preceding week.

The grave formed nearly a square of about five feet. It was divided into little beds, all dressed, and kept with the utmost care, and adorned with the simplest flowers. Evergreens, intermingled with daisies, were ranged round the borders; little clumps of violets and forget-me-not were scattered in the interior, and, in the centre, a solitary lily hung down its languishing blossom. The broken-hearted mother had just watered it, and tied it to a small stick, to secure it against the wind; at her side lay the weeds which she had rooted out. She went round the whole spot again and again, anxiously pulling up every little blade of grass—then gazed for a few seconds on the grave—put the weeds into her apron—took up her little watering-pot—walked towards the gate—returned again, to see that her lily was secure—and, at last, as the suppressed tear began to start, hurried out of the church-yard. There is something extremely tender and delicate in this simple mode of cherishing the memory of the dead.

At Crossen, a small town on the Oder, thirty miles beyond Frankfort, the traveller scarcely believes his eyes, when he sees regular vine-

yards laid out on the eminences along the banks of the river; for, though the soil has, by this time, become much better, there is nothing in the general style of the country and climate to make him expect these wanderers from the south. It is perhaps the most northerly point of Europe at which the vine is cultivated for purposes of commerce. The quantity is not so great as at Grünberg, eighteen miles farther on, where the vintage forms a principal source of the occupation and sustenance of the inhabitants. The crops, in such a climate, are necessarily extremely inconstant; the severity of winter often kills the vine, and such a failure reduces a number of these poor people to misery. They allow that it would be more profitable to use the ground as corn land; but the cost of laying out and stocking the vineyards has been incurred, and they are unwilling to lose all that has been expended. The wine itself is poor and acid. In Berlin it goes by the name of Grünberg vinegar; and vinegar is facetiously called Grünberg wine.

After leaving, at Neustädtel, the great road to Breslau, to gain the cross-road which leads to Hirschberg and the mountains, there were still

thirty miles of wearisome travelling in deep sand, with its usual accompaniments of firs, scanty crops, and parched grass. The face of the country certainly gives no contradiction to the hypothesis which has sometimes been started, that the whole of this region was once covered by the East sea. The cottages and peasantry display no marks of the superior comfort which has been supposed to prevail throughout all Silesia, in comparison with the rest of the monarchy; in this part of the province, the Silesians have to contend with the same obstacles as the farmers of Pomerania and the Mark. Ale-houses are abundantly scattered, and no postilion drives a stage, without stopping to enjoy a *schnapps*. Who can resist the temptation, when an ale-house, instead of a sign-post, hangs out a board, with the seducing salutation, *Willkommen mein Freund—Welcome, my friend?* The posting itself is infamous, not so much after you are on the road, as before getting on it; you may reckon on waiting at least an hour for horses. At Spottau, after considerably more than the hour was expired, three starved horses tottered up to the carriage, one led by an old woman,

another by a little girl, and the third by a lame hostler; and, notwithstanding all this, you are pertinaciously attacked for "expedition-money." It was Sunday morning, and men, women, and children, were seated or stretched in the sun, before their doors. "Why don't you go to "church?" I called to a young, white-headed rogue, who was basking himself, apparently half asleep, along a stone bench. "I have no time," was the reply; and he turned himself again to his repose.

At length, at Bunzlau, these dreary deserts were passed. It is a small town, standing on the verge of that varied district which extends southwards to the mountains, and which contains the greatest natural beauties, as well as the principal part of the industry and wealth of the province. Like all the other small towns of Silesia, it is confused, and somewhat gloomy, except that the various colours with which the outsides of the houses are painted, give some relief to the predominating dulness. The fronts uniformly terminate above in some out of the way form, sometimes a semicircle, sometimes a parallelogram, sometimes a semicircle on the base of a

pyramid as a pedestal; but most frequently they are cut into a multitude of circular and angular surfaces. The reason is, that the houses are generally built with the gable towards the street; and, as it required no very refined taste to discover that such a succession of triangles offended the eye, the remedy was sought in giving to the gable a more varied, and, as it was thought, a more beautiful form. In all these little towns there is a great want of space; the streets are narrow, but fortunately the buildings are not lofty, seldom exceeding three floors. The market place is every thing to the inhabitants, and is generally spoiled by having the town-house, to which various booths and shops are tacked, placed in its centre. On that of Bunzlau stands the monument erected by the King of Prussia to Marshal Kutusoff, who died here, after having conducted the Russian army so far on its victorious march. It is a small obelisk, standing on a pedestal of three steps, and rising from between two couching lions. On its sides the deeds and titles of the Marshal are recorded in German and Russ. The whole is of cast iron, and was executed in the Berlin foundery. The

lions were modelled by Schadow, an inferior sculptor to Rauch. The embalmed body was sent to Russia; the entrails were buried at the village of Tillendorf, in the neighbourhood of Bunzlau. The spot is marked by a broken pillar, still standing on its pedestal, and encircled with a laurel wreath, and the serpent-emblem of eternity.

Löwenberg, the next stage, finds you fairly within the beautiful country which attracts so many wanderers to Silesia from all parts of Germany. At every mile of the road to Hirschberg, richness of landscape, fertility of soil, and denseness of population rapidly increased; hill and dale, wood and water, followed each other in close succession; the wild rose was blooming in profusion, instead of the long dry grass which had been the only vegetable ornament of the Mark, and the Bober poured himself along beneath overhanging woods. This river, if it deserves the name of a river, is memorable in history, but makes no figure in geography; it is a pleasing, clear, romantic stream, neither deep nor broad, except when swollen in consequence of rain; and yet, with its neighbour the Katz-

bach, it was the ruin of the French army, which Blücher drove, with utter destruction, first into the one, and then into the other.

The numerous villages of this Prussian Switzerland are often pitched in romantic situations, but in themselves, they do not betoken more comfort than those of the desert sands to the north. Great part of the population is Catholic, and crucifixes appear among the trees almost as frequently as cottages. The most pleasing sight, among the living things, was the crowds of children trudging along to school, each with a book and a slate. The little creatures were the very pictures of health, and, especially the girls, they were very cleanly, though coarsely dressed. As the carriage passed, they made their bows, dropped their curtseys, and lisped out their good morning, with the most smiling, modest, happy countenances in the world.

From a height, the whole valley of Hirschberg at length lay before the eye. In any country, it would be a ravishing prospect, and the region of tourists; in Prussia, where the inhabitants are doomed to a nature which rarely

assumes the character of beauty, or relieves the eye by variety, it is perfectly natural that they should reckon it the perfection of romantic and rural scenery, and proudly set it by the side of the Swiss vallies and the Italian lakes. On the east, north, and south, a semicircular range of eminences, extremely various in elevation, and form, and covering, inclose a valley, whose fertile soil is loaded with every thing which industry can bring from it, and is thickly strewed with populous villages. On the south, it is bounded by the Sudetes, or *Riesengebirge*, the Giant-Mountains, and, right in the centre, towers their loftiest summit, the *Schneekoppe*, or Snow-Head, rearing its rounded top, crowned with a small chapel, to the height of nearly five thousand feet above the level of the sea. It has the advantage of rising almost at once from the plain, without having its absolute height diminished to the eye by intervening ridges of lower elevation. On the west it is flanked by various summits, differing in height from 4000 to 4500 feet; and on different parts of the long ridge which connects these loftier points, enormous masses of bare granite start

up into the air. The weak-point in the landscape is, the want of water. The Bober and Zacken, indeed, flow through it, but they are too small to make any figure. Our Benlomond yields in height to the Schneekoppe, but his lake places him infinitely above the Silesian giant, in wild and romantic beauty.

Hirschberg, the principal town of this part of Silesia, and the capital of a circle to which it gives its name, does not contain more than 7000 inhabitants, and by no means promises to become more flourishing. It owed its eminence to the gauze and linen manufactures, of which it was the centre; but both these manufactures, which have been the source of all the prosperity of Lower Silesia, and on which the greater part of its population still depend, have miserably decayed during the last thirty years. I heard precisely the complaints of Manchester and Glasgow re-echoed at the foot, and in the vallies of the Mountains of the Giant. The Silesian linen found its way into all parts of Europe, from Archangel to Peru. The quantities sent into Hungary and Poland were considerable; Russia was a still more profitable

outlet; but by far the most important branch of the trade was the exportation to Spain, for the purpose of supplying the South American markets. In 1792, the linen exported from Silesia amounted to more than five and a half million dollars, (L.800,000,) and furnished employment to thirty-five thousand people. Even at that time, it was considered to have gained its greatest height, and was beginning to feel the success with which Irish linen was encountering it in foreign markets. No very important falling off, however, was observed till the beginning of the present century. As the power of Napoleon extended itself, his enmity to Britain increased the difficulty of exportation from all the states under his domination, and the trade between Silesia and America had passed chiefly through Cadiz. The Continental system gave the death-blow to the prosperity of Silesia. Prussia, humbled at the feet of the conqueror, was compelled to receive his laws, and the prohibition against the importation of British wares, put an end to her own lucrative commerce with America. On the return of peace, Silesia endeavoured, but in vain, to regain the ground

which it had lost; it found Britain firmly established as a successful rival in the markets of the new world; in Russia and Poland, it was opposed by Bohemia; and the export, I was assured, is not one-third of what it amounted to before this calamitous period. Misery is almost always unjust; let the Silesian manufacturers therefore be pardoned their bitterness against England; for although, while receiving us individually with kindness and respect, they revile us as a nation of selfish monopolizers, they have shown by deeds, that they know well with whose intolerant ambition their evils had originated. How regularly does injustice bring its own punishment! The thousands of those honest and industrious people, whom the ambition of Napoleon had brought to ruin, swelled the hosts which, on the Katzbach, and at Leipzig, fought against him with the eager and obstinate perseverance of personal antipathy. A young man, the son of a linen-weaver, apparently not more than twenty-five years of age, but who had twice marched to Paris, said to me, "Whenever Forward* ordered us to charge, I

* Blücher.

" could not help thinking of the afternoon on
" which my father came home from Hirschberg,
" about two months before he died of grief,
" and told us, that he had brought nothing
" with him, for he had not been able to sell his
" web; for the manufacturer had said, that the
" English would not allow any body to buy
" from us, because the French would not allow
" any body to buy from them; and, do you
" know, Sir, I thought it made my bayonet
" sharper."—" At least, it would make your
" heart bitterer."—" And doesn't a bitter heart,"
was his answer, " make a strong arm, (*macht
" nicht das eiserne Herz eiserne Hand?*") It
was the most intelligible, although the briefest
commentary, on the fire-side effects of the Milan
and Berlin decrees, that I ever either read or
heard.

Even when the traveller is rejoicing in the enterprise, the industry, the ingenuity, and prosperity of his own country, he cannot but look with regret on the decay which is creeping over these mountain vallies, and the industrious and kind-hearted population with which they are thronged; yet in Hirschberg, Schmiedeberg,

and Landshut, the three great manufacturing stations, I heard but one voice, that of misery and complaint. The linen exported from the department of Reichenbach in 1817 had fallen half a million of dollars below that of the preceding year. A great number of manufacturing houses have abandoned the trade; and, in the neighbouring county of Glatz, it had sunk so low, that, in 1818, it was found necessary to provide other employment for a great proportion of the spinners and weavers, and even to endeavour to transplant some of them to Silesia, where matters were still somewhat better.

The Silesian weaver labours under the disadvantage of being, in some measure, a speculator, just as the greatest part of the linen-weavers in Scotland were, thirty years ago. Our cotton-weavers receive from the manufacturer the materials of their labour; the price to be paid for any given portion of their work is fixed; however small the pittance may be, from the vicissitudes of trade, it is a certainty, and a gain; and, if the workman strains his weekly toil to the uttermost, he knows that he is adding to his weekly emoluments. But the Silesian manufacturers

have always proceeded on a different footing; the artisan himself purchases the yarn, weaves the web, and brings it to market as a merchant. Thus he is never certain of gaining a farthing, for he is exposed to all the vicissitudes of the market. After he has spent days and nights at his loom, scarcely allowing himself time to snatch his miserable meal, he knows not but he may have to sell his cloth at a price which will not even cover the expence of the materials wrought up in it. Yet he must sell; the poor man has no capital but his hands; he cannot reserve his work for a more favourable opportunity; he must submit to starvation to procure the means of purchasing new materials. Thirty years ago, when the decay of the Silesian manufactures was only in its commencement, you might see weavers returning from the town to their distant villages, with tears in their eyes, and not a sixpence for the expectant family at home. The evil is now much more general.

Amid this decay of their own prosperity, it is only natural that they should manifest considerable irritation at the more fortunate lot of British manufactures; and this irritation has just

as naturally displayed itself in the utmost credulity regarding all stories about the unfair and rascally expedients by which, according to the less liberal, this preponderance has been attained. So late as 1818, it was printed in Silesia, that we were in the habit of sending Silesian linen to foreign markets as our own manufacture; that our traders forged the stamps and marks of the principal Silesian houses, and purchased their linens, for the purpose of cutting them down to shorter lengths than they ought to be of, and exporting them in this falsified form, to ruin the character of the Silesian manufactures! Absurd as all this was, it was so widely credited, that the principal dealers sent a notice to be inserted in the newspapers of Bremen and Hamburgh, putting all quarters of the linen-buying globe on their guard against the rascally tricks of English merchants; and they complained much, that English influence prevented its insertion in the Hamburgh papers. It is gratifying, however, to know, that a Silesian defended us against charges which probably never reached our ears. A gentlemen of Hirschberg, thoroughly acquainted with the linen trade in all its branches,

wrote a couple of articles in the *Provinzial-Blätter*, exposing at once the falsity and the absurdity of the thing.

The inhabitants of this little town seem to be inordinately proud of their rank as inhabitants of the principal city of the district, and to ascribe to the pleasures of their own society, the crowds of visitors who repair to their neighbourhood in summer to visit the mountain scenery, or use the warm springs, which lie in their vicinity. A classical Burgomaster took it into his head, that a low, fir-clad eminence on the north of the town, was very like the Grecian seat of the Muses; and perhaps he knew, that Opitz, one of the earliest natural poets of Germany, had been called "the Swan of the Bober." Accordingly, the hillock was baptized Mount Helicon, and a temple was erected on it, and dedicated, not to the Muses, but FRIEDRICH DEM EINZIGEN, (Frederick the Unique.) It was gratifying to a Scotchman to find the works, and hear the praises of Sir Walter Scott, even in this retired corner. All over Germany, his name is, to a countryman, almost a letter of introduction.

The neighbourhood abounds with mineral

waters, which, added to the beauty of the scenery, bring into the villages in summer and autumn numbers of visitors, from whom the inhabitants gain some money, and learn some bad customs. There is one spring so impregnated with oxygen, that the common people crowd to it on Sundays, to intoxicate themselves cheaply. Warmbrunn, however, whose springs are hot, is the most celebrated of the Silesian baths, and particularly famous for its good effects in gout and rheumatism. The company that frequents it is of a lower class than that which enjoys voluptuous idleness at Töplitz and Carlsbad; but they ape all the follies of their betters. The changeableness of the atmosphere, and the inconstancy of the weather in the neighbourhood of the mountains, oppose themselves to the healing influence of the waters; and it is law at Warmbrunn, that all salutations, even to ladies, shall be made, not by uncovering, but by raising the hand to the hat *à la militaire*.

Although the inhabitants of some of the surrounding villages are supported by making and cutting glass, and by a number of extensive chemical manufactories, the principal employ-

ment of the population is, after agriculture, the preparation of flax and yarn, and the weaving of linen. The soil is not so fertile as in the plains which surround Breslau; and the inconstancy of the climate frequently doubles the labour and expenditure of the agriculturist. The whole of the country is exposed to two enemies, sudden and violent showers of rain, and destructive thunder storms. The former are called by the country people *Wolkenbrüche*, or breakings of the clouds; and a peasant explained their production, with great simplicity, in the following way. He conceived that the clouds were a sort of thin bags, just strong enough to contain the rain, and that all went on well so long as they floated about freely in the air; but that, when the wind drove them against the sides or summits of the mountains, the bag burst, and the rain descended in a deluge. The hypothesis is quite as scientific as Strepsiades's theory of thunder. These rains are never of long continuance, but they do incalculable damage. From the nature of the country, the greater part of the cultivated grounds lie along slopes more or less steep. In spring, after the ground has been

sown, a *Wolkenbruch* often sweeps away soil and seed together. In summer, when the grain is considerably above ground, the torrent from the clouds, by carrying away the earth, leaves its roots bare, or drowns it in mud. Thunder storms are equally frequent and destructive. In the end of April and beginning of May, it thundered daily for three weeks together. All the houses in the villages are built of wood, and the roofing consists of thin pieces of the same material, nailed upon each other like slates. Even the upper part of the church towers, which are most exposed to lightning, are uniformly of wood. The consequence is, that, in this part of Silesia, there is scarcely a village or a church which has not been set on fire by lightning, and many of them have had this misfortune oftener than once. In the towns, as well as in the country, all who can afford the expence arm their houses with conductors, and the frequency of the custom shows the greatness of the danger. So certain is it held that the lightning will produce a conflagration somewhere, that, the moment the storm commences, the persons who have charge of the fire-engines must repair to

their posts, and be in readiness to act. A Protestant clergyman of Hirschberg was killed in his pulpit. A thunder storm burst over the town, on a Sunday, while he was preaching; the top of the pulpit was suspended from the cieling of the church by an iron chain; a flash struck the spire, penetrated the roof, and descended along the chain. The wig of the old man, who was continuing his discourse undisturbed, was seen in a blaze; he raised his hands to his head, gave a convulsive start, and sunk dead in his pulpit. The livid traces of the lightning are still visible on the stone bannister of the pulpit stair, which it split, in making its way to the pavement. Since the occurrence of this accident, a rope has been substituted for the chain.

The Zacken, a full, impetuous, and romantic torrent, which descends from the western part of the mountains to join the Bober at Hirschberg, sometimes presents a phenomenon, of which the Silesian naturalists have as yet given no satisfactory explanation. Its waters suddenly disappear, and always at some distance from its source; the channel remains dry, except where irregularities in the bottom detain a portion of the water mo-

tionless in pools, or the stream remains tranquil behind mill-dams. The period of the absence of the river varies from one to four hours; it is then observed to rise, at first, imperceptibly; but speedily it regathers its usual strength—fills its channel—thunders down its falls—overflows the mill-dams—and hastens on to the Bober, as impetuous and noisy as it was three hours before. The cause of the phenomenon cannot be at the sources of the river, for, on the last occasion on which it was observed, it began only beyond Petersdorf, a village not more than five miles above Hirschberg; the mill of Marienthal, which lies much nearer the source of the Zacken, never stopped for a moment, while, from Petersdorf to the Bober, the channel was dry. As it always happens in December or March, the explanation generally given is, that its course is stopped by frost. This is impossible; frost would act much more vigorously on the shallow marshes, high up on the mountains, from which the river springs, than on the large and impetuous stream at a much lower elevation. Besides, on the day the phenomenon happened, the thermometer was only —2° of Reaumur, while, during the two preceding months, it had varied from —5° to —12°,

without any change being observed in the river. Moreover, if frost could so suddenly stop a full impetuous torrent, and so suddenly let it loose again, after an hour's interruption, it certainly would not spare the small and shallow brooks which are its humble tributaries; yet, while the Zacken is gone, these brooks keep leaping down into his deserted channel with their customary liveliness. Another hypothesis is, that, in some narrow part of the channel, a mass of snow falls down into the bed, and dams up the river, till his impetuosity washes it away. But these Silesian avalanches are gratuitous creations. Though the mountains were covered with snow, there was none in the vallies, in which alone the phenomenon occurred. Again, such an interruption would have produced, in a few minutes, an inundation of the river above the point at which it happened, or would have forced the river into a new channel; but there was no trace of either. The banks, likewise, of the Zacken, even where his channel is most confined, scarcely render such a thing possible. They are either so low, that snow, when it has once fallen, will lie tranquil till it dissolves; or they are so precipitous, that

no snow can rest upon them at all; or they are darkened by ancient pines, whose umbrella-like branches receive the feathery shower, without ever allowing it to reach the ground, and throw it off, in silvery dust, at every breath of wind that blows. In the middle of June I walked through the forests which hang over the fall of the Zäckerle, and the course of the Zacken, beneath a canopy of snow, resting on the branches above, while violets and wood-hyacinths were blossoming richly below. The latest hypothesis takes it for granted, that whenever an interruption of the river of this kind takes place, some abyss has opened in some part of its channel; into this gulf its waters pour themselves, till it is either filled, or the aperture stopped by the blocks of granite which the torrent hurls down along with it; that it then flows *over* the aperture which, for a couple of hours, it had flowed *into*, and continues its usual course. This is giving much too literal a meaning to "the thirsty earth;" these subterranean drunkards, and unknown throats in the rocky channel, are altogether gratuitous. It is not here, as in Carniola, where we see them, with our own eyes, swallowing up

whole rivers; here we have granite and basalt to deal with, instead of porous calcareous rock. When geologists take "natural convulsions" into their hands, science is sure to be still more mortally convulsed. A part of the river, called the *Schwarze Wog*, has even been pointed out as the spot through whose bottom the thirty spirits of the Riesengebirge suck in the waters of the Zacken, to the dismay of all the millers between Petersdorf and Hirschberg. Now, the *Schwarze Wog* is, no doubt, a very ugly, deep, dark, dismal pool, in which even the river seems to stand still, for a moment, eddying back in horror from the gloomy walls above him; but there is nothing whatever about it to make any one believe that there is a funnel below; and why should this funnel open only now and then, and open only in winter?*

---

* The recorded instances of this disappearance of the Zacken are the following:—

1703, March 17, from 6 to 9 A. M.
1746, March time not observed.
1773, March 19, from 5 to 9 A. M.
1785, Dec. 3, three hours.
1797, March 13, from 4 to 6 A. M.

The ascent of the Schneekoppe, through the mountain, rises to the height of 4900 feet, is by no means difficult, except at the very summit. To climb it from Hirschberg, and return, would be no overpowering day's work; but, as the natives would esteem it barbarism not to be on the top when the sun rises, the night is commonly spent in a *baude*, or hut, very near the summit of the mountain. The scenery round the bottom is wild and romantic in the extreme; the prospect below, as, at every new ascent, you look back on the vale of Hirschberg, with its numerous green heights, scattered villages, and laughing fields, is delicious; but still there is a want of imposing masses of water, though there is no want of rapid and cheerful rivulets. On a scanty and bold projection of the rock stand the ruins of the Kienast, so separated on all sides from the body of the mountain by precipitous dells, ex-

---

1797, March 19, from 5 to 7 A. M.
1810, Dec. 10, from 6½ to 7½ A. M.

It must not be supposed that these are the only occasions on which the phenomenon has presented itself, or that the first of them was the earliest; but they are the only instances of which any account has been preserved.

cept where a narrow ledge on the south connects it with the hill, that the raising of a single draw-bridge must have rendered it utterly inaccessible. The Silesian antiquaries, indeed, have quarrelled with its founder, a Count of Schaffgotch, a dynasty once lords of the whole district, and still a noble and wealthy family, for having built it in a situation where it is commanded on every side, except in front; but these keen investigators forget that, when the Kienast was built, in 1292, batteries and gunpowder were unknown, and that showers of arrows or spears could do little injury to such enormous walls. Enough of the outer wall still remains, to preserve the memory of the fair Cunigunda, equally celebrated for her charms and her cruelty. She was the daughter and heiress of the lord of the Kienast, and the most blooming of Silesian beauties. Her wealth and charms attracted crowds of knightly wooers to her father's castle; but the maiden, like another Camilla, was entirely devoted to the boisterous exercise of the chace, in which she excelled many of her suitors; she would listen to no tale of love, and dreaded marriage as she did a prison. At length, to free herself from all im-

portunities, she made a solemn vow, never to give her hand but to the knight who should ride round the castle on the outer wall. Now, this wall is not only too narrow to furnish a secure or pleasing promenade in any circumstances, but, throughout nearly its whole course, it runs along the very brink of hideous precipices, and, in one place, hangs over a frightful abyss, which, till this day, bears the name of Hell. The number of the lady's lovers rapidly diminished. The more prudent wisely considered, that the prize was not worth the risk; the vain proposed themselves to the trial, in the hope that their presence would mollify Cunigunda's heart, and procure a dispensation from the hard condition; but the mountain-beauty was proof against all arts, and, when the moment of danger came, the courage of the suitor generally gave way. History has not recorded the precise number of those who actually made the attempt; it is only certain, that every one of them broke his neck, (as he well deserved,) and the lady lived on in her wild and virgin independence. At length a young and handsome knight appeared at the castle gate, and request-

ed to be admitted to the presence of its mistress, that he might try his fortune. Cunigunda received him, and her hour was come; his manly beauty, the courtesy of his behaviour, and his noble spirit, made her repent, for the first time, of the price which she had set upon her hand. Having received, in presence of all the inmates of the castle, her promise that she would become his bride, if he should return in safety from the trial, he rode forth to the wall, accompanied by the tears and wishes of the repentant beauty. In a short time, a shout from the menials announced that the adventure had been achieved; and Cunigunda, exulting that she was conquered, hastened into the court, which the triumphant knight was just entering, to meet his ardent caresses. But the knight stood aloof, gloomy and severe. "I can claim you," said he; "but I am come, and I have risked my "life, not to win your hand, but to humble "your pride, and punish your barbarity!" and thereupon he read her a harsh lecture on the cruelty and arrogance of her conduct to her suitors. The spirit of chivalry weeps at recording, that he finished his oration by giving the

astonished beauty a box on the ear, sprung into his saddle, and galloped forth from the gate. It was the Landgrave Albert of Thuringia, already a married man, and who had long trained his favourite steed to this perilous exercise. The memory of the ulterior fate of Cunigunda has not survived.*

The immense pyramid of the kitchen chimney, too, worthy of the days when country gentlemen stole oxen by hundreds, and roasted them by scores, still perpetuates the remembrance of the miracle of which it was the scene. For, in the year of God 1635, as the Count of Schaffgotch, who, although a noble of the empire, had become a Protestant, was celebrating his birth-

* Körner has formed this legend into a ballad of very moderate merit. He uses great violence with the story; a whole family of brothers break their necks, one after another; and the lady is represented as so soft hearted, that she is ready to kill herself at every new disaster. The castigating knight is a relation of these brothers, and his motive is to take vengeance for their blood. Cunigunda either dies of grief, or takes over the castle wall, the lovers' leap which so many had taken for her sake, I forget which.

day in the Castle of the Kienast, after he had retired into his closet to offer up his thanks to Heaven, and the wine was circulating merrily among the guests whom he had quitted, a clergyman, renowned for his skill in astrology, began to reason of the influence of the stars, and announced, that, having calculated the Count's nativity, he found it to predict a violent death by cold iron. A servant reported this unlucky prophecy to his master, who, resolved to laugh the astrologer to scorn, invited all his guests to a hunt on the morrow, and, after the hunt, to dinner. When the company was assembled to set out to the chace, the Count commanded a living lamb to be brought, and insisted that the clergyman should predict its fate. The astrologer endeavoured in vain to escape the snare, by expatiating on the difference between brutes born to perish and immortal man; the Count was obstinate. The shepherd was called; and the clergyman, having interrogated him closely as to the year, month, day, and hour when the lamb was born, declared, to the no small amusement of the company, "This lamb will be eaten by a wolf." The Count and his retinue rode

forth; the lamb was consigned to the cook, to be prepared for dinner; it was killed, skinned, and spitted in due form; the credit of the astrologer seemed to be lost for ever, and the Count to be safe from cold iron. But in the kitchen there was a tame wolf, which for ten years had led a civilized life, religiously abstaining from all forbidden meats, and so far advanced in the acquirements of orderly society, that he performed the duties of turnspit. On this ominous day, however, returning all at once to his original ferocity, he took advantage of a momentary absence of the servants, and ate up the lamb. The cook did not take the trouble to dress another, thinking that so trifling a dish would not be missed on a table which smoked with all the venison of the forest. The joyous company returned from the chace, and immediately began to break their jokes on the unfortunate clergyman. The board already groaned beneath deer and wild boars, and the Count, in exultation, ordered the lamb to be served up. The answer of the cook, that the wolf had eaten it, struck the unhappy nobleman like a thunderbolt. He retired sick to bed, exclaiming, *Pro patria mori*

decorum; was apprehended, three months afterwards, by order of the Emperor, carried to Ratisbonne, and beheaded on the charge of maintaining a secret intelligence with Sweden. *

These and similar traditions, but especially the exploits of the mischievous spirit, Number-Nip, (*Rübezahl,*) † who has disappeared from the

---

* The accusation and execution of the Count are historical facts; the rest is legend.

† This perished spirit, so well known from our nursery tales, has left behind him a very uncertain character. The legends still preserved among the inhabitants of the mountain vallies, sometimes represent him as the most good natured of spirits, and sometimes as taking delight in nothing but doing mischief. He stood out for a short space, after the erection of a chapel on the summit of his mountain, in the end of the seventeenth century, but the first time that mass was performed in it, was the signal for his departure. Though he never re-appeared himself, his host of tiny subjects, loth to quit their ancient abodes, lingered long behind him, till bad usage, about fifty years ago, drove them away. They employed themselves, in the bowels of the mountain, in manufacturing all sorts of household utensils, which they readily gave, or lent out, to the neighbouring villagers, on receiving a small meat-offering and drink-offering in return. The daughter of a villager was about to be married. Her

Mountains of the Giant since a chapel was built on the Schneekoppe, though his pulpit and gar-

---

father went up to "Rübezahl's Habitation," a collection of huge granite-blocks tossed together in wild confusion, and requested the spirits to furnish the bridegroom's house, and lend him the necessary dishes and utensils for the wedding festival. His prayer was granted, with the condition that, on the marriage night, he would place a fixed portion of the marriage supper on a rock which was pointed out to him, and return the spits, and knives, and forks, next day. The spirits kept their word, but the niggardly churl broke his; he ate up the supper, and retained the dishes. The spirits then finally resolved to desert for ever so ungrateful a people. In the course of the following night, these little, kindly creatures, not one of them more than a foot and a half high, were seen marching, in long array, through the standing corn, which, next morning, scarcely seemed to have been touched, and they are supposed to have joined their old master in some region more friendly to supernatural spirits, and more grateful for supernatural assistance.

This matter, trifling as it is, furnishes an amusing instance of the obstinacy with which men who pretend to learning will sometimes write downright nonsense, and of the huge interval that separates artificial erudition from straight-forward clearness of intellect. A disputed text in Virgil or Homer could not have produced more

den still remain, commonly while away the hours of night among the twenty or thirty wanderers

---

various readings, than the name of this amusing goblin has done. His name, *Rübezahl,* means just, *Turnip-number.* Our translator of the legends concerning him was, therefore, perfectly right in calling him NUMBER-NIP, although he inverted the position of the elements of the original compound, and the first tale in his collection gives the true, popular, legendary origin of the name, an origin just as authentic as the existence of the spirit himself, and in this lies the fictitious fitness of the tradition. But erudite Germans, though they allow that the appellation, as it stands, means Turnip-number, insist on referring it to a classical origin, or finding in it some disguise of a foreign phrase. One maintains, that *Rübezahl* is a corruption of *Riesenzahl,* (Giant-number,) and peoples the Schneckoppe with whole legions of Goliaths. A second, adopting the giants, supposes, that the Silesian boors, at a time when they could neither read nor write, called the spirit Giant-number, because they believed him to have piled their mountains upon each other, *as the giants did Pelion on Ossa to storm Olympus.* Excellent! The third, likewise, is both gigantesque and classical. According to him, the name is merely a corruption of *Ries Encelad,* the Giant Enceladus. Better still! A fourth runs away to France, to find the origin of the pure German name of a German hobgoblin, and is quite sure that *Rübezahl* is only a corruption of *Roi des*

who assemble at evening from different parts of the mountains, in the *Hempelsbaude*, to start, long before the sun, for the rest of the ascent. There are no conveniences for sleeping in the rude *chalet*, and even very few for eating and drinking; but company dispels fatigue, and those who have some forethought load their guides with the necessaries of life. On this occasion, a considerable part of the motley assemblage consisted of Burschen; they were extremely sociable, and sung their songs all night long, nearly four thousand feet above the plain, with infinite glee. About two o'clock in the morning, the word was given to move, and twenty minutes easy ascent placed the whole party, not on the summit of the mountain, but on the top of the long ridge, four thousand four hundred feet in elevation, on which his steep and pyramidal summit rests as on a base. The most troublesome thing in the ascent is, the quantity of thickly tangled *knieholz* or *krummholz*, knee-wood or

---

Vallées. Best of all! Somebody or other has very justly remarked, that there are things so close to a man's eyes, that he cannot see them.

crooked-wood, which covers the sides of the Riesenbirge, as it does so many of the Styrian mountains. It is a species of fir; but, instead of growing upright, it creeps along the ground, in which most of its branches fix themselves, and vegetate like new roots. Some of them, however, grow upwards, but extremely stunted, seldom reaching the height of ten feet. It diminishes in quantity, as the elevation increases, and the long ridge of the chain wears, in general, no other covering than scattered fragments or decomposed portions of its own rock. Some of these fragments of granite are of great size; one of the *Dreisteine* is a solid mass, fifty feet high. The proper summit itself is equally bare, and much steeper than the lower part of the mountain. It rises, in a somewhat pyramidal form, between five and six hundred feet above its elevated base; the ascent is fatiguing, for the loose stones, over which you must mount, are perpetually giving way beneath your feet. The summit is not broad; the greater part of it is occupied by a small round chapel, in which mass is performed thrice a year. As it is never open but on these occasions, it affords no shelter to the traveller amid the drizzling va-

pours, and passing snow-showers which so frequently visit the Schneekoppe, even in the heat of summer; but it protected us against a bitter north-west wind, by receiving us under its leeward side, just as the first faint strokes of light were beginning to glimmer over the far distant Carpathians. When, at length, the sun himself came forth, the German wanderers displayed an example of that enthusiastic feeling which distinguishes their countrymen. There happened to be an old clergyman in the company; the rising orb had no sooner burst upon us, illuminating first our mountain pinnacle, and then lighting up the Bohemian summits to the south, "like gems upon the brow of night," than he took off his hat, and saying, "My children, let "us praise the God of nature," began to sing one of Luther's psalms. The others joined him with much devotion; even the Burschen behaved with greater gravity than might have been expected.

At such an elevation, and with, on one side, at least, a comparatively open country, the prospect is necessarily extensive; but it is likewise very varied in its character. The rich, the cul-

tivated, and populous scenery is on the north, towards Silesia; on the south, towards Bohemia, all is sublime and terrific. In this direction, the side of the mountain yawns at once into an irregular rocky abyss, formed of the *Riesengrund* and *Aupengrund*, which presents an almost perpendicular descent of two thousand feet. Behind, the prospect is filled up with imposing masses of mountain and precipice; and here and there some of the small Bohemian towns are indistinctly seen through the vallies that divide them. To the west, likewise, the view consists principally of mountain; but on the north, the most beautiful and fertile part of Silesia, from Hirschberg to the Oder, is spread out like a map. Even Breslau is said to be sometimes visible; and it is not its distance that can place it beyond the eye; for, in a right line, it cannot be more than forty-five miles from the Schneekoppe; but it lies in a low level country, and is confounded with the plain.*

* The reverend author of "Travels in the Riesengebirge" has actually said, that the low-lying Breslau *must* be visible from the mountain, *because* the gigantic mountain is visible from Breslau.

The descent along the eastern slope of the mountain to Schmiedeberg is more easy and gradual than on the opposite side. The country still continues equally rich and populous; Schmiedeburg and Landshut are smaller towns than Hirschberg, and are languishing under the same decay of manufactures. Landshut is close upon the Bohemian frontier, and just beyond the confine are the rocks of Adersbach. They are apparently the remains of a mountain of sandstone, which has been split in all directions, and much of its matter either decomposed, or washed away by water, so that you can literally walk through its interior, as if through the streets of a city. It is on a much larger scale than the rocks of the Saxon Switzerland, and its masses do not so uniformly exhibit traces of the action of water; for, though the edges are sometimes round, they are as often perfectly sharp and angular. The alleys which lead through the mountain vary extremely in width; in some parts they are so narrow that it is difficult to pass through them; in others they form spacious walks, or swell out into ample courts. In general, they are open above; the mountain is sepa-

rated to its very summit; but this is not universally the case, for sometimes the rocky sides gradually approach as they ascend, and meet above in an angle. At one place, a rivulet which flows along the summit rushes down through an aperture into the bowels of the mass, and forms, in its interior, a very brisk and noisy cascade. The walls of rock themselves which line these natural streets seldom present any extent of unbroken surface; they are always split by secondary apertures, which are much more numerous below than towards the top, seldom run up through the whole extent of the rock, and commonly terminate in an acute angle. In the outskirts of the whole are some insulated masses of singular forms. The most remarkable goes under the name of the *Zuckerhut*, or Sugar-loaf, but it is inverted. It stands alone on the plain, at some distance from the main body of the rocks; where it springs from the ground, it is very narrow; but, as it rises, which it does to a height of fifty-five or sixty feet, it regularly increases in breadth, presenting precisely the appearance of a huge cone placed on its apex. The pool of water in which it stands was formed by the cu-

riosity of some strangers who dug round its base, to ascertain whether it still continued to diminish under ground, and how deep it was set in the earth. They had not gone far, when they met with the solid sandstone rock below, of which this mass is merely a projection.

The whole extent of this rocky wilderness is fully four miles in length, but not more than two in breadth. It is, in fact, a branch of the sandstone ridge which runs up into the county of Glatz; and the nearer you approach the main body of the chain, from which this is, as it were, an off-shoot, the more compact does the rock become; one alley terminates after another, and at last there remains only the solid impenetrable mountain, with its dark covering of firs. Few of the houses, if the regular walls which run along these alleys may be so termed, are more than 100 feet high. All the theories which have been started to explain the origin of the phenomenon terminate in this, that water has gradually washed away the softer parts of the rock. This supposes a very strangely heterogeneous rock; for, whatever that softer substance may have been, it must have constituted

great part of the whole, and must have been dispersed through it in irregular masses; for all the innumerable triangular apertures in the walls, broad below, and terminating in a point above, not penetrating deep into the rock, nor splitting it to its very summit, must have been filled with this more yielding substance. There is no reason to believe that the rock was not entirely homogeneous; and the soil, in the different passages, is a deposition of sand, evidently from the main body of the mountain. Then comes the difficulty, why certain parts should have been washed away, and others spared? The sharp, angular edges of the different masses, likewise, are not easily reconciled with the action of the water with which they must have been so long in contact.

Proceeding eastwards from Adersbach to Glatz, the capital of the fertile and beautiful country to which it gives its name, you still continue, for some miles, in Bohemia, and it is impossible not to remark the great difference between the population on the Austrian side, and that on the Prussian side of the frontier. Hitherto, so far as you have come in Lower Silesia, all

has been industry and activity, soundness of head, and liveliness of temper; you have scarcely arrived at Adersbach, when idleness and beggary surround you in a thousand forms. The country is delicious; Braunau, the only Bohemian town through which I passed, lies in a lovely plain, offering every thing to supply the wants of men, and running up, on all sides, into romantic, wooded platforms, which present a great deal to gratify their taste; but the population seemed to be utterly sunk in poverty, ignorance, and superstition. Mendicity crowds upon you with as much frequency and importunacy as if you were in the States of the Church; they sing hymns to the Virgin, and will beg rather than work. The beggary diminishes, but unfortunately the ignorance and superstition still continue, after you have re-entered the Prussian dominions at Wünschelburg. Under Catholic Austria, every mode of oppression and discouragement was practised against the Silesian Protestants; though in many places they were the more numerous party, it was esteemed a great boon that they were allowed to have six churches in the whole province. When Protestant Fre-

derick conquered it, and made good his possession by seven years of the most wonderful exertions that ever monarch put forth, he placed both parties on the same footing; and, where Catholics were then numerous, they have not diminished. At Albernidorf, a village between Wünschelburg and Glatz, I was assured that, at least, sixty thousand pilgrims repair to it annually to pray in its gaudy, gimcrack church, and meditate up an eminence, along the slope of which some fool or another has built a crowd of small chapels, in exact imitation, as these poor people most conscientiously believe, of Mount Calvary. Their roads are unpassable; but at every half mile a virgin is stuck upon a tree. One was adorned with an inscription which hailed her as "The true Lily of the Holy Trinity, "and the Blooming Rose of Celestial Voluptuousness!" *.

The journey from Glatz, through Upper Silesia, to Cracow, though a long one, presents

* Sey gegrüsset! Du wahres Lilchen,
Der heiligen Dreyfaltigkeit!
Sey gegrüsset! Du blühende Rose
Der himmlischen Wollustbarkeit!

little that is interesting. The nearer one approaches to the frontiers of Poland, the farther he recedes from the industry and intelligence of the pure German portions of the province; instead of Saxon activity and liveliness, he encounters Polish misery and servility. Till the middle of the twelfth century, Silesia formed an integral part of Poland, and has received all its arts and industry from German colonists; it is the same thing in Hungary, Transylvania, and the Bannat; the most flourishing spots are uniformly those which for centuries have been the abodes of German settlers. Their introduction into Silesia was a bold experiment. The province had already become an appanage of a younger branch of the sovereign family of Poland; Bodislaus, one of three sons among whom it was divided on the death of their common father, received Breslau, and the greater part of what now forms Middle Silesia. Knowing that his relation on the Polish throne entertained designs against Silesia, and believing that, in case of so unequal a struggle, he could not repose confidence in his Silesian subjects, whom time and custom, with all the deep-rooted prejudices

which they generate, had tied to the Polish crown, he adopted the expedient of mixing his natural born subjects with foreigners who should gradually acquire the predominance, and, having no natural attachment to the power which he dreaded, would defend with vigour the government that had favoured their settlement, and protected their infant establishments. To the fears of the pious Bodislaus, in the darkest period of the twelfth century, Silesia is indebted for its culture. These German colonists brought along with them their national industry, and the rudiments of such arts as they themselves knew. They were governed by German laws; the flourishing condition to which their communities speedily raised themselves, in comparison with the rest of the country, extended at once their influence and their numbers; favoured by the frequent contests with the crown of Bohemia, and, still more, by the disputed rights, or rather claims, of Bohemia and Hungary, they gradually made their people and their language triumphant, in the greatest part of this fertile and beautiful province.

Cracow neither requires nor deserves any de-

tailed description; the ancient and magnificent capital of the Polish monarchs now consists of palaces without inhabitants, and inhabitants without bread; and only the improbable event of the restoration of Poland will relieve it from the desolation that reigns in its streets, and the misery that pines within its houses. Its decay began with the transference of the seat of government to Warsaw; but so long as it remained in possession of Austria, after the partition, the presence of the imperial authorities preserved to it a considerable share of the activity and gaiety of a capital; and the Polish nobles could still bear to spend splendidly in Cracow the fortunes raised amid ignorance and misery on their estates. The liberators of Europe, too jealous of each other to allow any one of themselves to retain a city which, as a frontier position, would have been of so much value, performed the farce of erecting it into a free town. Cracow, deprived of every outlet to industry, and every source of revenue, was left to bear the expences of a government and an university. Dowried by her high protectors with a few miles of territory, and some hundreds of beggared

peasants, she was married to penury and annihilation. The sensible among her citizens are by no means proud of their useless independence; and even the senators break jokes with melancholy bitterness on their mendicant republic! There are neither arts nor manufactures; the surrounding country is abundantly fruitful, but the peasantry who cultivate it have no spirit of enterprise, and no stimulus to exertion. No spot in Europe can present a more squalid rural population than that which basks in the sun in the public places of Cracow on a market day. Twelve thousand of the inhabitants are Jews; they are sunk still lower than the peasantry in uncleanliness and misery, and appear to be still less sensible to it. The part of the city which they inhabit is scarcely approachable; two or three families, men, women, and children, pigs, dogs, and poultry, wallow together in the mire of some sickening and low-roofed hovel. The Poles complain of them as one great cause of the rapid decay of the city; they say that the Jews have got into their hands all the trade that remains to it; for, purchasing cheaply by the practice of rascally arts, and living in a manner

which scarcely requires expenditure, they undersell their Christian competitors. The palace of the kings of Poland is itself a picture of the vicissitudes of the state; once inhabited by the Casimirs, the Sigismunds, and Sobieskis, it is now the abode of tattered paupers, and even these are principally dependent on casual revenues for the pittance which merely supports life.

Adjoining the palace is the cathedral, in which the Polish monarchs were wont to be crowned and buried. In its general style it may be called Gothic, but the subordinate ornaments aim at the architecture of the south. The altars are so cumbered with pillars, and the columns which separate the nave from the aisles are so stuck round with monuments and tablets, that the whole has a heavy and confused appearance. Nearly all the ornaments, likewise, are formed of a black marble, which is found in abundance in the neighbourhood of Cracow, and has been lavishly consumed in its churches; its gloomy hue contrasts strangely with the brilliantly gilded saints who are crowded into every corner. The architectural effect of the long and ample nave is spoiled by the gorgeous tomb and altar

of St Stanislaus, which entirely divides it, and seems to be the abrupt termination of the church. On the altar lies the body of the saint, contained in a coffin of massive silver, six feet long, which is supported by four female figures, about half the size of the life, fashioned in the same metal. A number of tall, silver candelabras are ranged before it, and on high is suspended a large lamp, equally sacred and costly. If the man did not deserve all this for his virtues, he, at least, merited it by his miracles; for he is one of the few saints in the calendar who have gone the length of raising the dead, (but he did it for the protection of church-property,) and the story is worked in relief on his silver coffin. His death was tragical, and the circumstances which led to it were, according to the story, somewhat out of the way. St Stanislaus was bishop of Cracow, under Boleslaus II., towards the end of the eleventh century. Boleslaus was a headstrong and quarrelsome prince, and spent his whole reign in wars with his neighbours. He had kept his army in the field seven years; and the ladies at home, esteeming this long desertion by their husbands a virtual annulling of all ma-

trimonial obligations, selected new companions from among their very slaves. The authority of the king could not detain his warriors a moment longer; they hastened home, and exacted a bloody vengeance from the faithless fair ones, as well as from their imprudent mates. Boleslaus followed, breathing wrath against the knights who had abandoned him in the field, and the ladies who had occasioned their desertion. He beheaded or hanged a considerable number of both, and condemned the women whom he spared to suckle dogs, as a symbol of the unnatural connection which they had formed with their menials. The good bishop could endure neither the bloodshed, nor this unchristian sort of wet-nursing; he reprimanded the monarch for his lawless cruelties, and the resistance of the priest only inflamed the rough warrior. The bishop, strong in his apostolical dignity, excommunicated the king, and refused him admittance to the mass which he was performing in a small church still called the *Stanislaus-Kirche.* The infuriated Boleslaus burst into the church by force, and, with his own hand, murdered the bishop on the steps of the altar. The thunders of Rome were

immediately hurled against him, and, compelled to fly from his kingdom, he shortly afterwards put a period to his life in exile in Hungary. Stanislaus was canonized; the wooden church in which he was murdered was converted, by the generosity of the pious, into a respectable stone edifice; and although it consisted entirely of wood when St Stanislaus fell, it so happened that some of his blood stained the stone wall which afterwards was built, and is still devoutly visited and kissed by hundreds of believing Poles.

The cathedral is crowded with the monuments of Polish kings. Those of the earlier sovereigns are in the usual form of massy sarcophaguses, whose sides are covered with rude sculpture, and on whose top is extended the stiff effigy of the defunct, with crown, sceptre, and regal robes. One of the oldest is that of Casimir the Great, the first, and, for centuries, the only Polish monarch who succeeded in remedying some of the evils which had rendered the kingdom an incessant scene of contention and bloodshed, and had retarded its progress in the most ordinary institutions of civil life. Of the more modern monuments, the most interesting is

that of King John III. Sobieski, the only sovereign, after the crown had become really elective, who effected any thing great either for the fame or welfare of the country. A large pedestal of black marble supports a sarcophagus; the sides of the latter are covered with a battle, and military trophies, in relief, and two Turkish prisoners lie chained in front of it. A pyramid rises above, bearing the busts of Sobieski and his wife. The inscription records his exploits, and finishes with the distich,

Tres luctus causae sunt hoc sub marmore clausae;
Rex, decus Ecclesiae, summus honor patriae.

Except the busts, the figures and trophies are merely of plaster; Sobieski deserved something better. The body remained for nearly a century in the old vault, in which a long line of Polish monarchs had been deposited. Stanislaus, the last king, fitted up a new vault, near the door of the cathedral. He intended it for himself and his successors, in the fond hope that with him was to commence a new and more happy race of sovereigns, and the body of Sobieski was the only one which he removed from

the old vault. But Stanislaus himself was destined to close the series of Polish kings, and his ashes to be laid in a foreign country. The new vault contains only three bodies, but they are those of men who were all celebrated in European history, Sobieski, Kosciusko, and Poniatowsky. The last of them was deposited in it by order of the Emperor of Russia. The monument of Kosciusko was not yet finished. It will be the simplest of all memorials to the mighty dead, for it is merely a huge, round, tapering eminence of earth, artificially brought together. A hermit had already taken up his abode in a hovel on the ascent to it, to give the straggling visitor benedictions in return for farthings.

Cracow may be considered the centre of that singular and revolting disease, the *Weichselzopf*, or *Plica Polonica*. It derives its name from its most prominent symptom, the entangling of the hair into a confused mass. It is generally preceded by violent headaches, and tingling in the ears; it attacks the bones and joints, and even the nails of the toes and fingers, which split longitudinally; I saw such furrows on the nails of a person twelve years after his complete cure.

If so obstinate as to defy treatment, it ends in blindness, deafness, or in the most melancholy distortions of the limbs, and sometimes in all these miseries together. The most extraordinary part of the disease, however, is its action on the hair. The individual hairs begin to swell at the root, and to exude a fat, slimy substance, frequently mixed with suppurated matter, which is the most noisome feature of the malady; their growth is, at the same time, more rapid, and their sensibility greater, than in their healthy state; and, notwithstanding the incredulity with which it was long received, it is now no longer doubtful, that, where the disease has reached a high degree of malignity, not only whole masses of the hair, but even single hairs, will bleed if cut off, and that, too, throughout their whole length, as well as at the root. The hairs, growing rapidly amidst this corrupted moisture, twist themselves together inextricably, and at last are plaited into a confused, clotted, disgusting-looking mass. Very frequently they twist themselves into a number of separate masses like ropes, and there is an instance of such a *zopf* growing to the length of fourteen feet on a lady's head, before it

could be safely cut off. Sometimes it assumes other forms, which medical writers have distinguished by specific names, such as, the Bird's Nest Plica, the Turban Plica, the Medusa Head Plica, the Long-tailed Plica, the Club-shaped Plica, &c.

The hair, however, while thus suffering itself, seems to do so merely from contributing to the cure of the disease, by being the channel through which the corrupted matter is carried off from the body. From the moment that the hair begins to entangle itself, the preceding symptoms always diminish, and frequently disappear entirely, and the patient is comparatively well, except that he must submit to the inconvenience of bearing about with him this disgusting head-piece. Accordingly, where there is reason to suspect that an *Weichselzopf* is forming itself, medical means are commonly used to further its outbreaking on the head, as the natural progress, and only true cure of the disease; and, among the peasants, the same object is pursued by increased filth and carelessness, and even by soaking the hair with oil or rancid butter. After the hair has continued to grow thus tangled and

noisome for a period, which is in no case fixed, it gradually becomes dry; healthy hairs begin to grow up under the plica, and, at last, "push it "from its stool." In the process of separation, however, it unites itself so readily with the new hairs, that, if not cut off at this stage, it continues hanging for years, an entirely foreign appendage to the head. There are many instances of Poles who, suffering under poignant ailments, which were, in reality, the forerunners of an approaching *Weichselzopf*, have in vain sought aid, in other countries, from foreign physicians, and, on their return, have found a speedy, though a very disagreeable cure, in the breaking out of the plica.

But till the plica has run through all its stages, and has begun of itself to decay, any attempt to cut the hair is attended with the utmost danger to the life of the patient; it not only affects the body by bringing on convulsions, cramps, distortion of the limbs, and frequently death, but the imprudence has often had madness for its result; and, in fact, during the whole progress of the disease, the mind is, in general, affected no less than the body. Yet, for a long time, to cut off

the hair was the first step taken on the approach of the disease. People were naturally anxious to get rid of its most disgusting symptom, and they ascribed the melancholy effects that uniformly followed, not to the removal of the hair, but merely to the internal malady, on which this removal had no influence; and medical men had not yet learned that this was the natural outlet of the disease. Even towards the end of the last century, some medical writers of Germany still maintained that the hair should instantly be cut; but the examples in which blindness, distortion, death, or insanity, have been the immediate consequence of the operation, are much too numerous to allow their theoretical opinion any weight. The only cure known is, to allow the hair to grow, till it begins to rise pure and healthy from the skin, an appearance which indicates that the malady is over; it is then shaved off, and the cure is generally complete, although there are cases in which the disease has been known to return. The length of time during which the head continues in this state of corruption depends entirely on the degree of malignity in the disease.

Two instances of the wonderful disposition of the hairs thus to intertwist themselves with each other were mentioned to me, which I would not have believed had I not received them from an eye-witness, and would not repeat, were not that eye-witness among the most respectable citizens of Cracow in character and rank, the historian of its fate, and a member of its senate. The first occurred in his own house. A servant was attacked with the *Weichselzopf*; at length his hair began to rise in a healthy state from the head; it was shaved off, and the man wore a wig. But the cure had not been complete; the malady speedily returned, and the new-springing hairs, already diseased, instead of playing themselves with one another, made their way through the lining of the wig, and intertwisted themselves so thoroughly with *its* hairs, that it could not be removed, until the natural hair itself, from whose extremity it depended, had returned to its natural state. The other case was that of a young lady, whose relations had ignorantly cut off her hair at the commencement of the disease; the consequences were violent, and threatened to be mortal. For-

tunately the lady, with the liking which every girl has for a head of beautiful hair, had ordered her ravished locks to be carefully preserved, and it was resolved to try an experiment. The hair was again bandaged on the head; as the new and corrupted hair sprung up, it united itself so firmly with the old, that they formed but one mass; the convulsions and distortions disappeared, and, in due time, the cure was complete.

The Weichselzopf, at once a painful, a dangerous, and a disgusting disease, is not confined to the human species; it attacks horses, particularly in the hairs of the mane, dogs, oxen, and even wolves and foxes. Although more common among the poorer classes, it is not peculiar to them, for it spares neither rank, nor age, nor sex. Women, however, are said to be less exposed to it than men, and fair hair less than brown or black hair. It is contagious, and, moreover, may become hereditary. In Cracow, there is a family, the father of which had the Weichselzopf, but seemed to be thoroughly cured; he married shortly afterwards, and his wife was speedily subjected to the same frightful visitation; and, of three children whom she

bore to him, every one has inherited the disease. Among professional persons, great diversity of opinion prevails regarding its origin and nature. According to some, it is merely the result of filth and bad diet; but, although it certainly is more frequent among the classes who are exposed to these miseries, particularly among the Jews, whose beards it sometimes attacks as well as their locks, it is by no means confined to them; the most wealthy and cleanly are not exempt from its influence; of this I saw many instances in Cracow. Others again, allowing that it is much aggravated by uncleanliness and insalubrious food, set it down as epidemic, and seek its origin in some particular qualities of the air or water of the country, just as some have sought the origin of *goitres;* but, though more common in Poland than elsewhere, it is likewise at home in Livonia, and some other parts of Russia, and, above all, in Tartary, from whence, in fact, it is supposed to have been first imported during the Tartar invasion in the end of the thirteenth century. A third party has made it a modification of leprosy. The more ignorant classes of the people believe that it is a preserva-

tive against all other diseases, and therefore adorn themselves with an inoculated *Weichsel-zopf*.

Cracow is washed on the south by the broad and rapid Vistula, and so soon as you have crossed the long wooden bridge, you are in the dominions of Austria, part of her shameful gains when

> Sarmatia fell unwept, without a crime!

The jealous vigilance of her police is immediately felt; at every stage, the postmaster insists on examining your passport. The same spirit even accompanies the stranger down into the neighbouring salt mines of Wieliczka; he finds no difficulty in procuring admittance; but, when he has been admitted, he encounters many difficulties in seeing every thing he would wish to see, and learning all that he might wish to learn.

Notwithstanding the length of time during which these mines have been worked, and the quantity of salt which has been taken out of them, their treasures appear to be as inexhaustible as ever. They are situated in the outskirts

of the Carpathians, a much finer range of hills, to the eye, than the Silesian Mountains of the Giant, although they do not present, in this direction, any very elevated summits. The mines descend to the depth of about fifteen hundred feet; and, though the miners go down on ladders, through an ordinary shaft, the visitor has the accommodation of salt stairs, as ample, and regular, and convenient, as if they had been constructed for palaces; and below, the immense caverns which have been formed by the removal of the salt are, in many instances, connected by passages equally smooth and spacious with the streets of a capital. The finest of them have been named after monarchs, because they have generally been, if not formed, yet widened into their present regularity and extent, on the occasion of some imperial or royal visit. Thus you have Francis Street, and Alexander Street; and the great staircase itself was originally hewn out for the accommodation of Augustus III. of Saxony and Poland, in the middle of the last century. In a gold, or silver, or iron mine, luxuries of this sort cost a prodigious quantity of labour, and the labour spent in removing the

stubborn rock brings no other reward than the luxury itself; but in a salt mine, it is both more easily attainable and more profitable; for in widening the passages salt is gained, and it is just as well to procure the fossil in this way as in any other. Another mode of descending is to pass down the perpendicular shaft through which the barrels, filled with salt below, are brought above ground. Towards the lower extremity of the rope, a number of cross pieces of wood are firmly secured to it, the groupes being separated from each other by an interval of seven or eight feet. A couple of strangers seat themselves on this frail machine, clasping the rope in their arms, with their legs hanging down into the dark and deep abyss. They are then lowered till the next pair of cross sticks is on a level with the mouth of the shaft; on these a second couple is seated, in the same way, and thus it goes on till the visitors are exhausted, or the rope is sufficiently loaded for its strength. The rope and its burden are then allowed to drop slowly into the earth, the windlass above being stopped, on a given signal, as each party reaches the bottom, to give them time to dis-

mount from their wooden horses. At the very end of the rope hang two little boys, with lights, to afford the passengers the means of preventing the vibrations of the rope from dashing them against the walls of the shaft. Although not the securest mode of travelling, there is not much danger, if care be taken (and the workmen are very attentive) to prevent the descent from being too rapid; for, in this case, the rope immediately begins to twist, and the feeling becomes extremely unpleasant. You are landed below, at a depth of three hundred feet, in the first floor, near St Anthony's chapel, an early production of the miners. The chapel itself, its pillars, with their capitals and cornices, its altar and its images, are all hewn out in the salt rock. It is not true, however, as has often been stated, that the outlines of its different forms have retained their original accuracy, and its angles their sharpness. They have all suffered, as was to be expected, from the long continued action of moisture which is abundantly visible in every part of the chapel. The angles of the walls and capitals of the pillars are entirely rounded away, and even St Anthony himself, a very tolerable

statue, considering the artists and the materials, has been almost deprived of his nose, the most unseemly of all failings in canonized sanctity. In fact, Wieliczka has been the subject of much exaggeration. It is not true that the miners have their houses and villages beneath ground, that some of them have been born there, and that still more of them have never been on the earth since they first descended; for, though the labour is carried on without interruption during the four and twenty hours, the workmen here, as in most other mines, are divided into three bands, each of which works only eight hours, and their houses, and wives, and families, are above ground. It is true, that the horses employed in removing the barrels of salt from different parts of the mine to the mouth of the shaft through which they are to be drawn up, rarely revisit day-light after they have once descended, and that they have their stables and haylofts below ground; but it is not true that they generally become blind, in consequence of living so much in the dark. The often repeated wonder, of a stream of fresh water flowing through the salt rock, is equally void of

foundation; but neither is it true, that all the fresh water in the mine is brought down artificially from above. There are some springs of fresh water; but there is no reason to suppose, that, in their course, they ever touch the salt rock. The soil which lies immediately on the fossil is a black clay, and above it is a stratum of sand abundantly impregnated with water. The upper surface of the salt rock, where it comes into contact with these superincumbent matters, is not a regular, but a waved line; every here and there it sinks down into vallies, as it were, with hills of salt on each side; these vallies are filled with sand and earth, and it is through them that the springs of fresh water find their way down into the mine. In one of the lowest depths there is a small lake; that is, the water oozing through the rock has filled up a large cavity which had been produced by the removal of the salt; its bottom and banks are all rock salt; and, accordingly, the little lake is most bitterly salt itself. There are various other small streams which flow out of or through the fossil; and they are all so saturated with salt, that the Austrian directors have been

known, in carrying them out of the mine, to turn their waters into places filled with all species of filth, lest the neighbouring population should make use of them for the purpose of procuring salt by evaporation.

In the upper galleries of the mine the salt does not appear so much in the form of a continuous rock as in that of huge insulated masses, inserted into the mountain, like enormous pebbles; some of them exceed a hundred feet in diameter, and sometimes they are found not larger than a foot-ball. This was the portion first wrought, because nearest the earth, and mining in those days must have been ruinously rude. These immense masses of salt were removed much too freely; the irregularly vaulted roofs of the caverns which they had occupied were left without support, and the consequence was, that they frequently fell in. On more occasions than one, the town of Wieliczka, which stands above great part of the mine, has been shaken as if by an earthquake, and some of its houses have sunk into the ground. The miners began to feel the inconvenience of these dangers and interruptions, and, as the neighbourhood abounded, in those

days, with wood, which cost nothing but the trouble of cutting it down, they filled the cavities with stems of trees laid upon each other. Even this remedy, toilsome as it was, was an imperfect one; for you can still distinctly trace where the weight of the superincumbent mass has conquered the resistance of the wood, and bent and crushed it out of its true position. The materials which they thus used exposed them, likewise, to the danger of fire, which actually overtook them in the middle of the seventeenth century, and the mine continued on fire rather more than a year. Perhaps the timber had not been sufficiently long below ground to imbibe salt in such a quantity as would enable it to resist flame; for, if the experience of Austria and Silesia be correct, it would not have burned when fully impregnated with salt. In those parts of Silesia and Austria where the houses are roofed with narrow and thin pieces of wood, which, in summer, become nearly as dry and inflammable as timber, and, at all times, present a most efficacious instrument for propagating a conflagration, the frequency of destructive fires attracted the notice of the public au-

thorities. As the result of the chemical investigations to which this led, it has been recommended, even under the sanction of learned societies, that the wood to be used in roofing should previously be saturated with salt. In this state, they say, it will resist fire as effectually as either slates or tiles will do. The alteration has hitherto been very sparingly adopted; partly because it would cost a little money, but much more because it is a change; and German peasants, in general, are sworn adherents of the Glenburnie creed, not to be "fashed." In Wieliczka, the wood is now as hard as rock. I was assured that even animals which die do not putrify, but merely assume the appearance of stuffed birds and beasts; and it was added, that when, in 1696, the bodies of some workmen, who it was supposed had perished in the great conflagration, were found in a retired and deserted corner of the mine, they were as dry and hard as mummies.

In the deeper galleries, the operations have been carried on with much greater care and regularity. In them the salt assumes more decidedly the character of a continuous stratum, although it is often interrupted, both vertically

and horizontally, by veins of rock. The salt is cut out in long, narrow blocks, as if from a quarry; it is then broken into smaller pieces, and packed up in barrels. At certain distances, large masses of it are left standing, to act as pillars in supporting the roof. Its colour, in the mass, is dark, nor is the reflection of light from its surfaces at all so dazzling as has sometimes been represented. When, indeed, flambeaux are flashing from every point of rock, and the galleries and caverns are illuminated, as they sometimes have been, in honour of royal personages, with numbers of gay chandeliers, their crystallized walls and ceilings may throw back a magnificent flood of light; but, in their ordinary state, illuminated only with the small lights, by whose guidance the miners pursue their labours, the effect is neither very brilliant nor imposing.

The whole of this part of Gallicia is a beautiful and fertile country. On the south and south-east, it is bounded by the shady and romantic eminences with which the lofty ridge of the Carpathians commences, and from whose western extremity, the young Vistula, as you approach, at Teschen, the frontiers of Moravia, comes hurrying down. There is a most observ-

able difference in the appearance both of the towns and the peasantry, from the character of those which you have just left in Poland; there is more activity and seeming comfort; what the traveller sees would not lead him to think that the inhabitants of Gallicia ought to regret their transference from the crown of Poland. In Moravia, the country has more of the plain, and the people gradually display, the nearer you come to the capital, the jovial and social *bonhommie* of the Austrian character. The whole province is in high cultivation, and is so fertile in fruit, that it is usually styled the Orchard of Austria. The population, too, is dense, and the whole road is a succession of clean, bustling small towns, many of them depending principally on the woollen manufacture, which, with the assistance of the raw material from Bohemia and Hungary, has gradually risen to what is, for Austria, a very honourable degree of respectability. The manufacturers assert, that they could carry it much farther, if the sheep farmers would condescend to take some lessons from the Saxons as to the manner of preparing and assorting their wool.

On reaching the brow of the low eminences that border, to the north, the valley through which the Danube takes his course, a magnificent prospect burst at once upon the eye. A wide plain lay below, teeming with the productions and habitations of industrious men. On the east, towards Hungary, it was boundless, and the eye was obstructed only by the horizon. To the westward rose the hills which, beginning in orchard and vineyard, and terminating in forest and precipice, form, in this direction, the commencement of the Alps; and to the south, the plain was bounded by the loftier summits of the Styrian mountains. Nearly in the centre of the picture lay Vienna itself, extending on all sides its gigantic arms, and the spire of the cathedral, high above every other object, was proudly presenting its Gothic pinnacle to the evening sun. From this point, the inequality of the ground on which Vienna stands strikes the eye at once, and the cathedral has the advantage of standing on the highest point of the proper city; for not only the spire, but nearly the whole body of the edifice, was distinctly seen above all the other buildings of the city.

CHAPTER IV.

VIENNA.

Oben wohnt ein Geist der nicht
Menschlich zürnet und schmählet;
Noch, mit Wolken im Gesicht,
Küss' und Flaschen zählet;
Nein; Er lächelt mild herab,
Wenn sich zwischen Wieg' und Grab
Seine Kinder freuen.

LANGBEIN.

He condemns not our joys, like our brethren of earth,
The Spirit immortal that governs above;
Nor, wrapping his brow in the cloud of a frown,
Counts the bottles of mirth, or the kisses of love;
No; he smiles when the children his hand planted here
In transport enjoy from the breast to the bier.

THESE lines, from a popular German poet and novelist, contain the text on which every one of the three hundred thousand inhabitants who crowd Vienna and its interminable suburbs,

seem to reckon it a duty to make his life a commentary. They are more devoted friends of joviality, pleasure, and good living, and more bitter enemies of every thing like care or thinking, a more eating, drinking, good-natured, ill educated, hospitable and laughing people, than any other of Germany, or, perhaps, of Europe. Their climate and soil, the corn and wine with which Heaven has blessed them, exempt them from any very anxious degree of thought about their own wants; and the government, with its spies and police, takes most effectual care that their gaiety shall not be disturbed by thinking of the public necessities, or studying for the public weal. In regard to themselves, they are distinguished by a love of pleasure; in regard to strangers, by great kindness and hospitality. It is difficult to bring an Austrian to a downright quarrel with you, and it is almost equally difficult to prevent him from injuring your health by good living.

The city itself is a splendid and a bustling one; no other German metropolis comes near it in that crowded activity which distinguishes our own capitals. It does not stand, strictly speaking, on

the Danube, which is a mile to the northward, and is separated from it by the largest of all the suburbs, the Leopoldstadt, as well as by the extensive tract of ground on which the groves of the Prater have been planted, and its walks laid out. The walls, however, are washed, on this side, by a small arm of the Danube, which rejoins the main stream a short way below the city, and is sufficiently large for the purposes of inland navigation. On the south, the proper city is separated from the suburbs by a still more insignificant stream, which, however, gives its name to the capital, the Vienna. Instead of serving effectually, even as an instrument of cleanliness, this rivulet brings down the accumulated refuse of other regions of the town, and its noisome effluvia often render it an effort to pass the bridge across it, one of the most crowded thoroughfares of Vienna.

The proper city is of nearly a circular form, and cannot be more than three miles in circumference, for I have often walked quite round the ramparts in less than an hour. The style of building does not pretend to much ornament, but is massive and imposing; the streets are ge-

nerally narrow, and the houses lofty, rising to four or five floors, which are all entered by a common stair. There is much more regularity, and there are many more cornices and pillars in Berlin; in Dresden there is a more frequent intermixture of showy edifices; there is more lightness and airiness of effect in the best parts of Munich; and in Nürnberg and Augsburgh, there is a greater profusion of the outward ornaments of the olden time; but in none of these towns is there so much of that sober and solid stateliness, without gloom, which, after all, is perhaps the most fitting style of building for a large city. Some individual masses of building, in the very heart of the city, are as populous as large villages. The Bürger-Spital, formerly, as its name denotes, an hospital for citizens, but converted into dwelling-houses by Joseph II., contains ten large courts, is peopled by more than 1200 inhabitants, and yields a yearly rental of L.6500. Another, in one of the suburbs, belonging to Prince Esterhazy, contains 150 different dwelling-houses, and lets for from L.1600 to L. 2000. Mr Trattener, formerly a bookseller, and the most fortunate bibliopolist that the

Austrian capital has yet seen, built on the Graben, the most fashionable part of the city, a huge edifice, which yields to its proprietor L. 2400 a-year; and Count Stahremberg has another, whose annual rental amounts to L. 4000. Even the ordinary buildings are generally in the form of a square, surrounding a small court; but the houses are so high, and the court so narrow, that it frequently has more of the appearance of a well; and the common stair, which receives its light from it, is left in darkness. Even on the Graben, it is sometimes necessary to have lamps in the stair-cases during the day.

Every house, whatever number of families it may contain in its various floors, is under the superintendence of a *Hausmeister*, or house-master, who is a personage of much importance to the convenience of all who inhabit it. He is some mean person, frequently an old woman, appointed by the proprietor to watch over the building and its tenants, in so far as the welfare of mason-work and carpenter's-work is concerned, to attend to the cleanliness of the common passages, and the safety of the street-door. This little despot commonly lurks in some dark hole

on the ground floor, or still lower down; and every evening, as the clock strikes ten, he locks the street-door. After this, there is neither ingress or egress without his permission, and his favour is to be gained only at the expence of the pocket; if you come home after ten o'clock, he expects his twopence for hearing the bell, and opening the door. It is true, that he is bound in duty to admit you at any hour; and that you are not bound to give him any thing; but if you have entered in this way once or twice, without properly greeting his itching palm, the consequence is, that on the next, and all subsequent occasions, you may ring half an hour before the grumbling *Hausmeister* deigns to hear, and another before he condescends to answer your thankless summons. It is the same thing even in the inns; at ten o'clock the outer gate must be shut, whatever revelry may be going on within. It is a police regulation, and the police is watchful. Besides a body of men corresponding to our watchmen, but who, instead of calling the hour, strike their bludgeons upon the pavement, the streets are patroled, all night long, by gens-d'armes, both mounted and on foot. Street

noise, street quarrels, and street robberies, are unknown. It is only outside of the walls, in the more lonely parts of the glacis which separates the city from the suburbs, that nocturnal depredations are sometimes committed; and, in such cases, robbery is not unfrequently accompanied with murder.

"The Art of walking the streets" in London is an easy problem, compared with the art of walking them in Vienna. In the former, there is some order and distinction, even in the crowd; two-legged and four-legged animals have their allotted places, and are compelled to keep them; in the latter, all this is otherwise. It is true, that, in the principal streets, a few feet on each side are paved with stones somewhat larger than those in the centre, and these side slips are intended for pedestrians; but the pedestrians have no exclusive right; the level of the street is uniform; there is nothing to prevent horses and carriages from encroaching on the domain, and, accordingly, they are perpetually trespassing. The streets, even those in which there is the greatest bustle, the *Kärntherstrasse*, for example, are generally narrow; carriages, hackney-coaches, and loaded

waggons, observing no order, cross each other in all directions; and, while they hurry past each other, or fill the street by coming from opposite quarters, the pedestrian is every moment in danger of being run up against the wall. A provoking circumstance is, that frequently a third part, or even a half of the street, is rendered useless by heaps of wood, the fuel of the inhabitants. The wood is brought into the city in large pieces, from three to four feet long. A waggon-load of these logs is laid down on the street, at the door of the purchaser, to be sawed and split into smaller pieces, before being deposited in his cellar. When this occurs, as it often does, at every third or fourth door, the street just loses so much of its breadth. Nothing remains but the centre, and that is constantly swarming with carriages, and carts, and barrows. The pedestrian must either wind himself through among their wheels, or clamber over successive piles of wood, or patiently wait till the centre of the street becomes passable for a few yards. To think of doubling the wooden promontory without this precaution is far from being safe. You have scarcely, by a sudden spring, saved

your shoulders from the pole of a carriage, when a wheel-barrow makes a similar attack on your legs. You make spring the second, and, in all probability, your head comes in contact with the uplifted hatchet of a wood-cutter. The wheel-barrows seem to be best off. They fill such a middle rank between bipeds and quadrupeds, that they lay claim to the privileges of both, and hold on their way rejoicing, commanding respect equally from men and horses.

To guide a carriage through these crowded, encumbered, disorderly, narrow streets, without either occasioning or sustaining damage, is, perhaps, the highest achievement of the coach-driving art. Our own knights of the whip, with all their scientific and systematic excellencies, must here yield the palm to the practical superiority of their Austrian brethren. Nothing can equal the dexterity with which a Vienna coachman winds himself, and winds himself rapidly, through every little aperture, and, above all, at the sharp turns of the streets. People on foot, indeed, must look about them; and, from necessity, they have learned to look about them so well, that accidents are wonderfully rare; and

very seldom, indeed, does it happen that the Jehus do not keep clear of each other's wheels. The hackney-coachmen form as peculiar a class as they do in London, with as much *esprit de corps*, but more humour, full of jokes and extortion. It is said that the most skilful coachman from any other country cannot drive in Vienna without a regular education. A few years ago, a Hungarian nobleman brought out a coachman from London; but Tom was under the necessity of resigning the box, after a day's driving pregnant with danger to his master's limbs and carriage.

In Vienna, the distinction between the fashionable and unfashionable parts of the city is less strongly marked than in most other capitals. Temple-Bar does not cut off the residences of fashion from those of industry and trade more sharply than the Spree does in Berlin; in the Austrian capital, they are mixed indiscriminately together all-over the city. The courtiers, naturally enough, love to be near the palace which joins the ramparts on the south side of the city, and the Herrengasse, the nearest street, is full of palaces; but there are few parts of the town, and especially

on the ramparts, where you are not struck by the huge piles, the gorgeously dressed servants, and glittering equipages of Hungarian and Bohemian nobles. Yet there are few particular buildings which could be pointed out as fine edifices, for no great metropolis has hitherto made so few pretensions to classical and elegant architecture, although it has the merit of having avoided, in a great measure, those barbarous mixtures, and gewgaw fripperies which are the disgrace of some other capitals. More than one of the public buildings which were intended to be splendid, are either mediocre, or positively bad; and, even when the main conception is good, there is commonly some unpardonable adjunct which mars its beauty, and interrupts its effect. The palace of Prince Lichtenstein is a gorgeous building; its library is the handsomest part of it, and the finest single hall in Vienna, and its contents are at once abundant and valuable. Yet the only entrance to the library is by a dark and narrow stair at the back of the house, and leads the visitor past the reeking doors of the prince's stables, which are right below. When this part of the building was raised, it was pro-

posed to inscribe upon it, EQUIS ET MUSIS. The Imperial riding-school, a work of Fischer of Erlach, the first architect who introduced some grandeur into the public edifices of Vienna, is in a chaste and severe style, so far as it can be seen; but it is stuck on the irregular pile of the palace, and palace theatre, in such a way that no whole is observable, and it looks like a fragment. The palace of the House of Hapsburgh itself, the residence of a family which, entering Germany in the person of a Swiss knight, unexpectedly chosen to wear the imperial crown, has raised itself, in defiance of all the political storms which have attacked it, to so powerful a rank among the sovereigns of Europe, is almost an emblem of the progress of its proprietors, a collection of dissimilar and ill-assorted masses, added to each other as convenience required, and occasion served. The original portion, or what remains of the original portion, is the only part to which a stranger attaches much interest, for it is connected with a thousand recollections of Rodolph and his more immediate descendants. Even in the present century, the court architects have been carrying on their additions, and with

much less taste than their predecessors displayed a hundred years ago. The latter formed a regular court, more than three hundred feet long, and surrounded by buildings which, though very different in style; from the antiquated and venerable appearance of the old Burg on its east side, to the florid architecture of the long mass which bounds it on the north, are never positively mean, and always present large and uniform surfaces on every side; but the latter, for the sake of widening a hall, have broken the south front by carrying it out in an impertinent projection which looks much liker a coffee-house than a palace. To the west of the court are the public offices of the Chancellor of State, and the residence of the chancellor himself, the Downing Street of Vienna. They are close upon the rampart, and scarcely rise above its surface. Were there a parliament in Austria, and the Viennese were put into a passion by a corn-bill, no house would be better situated for having its windows broken than that of the minister.

Vienna has some very noble public squares, though no people requires them less for pur-

poses of recreation; for, when amusement is their object, they hasten beyond the walls to the coffee-houses of the glacis, or the shades of the Prater, the wine-houses and monks of Kloster-Neuburg, or the gardens of Schönbrunn. The best of these squares happen to be in parts of the city where the fashionable world does not often intrude; they are not planted, but excellently paved; they are not gaudy with palaces, but surrounded by the busy shops, and substantial and comfortable dwellings of happy citizens, and are commonly adorned with some religious emblem, or a public fountain. Both the temples and the fountains have too much work about them; there is too much striving after finery of sculpture, a department of art in which the Austrians are still very far behind. The consequence is, that there are crowds of figures which have no more to do with a basin of water than with a punch bowl. The Graben, an open space in the most busy part of the town, and entered, at both extremities, by the narrowest and most inconvenient lanes in Vienna, (although, on Sundays and festivals, it is the great thoroughfare of all classes, from the emperor to the ser-

vant girl,) is embellished with two fountains. The fountains themselves are simple and unaffected; but it was necessary to have statues. Therefore, at the one well stands Joseph explaining to the Messiah his Hebrew genealogy, and, at the other, St Leopold, holding in his hands a plan of the Monastery of Neuburg! The artist of the fountain on the Neumarkt, or New-market, seems to have felt the want of congruity in this union of holy saints with cold water, and placed on the edge of his basin four naked figures, representing the four principal rivers of Austria, pouring their waters into the Danube, whose genii surround the pillar that rises from the centre. But even here comes something Austrian and absurd. The basin is so small, that half a dozen of moderately sized perch would feel themselves confined in it; yet these four emblematical figures are anxiously gazing into the tiny reservoir, and brandishing huge tridents to harpoon the invisible whales which are supposed to be sporting in its waters.

In all these squares, and in all the spots that are the favourite resorts of the people, a Briton, and even a Prussian, feels strongly the want of

those public memorials which public gratitude ought to raise to men who have adorned or benefitted a state by their talents. A stranger who wandered through the squares and churches of Vienna, would believe that the empire had never possessed a man whom it was worth while to record, except Joseph II., to whom the government has erected a proud monument, while it has not only avoided his practical imprudences, but has bigottedly proscribed even the good principles on which these imprudences were only excrescences. It is true, that Austria, of herself, has produced few high names; and, perhaps, this may be one reason why she has so carefully refrained from presenting to the public eye any proof of the frequency with which she has been compelled to trust for her safety and fame to the talent that other countries had produced. If Austria does not blush to have made use of foreign talent, why does she blush at recording its services in the eyes of her citizens? The bitter satire of the words which Loudon's widow inscribed on the monument erected to him by herself in the shades of his country seat, was richly deserved; NON PATRIA; NON IMPERA-

TOR; CONJUX POSUIT. Where are Montecuculi, and Eugene, and Lacy, and Loudon, the only worthy opponent of Frederick? Where are Prince Louis of Baden, and John Sobieski of Poland, who saved Leopold, trembling in his palace, and hurled back the Crescent when ready to enter Vienna in triumph over the ruins of the Cross? Where are Jacquin and Van Swieten? Where are even the Daun and Kaunitz, the Mozart and Haydn of Austria itself? Simple busts of Loudon and Lacy were placed by Joseph in the hall where the Council of War holds its meetings, and were honoured with inscriptions from his own pen; but they were not for the public, and are visible only to high military officers. Daun was commemorated by an uncouth, gaudy, gilded thing; but even this, ugly as it is, was locked up in a chapel of the Augustine monks. Van Swieten, too, was there, and his monument was preserved with so much care and veneration, that, some time ago, nothing remained of it except the head of the physician, thrown aside in a corner as rubbish. Even the monument of Prince Eugene, to whom Austria owed a heavier debt than perhaps any country

ever owed to one man, was the work, not of the public gratitude of Austria, but the family feeling of a Duke of Savoy. With what pride does a Briton look round St Paul's and Westminster Abbey, or a Prussian point to the Wilhelmsplatz? In Vienna, there is not presented to the public eye the slightest memorial of the greatest men, excepting Joseph II., to teach the people what no people more easily forgets than the Viennese, that there really *is* something in the world more respectable than mere eating, and drinking, and waltzing.

The statue of Joseph II. stands on a square which bears his name. Two sides of the square are formed by the majestic elevations of the imperial library, which would gain by the removal of the two large gilt balls which disfigure its summit. The statue is a colossal and equestrian one, cast in bronze, and elevated on a lofty pedestal of granite. The pedestal and its attendant pilasters are adorned with medallions representing, not so much the public reforms, as the different journies, of the emperor. The whole work is very creditable to the sculptor, Zauner; there is nothing trivial or trifling about it; the

horse, however, though a very good German horse, is not sufficiently improved for sculpture; and altogether the best parts of the monument are those which depart least from that model of all equestrian statues, Marcus Aurelius, in the Roman Capitol. The memorial was erected by the present emperor, who thus did honour to his uncle, without having hitherto followed one of his principles. Let the very just inscription, SALUTI PUBLICAE VIXIT NON DIU, SED TOTUS, warn the successors of Joseph II. to take care that they give no room for reversing it in regard to themselves. The errors of Joseph were those of all enthusiasts; he was far advanced before his age in Austria. He believed that the people would as easily see the absurdity of popular prejudices, as he distinctly perceived them himself; he forced them, rather than managed them. He constrained them for a while; but both he and Leopold, who, with the same excellent spirit, had much more prudence, disappeared from the scene, before the people had yet had time to learn how far these new changes would do good, and the people willingly returned to what they were not sure was bad, but

were perfectly sure was old. Joseph shook to its foundations the civil power of the Romish hierarchy, stripped it of its exorbitant wealth, and proscribed its corrupting idleness; Europe saw the holy head of the church cross the Alps and Appenines to admonish his unruly son, the King of Rome;* but Joseph forgot, that the intellect of his subjects was under the yoke of the priesthood, not under the guidance of enlightened reason, and that, when he marched on with so bold a pace, instead of considering him a liberator, they looked on him as the profane persecutor of all which they had been taught to revere. Francis I. has refilled empty monasteries, and established new orders, with infinitely greater success, than Joseph experienced in crushing and curtailing them. The selfish interests, likewise, of the great mass of the aristo-

* When the Pope was approaching Vienna, the clergy asked permission of the emperor to ring the bells of the churches, in honour of the entrance of his Holiness into the capital. Joseph consented, and, turning to one of his ministers, said, "Don't you see that the clergy wish "to terrify me, by firing off THE GREAT GUNS OF THE "CHURCH?"

cracy, who, till this day, are the least manly in sentiment, and least enlightened in mind of the German nobles, threw a thousand obstacles in his way; and sometimes he raised these obstacles himself, by the very speed of his course, just as the hoof of a rapid steed will strike fire from a stone, which a more moderate pace would have left undisturbed. The aristocracy saw that their own overwhelming, but by no means salutary influence, must descend, in proportion as the innovations of the emperor increased the intelligence and self-esteem of the people; and they set themselves obstinately against what they reckoned so baneful a system. Although Joseph, and his mother, Maria Theresa, felt strongly the necessity of relieving agriculture, by commuting the personal services of the peasantry into payments in money or produce, they did not dare to venture on any thing stronger than a recommendation, and the recommendation has not been very widely acted upon. If Joseph had done less, he would have effected much more.

Private affection has done more for sculpture in Vienna, than public gratitude or munificence.

The church of St Augustine contains the monument erected by the late Duke of Sachsen-Teschen * to his wife Christina, an Archduchess of Austria. It is a work of Canova, and is not only among his most bulky productions, but ranks among his foremost in simplicity of grouping, contrast of form, and that propriety in every figure and feature of the different personages, on which the effect of such a work, as a whole, always depends so much. It is by far the best of Canova's monuments; for, in this difficult department of the art, where common-place combinations on the one hand, and exaggerated allegories on the other, are the quicksands to be avoided, the great Italian, though the purity of his taste kept him far from the latter, sometimes touched upon the former. † A pyramid of grey-

* He died in 1822, burdened with the infirmities of a very advanced age, which even bathing in wine could not long resist. He was a prince of immense wealth, considering him as a person who did not wear a diadem. The greater part of his fortune descended to a much better known personage, the Archduke Charles, of whom all Vienna said, that he needed it, and would make a good use of it.

† A strong proof of this is the monument which he

ish marble, twenty-eight feet high, and connected by two broad steps with a long and solid base, is placed against the wall of the church. In the centre of the pyramid is an opening, representing the entrance of the funeral vault, and two melancholy groupes are slowly ascending the steps towards it. The first consists of Virtue, bearing the urn which contains the ashes of the deceased, to be deposited in the tomb, and by her side are two little girls, carrying torches to illuminate the gloomy sepulchre. Behind them, Benevolence ascends the steps, supporting an old man, who seems scarcely able to totter along, so rapidly is he sinking beneath age, infirmity, and grief; while a child, folding its little hands, and hanging down its head in infantine sorrow, accompanies him. On the other side couches a melancholy lion, and beside him

executed in St Peter's in Rome, at the request of the King of England, to commemorate the last members of the Stuart family. A pyramidal mass, representing the door of a vault, leans against one of the pillars; above it are medallions of the persons to be recorded, and on each side a genius hangs down his torch. Moreover, the figures are only in relief. This is trivial.

reclines a desponding genius. Over the door of the vault is a medallion of the Archduchess, held up by Happiness; and, opposite, a genius on the wing presents to her the palm of triumph. The last two figures, as well as the portrait, are only in relief on the body of the pyramid; all the others are round, and all are as large as life. There is nothing strained or affected in the allegory; an air of soft and tranquil melancholy pervades the whole composition; and the spectator, without being very forcibly struck at first, feels pensiveness and admiration gradually growing upon him. The figure of the old man, whom Benevolence supports to the grave of his benefactress, is exquisite; his limbs actually seem to totter, and the muscles of his face to quiver with agitation; yet there is nothing exaggerated in expression or attitude. The composition is a most eloquent one, but pure and chaste throughout. There may be some allegorical meaning in the wings of the Genius who reclines on the lion being raised; but, at first sight, the spectator does not see why the wings should be in motion, when the state of the figure is that of repose. The general design of the monument was

first composed by Canova for a monument which the Venetian Senate intended to have erected to Titian, and the original drawings are still preserved in the Academy of Venice. Amid the misfortunes of the republic, the plan was given up. The sculptor afterwards substituted the emblems of private virtue and affection for the figures which were to have been symbolical of the arts, and the monument was used to commemorate the Archduchess Christina. Even if it be true, as is said in Vienna, that it cost her husband two thousand guineas, the artist was by no means overpaid.

Vienna possesses, by the fortune of war, another great groupe of Canova, in his Theseus killing the Minotaur. The box in which it had arrived had not been opened when I left Vienna; and as it lay on the glacis, crowds of the common people daily gathered round it, gazing on and examining the large black package, as if they really believed *that* to be the great statue. The Austrians showed a very laudable attention to the safety of the groupe in bringing it from Italy; for, excepting a very brief overland carriage in Dalmatia, it was conveyed en-

tirely by water; it was shipped on the Tiber at Rome, and landed from the Danube at Vienna. But, in selecting a site for it in their own capital, they have displayed a want of taste which, it is to be hoped, no other academy of the fine arts would sanction. The groupe had been originally ordered by Buonaparte, for the purpose of placing it on the Porta del Sempione, at Milan, which it was intended should be the most magnificent portal in Italy, and which, I suppose, is still decaying, unfinished, beneath its wooden shed. Canova is said to have made the Athenian hero a portrait of the French Emperor, so far as classical character left it in his power; and, on his downfall, to have thought it prudent, or polite, to alter the style of countenance. I saw it in Rome, when it was yet unfinished, and it had not the slightest tinge of Napoleon. On regaining Lombardy, the Emperor of Austria stopped the building of the Porta del Sempione; and, as if determined to injure in every possible way the self-love of his Italian subjects, he determined to transfer as a trophy to Vienna the majestic groupe which had been destined for Milan. Apprehensions

were very justly entertained that Carrara marble would speedily suffer from being exposed in the open air in the climate of Austria. The Emperor suggested, that it would be best "to "get Canova himself to tell them what sort of "thing they should put it in." Canova recommended a temple, in strict imitation of the Temple of Theseus at Athens. They had the good sense to follow his advice; they have built, or, at least, are building the temple; but, to keep it out of sight as much as possible, they have actually buried it in the lowest part of the glacis, close under the rampart where the rampart is highest, and have made the matter worse, by excavating the glacis itself to a considerable depth, that the temple may be still more under ground. It is sunk in the ditch; while, above it, on the most commanding part of the broad bastions, stands the fashionable coffee-house of Courtois, whose gay visitors, as they lounge along, look down with contempt on the Athenian temple, pushed out of the way, at the very gates of Vienna. Prince Metternich, who adds to his other multifarious offices that of Curator of the Imperial Academy of the Fine Arts, is said to

have proposed that the coffee-house should be purchased, and the temple built on its site, or, at least, erected on the ramparts, instead of being sunk below them. This would have given the edifice an infinitely more conspicuous and imposing attitude; but perhaps they were not fond of setting the chaste and severe majesty of the Doric temple in contrast with the gilded frippery of the Church of St Charles, which would have closed the view at the other extremity, though at a considerable distance. It may be, likewise, that they were not rich enough to buy the coffee-house. *

* No buildings in Vienna are more valuable than established coffee-houses, or apothecaries' shops. The reason is, that here, as in some other German states, no person can engage in either of these professions without the permission of the Government, a permission always expensive, and never easily obtained. Sometimes the privilege is merely personal to the grantee, and expires with his life; this is the course most generally followed at present; but, in former times, it was customary, as matter of special favour, to attach it to a particular building, which it followed, into the hands of whomsoever the house might come by sale or inheritance, like a free-

Besides a number of private chapels, and the meeting-houses of those communions which are only tolerated by the Romish hierarchy, Vienna contains fifty-seven churches, twenty in the proper city, and thirty-seven in the suburbs. Few of them aspire to the beauties of modern architecture, but neither do they degenerate into mere toys; though containing many reliques of the olden time, which would have interest for the historian of Vienna, there is little about them to attract the notice of a stranger. St Michael's has a good deal of pillared pomp, though on a diminutive scale, and is notorious as a place of assignations; the church of the Augustine monastery is the only specimen in Vienna of the more light and airy species of Gothic, while all that is lofty, and imposing, and sublime in that style of architecture, is united in

---

hold qualification. Houses of this kind, though frequently of no worth in themselves, bear an enormous value. The proprietor of a coffee-house on the Graben wished to sell it; the purchaser, in addition to an extravagant price for the house itself, a single floor, and a small one, paid upwards of L. 3000 for the privilege attached to it.

the cathedral, St Stephen's. It is the largest church of Germany; its length from the principal gate, which is never opened but on very solemn occasions, to the eastern extremity, is three hundred and fifty feet, and its greatest breadth two hundred and twenty. Though begun before the middle of the twelfth century, by the first Duke of Austria, it cannot be carried farther back, in its present form, than the middle of the thirteenth, during the earlier half of which it was twice burned down. Even then it was considerably without the city, though it is now in its very centre, rising, free from other buildings, on the highest point of the sloping bank, along which Vienna swells up from the Danube. At the entrance of the Graben, the most bustling part of Vienna, in regard to business, and forming part of its most fashionable promenade, there still stands the trunk of a tree, a solitary remnant of the forest which, in these days, intervened between the town and the cathedral. But, like the stockings of Martinus Scriblerus, its identity is extremely questionable; for, so many nails have been driven into it by the idle and the curious, that it is now a

tree of iron, and gives to an adjacent part of the street the name of *Stockameisen Platz*, Iron Trunk Square.

Majestic as the exterior of the cathedral is, it is perhaps too heavy; every corner seems to be overburthened with stone, a defect which is not diminished by the old monuments stuck round its outer walls; it looks as if the early Austrians had wished to commemorate St Stephen, by collecting in his church as great a quantity as possible of the material which was the instrument of his martyrdom. But the interior is noble,—ample, sombre, simple, elevated, and overpowering. The wooden carving round the stalls of the tribune is an interesting memorial of the early excellence of the Germans in this branch of art. There are one or two bulky monuments, but, though not ornaments, they do not greatly interrupt the fine perspective of the nave and aisles. The church, indeed, derives its ornament simply from its architecture; the altars are unassuming, and their pictures and statues are mediocre, except an Ecce Homo of Correggio, which is scarcely visible. At the western extremity is a gaudy chapel of the princely fa-

mily of Lichtenstein, remarkable merely for the privilege bestowed upon it by Pius VI. A long inscription records, that by a grant of his Holiness, the soul of a Lichtenstein shall be released from purgatory every time that mass is celebrated at the altar of this chapel. When wealth and rank can procure such conveniencies, they really are something better than mere temporal advantages. The tower of the church is rivalled in height only by that of Strasburgh, but is not so light and elegant. The height, from the pavement to the pinnacle, is four hundred and fifty feet. The upper and pyramidal part has most visibly departed from the perpendicular, and inclines to the north. This aberration is said to have been first produced by the bombardment of the Turks in 1683, and to have been increased by the cannonading of the French when they marched to Vienna more than once during the late war.

Vienna is no longer a fortified city; promenading is the only purpose to which the fortifications are now applied; and, from their breadth and elevation, they are excellently adapted for it. In one part they look out upon the gradually ascending

suburbs; on another the eye wanders over intervening vineyards, up to the bare ridge of the Kahlenberg, from which Sobieski made his triumphant attack against the besieging Turks, traces of whose entrenchments are still visible; in another it rests on the waters of the Danube, the foliage of the Prater, and the gay crowds who are streaming along to enjoy its shades. The twice successful attacks of French armies having proved the ramparts, or bastions, as they are universally called, to be useless for the protection of the citizens, trees, and benches, and coffee-houses, have taken the place of cannon, and rendered them invaluable as sources of recreation to this pleasure-loving people. On Sundays and holidays, so soon as the last mass has terminated, (which it always does about mid-day,) they are crowded to suffocation with people of all ranks. Even during the week, so long as the weather permits it, the coffee-houses, surrounded with awnings, are the favourite resort of persons, chiefly gentlemen, who prefer breakfasting in the open air; and, in the evening, they are the favourite resort of both sexes, especially of the middle classes. An orchestra in the open air

furnishes excellent music; as night comes on, (and the crowd always increases with the dusk,) lamps are hung up among the trees, or suspended from the awnings. The gay unthinking crowd sits to be gazed at, or strolls about from one alley to another to gaze,—good and bad, virtuous and lost mingled together, sipping coffee, or keeping an assignation, eating an ice, or making love. Till ten o'clock, when the terrors of the *Hausmeister* drive them home, the ramparts, and the glacis below, form a collection of little Vauxhalls.

The glacis itself, the low, broad, and level space of ground which stretches out immediately from the foot of the ramparts, and runs entirely round the city, except where the walls are washed by the arm of the Danube, is no longer the naked and cheerless stripe which it used to be. Much of it has been formed into gardens belonging to different branches of the imperial family; the whole has been gradually planted and laid out into alleys; and, two years ago, the emperor, in his love for his subjects, allowed a coffee-house to be built among the trees. Beyond the glacis, the ground in general rises; and along

these eminences stretch the thirty-four suburbs of Vienna, surrounding the city like the outworks of some huge fortification, and finally surrounded themselves by a brick wall, a mere instrument of police, to insure the detection of radicals and contraband goods, by subjecting every thing, and every person, to a strict examination. The officers entrusted with this duty are extremely venal; but, when not sufficiently well paid, they are extremely troublesome.

The suburbs cover much more ground than the proper city, but they are neither so well built, nor so densely inhabited. The Leopoldstadt, between the arm of the Danube and the main stream, is the most regular and most populous, and contains 600 houses; the smallest of them contains only eleven houses. The proper city contains little more than one-sixth of the whole number of houses which form the capital, but, from their greater size, it contains a much larger proportion of the whole population, which is generally reckoned at from 280,000 to 300,000. A considerable part of the suburbs is occupied with gardens, partly public, and partly private property. Both Prince Lichtenstein and Prince

Esterhazy, besides their houses in the suburbs, have palaces, and gardens, and picture-galleries in the suburbs.

Though the suburbs, from the greater regularity of their streets, the smaller heights of the buildings, and the general elevation of the site, are in themselves more open and airy than the city, they can scarcely be said to be more healthy, owing to the absence of pavement, and the presence of wind. Vienna, though lying in a sort of kettle, and not at so absolute an elevation as Munich, is more pestered by high winds than any other European capital. The streets of the city are paved—and excellently well paved, but, throughout the immense suburbs, they present only the bare soil. This soil is loose, dry, and sandy; and the wind acting upon it keeps the city and suburbs enveloped in a thick atmosphere, loaded with particles of sand, which medical men do not pretend to deny has a perceptible influence on health. From the summit of the Kahlenberg, an eminence about two miles to the west, I have seen Vienna as completely obscured by a thick cloud of dust, as ever London is by a cloud of smoke; and our smoke

is, in reality, the less disagreeable of the two. When the wind is moderate, and allows the dust to settle, rain commonly follows, and the suburbs are converted into a succession of alleys of mud.

The temperature is extremely variable, principally, it is believed, from the neighbourhood of the Styrian mountains, and the free course which the openness of the country, towards Hungary, leaves to the east wind. It not only varies most provokingly in the course of a day, but its changes are often most sensibly felt in merely passing from one part of the city to another. It is to this that the medical men of Vienna almost universally ascribe the prevalence of rheumatic affections, which, with gout and consumption, are the besetting infirmities of the Austrian capital. Consumption, they say, is greatly aided, if not frequently produced, by the quantity of dust with which the air is so often loaded all day long, and a considerable portion of which is necessarily inhaled; while the acidity of the native wines, of which so much is drunk, even by the lower classes, comes forth in the shape of those gouty affections so common in Vienna, not precisely the genuine, old-English, port-wine

gout, but athritic complaints differing from it in little, except in degree. Amid the prevalence of such ailments, the inhabitants are fortunate in having the hot springs of Baden so near them. They are almost specifics in rheumatism. Though they find the gout a more stubborn enemy, they always confine his operations, and not unfrequently succeed in putting him entirely to flight.

The Prater of Vienna is the finest public park in Europe, for it has more rural beauty than Hyde Park, and surely the more varied and natural arrangement of its woods and waters is preferable to the formal basins and alleys of the garden of the Thuilleries. It occupies the eastern part of that broad and level tract on the north of the city, which is formed into an island by the main stream of the Danube on the one side, and the smaller arm that washes the walls on the other. They unite at its extremity, and the Prater is thus surrounded on three sides by water. The principal alley, the proper *drive*, runs from the entrance, in a long, straight line, for about half a mile. Rows of trees, consisting chiefly of horse-chesnuts, divide it into five alleys. The central one is entirely filled

with an unceasing succession of glittering carriages, moving slowly along its opposite sides, in opposite directions; the two on each side are filled with horsemen, galloping along, to try the capacity of their steeds, or provoking them into impatient curvettings, to try the effect of their own forms and dexterity on the beauties who adorn the open calêches. The two exterior alleys are consecrated to pedestrians; but those of the Viennese who must walk, because not rich enough to hire a hackney coach, are never fond of walking far; and, forsaking the alleys, scatter themselves over the verdant lawn which spreads itself out to where the wood becomes more dense and impenetrable. The lawn itself is plentifully strewed with coffee-houses, and the happy hundreds seat themselves under shady awnings, or on the green herbage, beneath a clump of trees, enjoying their ices, and coffee, and segars, till twilight calls them to the theatre, with not a thought about to-morrow, and scarcely a reminiscence of yesterday. But the extremity of this main alley, though the boundary of the excursions of the fashionable world, is only the beginning of the more rural

and tranquil portion of the Prater. The wood becomes thicker; there are no more straight lines of horse-chesnuts; the numerous alleys wind their way unconstrained through the forest-maze, now leading you along, in artificial twilight, beneath an overarching canopy of foliage, and now terminating in some verdant and tranquil spot, like those on which fairies delight to dance; now bringing you to the brink of some pure rivulet, which trickles along unsuspectingly, to be lost in the mighty Danube, and now stopping you on the shady banks of the magnificent river itself.

CHAPTER V.

VIENNA.

AMUSEMENTS AND MANNERS—RELIGION—GOVERNMENT.

A STRIKING peculiarity of the Austrian capital lies in the diversity of character which it exhibits. The empire is a most heterogeneous one; the provinces which compose it do not differ more from each other in geographical situation, than they do in language and national character; and the higher ranks in all of them are perpetually making the common capital the place either of a temporary sojourn, or of their continued residence. The joyous and happy Austrian, always pleased with himself, and inclined to do all he can to please every body else, looks with much indifference on the proud step, the

gallant bearing, and magnificent parade of the haughty Hungarian, who, full of imagined superiority, and, what is stranger still, of imagined superiority in political rights,* makes the streets

* The Hungarian nobles (and every man calls himself noble who is not an absolute slave, a mere *adscriptitius glebae*) place their pride in the political constitution of their country, which they call a free one, and which I have heard them often set above that of Britain. The emperor, say they, cannot exact a farthing or a man from us, or impose a single law upon us, without our own permission. This is a most ignorant boast. The constitution of Hungary is, till this day, one of the most oppressive oligarchies that Europe has seen, much more mischievous, because much less enlightened, than the destroyed oligarchy of Venice. It is perfectly true that the aristocracy can controul the monarch in every thing; but then, it is equally true, that nobody can controul them, and that all beneath them have only to obey. The king of Hungary is, indeed, only its first magistrate; but its nobility are despots, and its people have neither rights nor voice. This is peculiarly true of the rural population, who are still the most degraded and maltreated in Europe, and just in consequence of the boasted Hungarian constitution. If Hungary had been without this constitution, Maria Theresa, Joseph, and Leopold, could have done much more good than they actually succeeded in effect-

resound with the clattering of his chivalrous spurs, even though he should never mount a horse. The Bohemian brings along with him both more real feeling and greater mental activity. The Pole, while he mingles among them, shows, even in his pleasures, a degree of solemni

---

ing. There have been many liberal and enlightened despots, but the world has not yet seen a *body* of enlightened and liberal despots. A learned person of Vienna related to me the following circumstance, of which he was an eye-witness. He had gone down into Hungary to spend a few days with one of its most respectable noblemen. Taking a walk with the Count, one afternoon, over part of the grounds, they came upon some peasants who were enjoying their own rustic amusements. The Count imagined that one of them did not notice him, as he passed, with sufficient humility; he immediately sent a boy to his house for some servants, and, so soon as they appeared, ordered them to seize, bind, and lash the poor man. His orders were instantly executed. W——, thunderstruck at the causeless barbarity, entreated the Count to put an end to such a punishment for so trivial an offence, if it was one at all. The answer was; "What! do you inter-"cede for such a brute? He is no nobleman. That these "people may not think any body cares about them, give "him twenty more, my lads, in honour of W——," and they were administered.

ty and reserve, and still manifests the melancholy feeling of the loss of national independence. The Italian subjects of the empire join in the crowd. If business or curiosity has brought them to the capital, they walk among the people, cautious and taciturn, perfectly aware with what jealousy they are regarded, and that spies are watching every step, and listening to every word; if they are in place, or are come to seek place, they laud the beneficence, and prudence, and patriotism of the Austrian Government of Italy with a servility which is despicable, or exaggerate the vices of their own country, and speak with a forgetfulness of its true honour and welfare which is utterly detestable.

But all these varieties of population join in the universal love of enjoyment of the native Viennese, and assist in swelling the stream of dissoluteness and pleasure which is unceasingly holding its way through the Austrian capital. Vienna, with a population not exceeding three hundred thousand inhabitants, supports five theatres, comparatively a much greater number than is found necessary to minister to the amusement of London. Three of them are in the suburbs, and belong to

private proprietors; the two others, which are both in the city, are imperial property. There is no architectural merit about them externally; internally they are gaudy. Each of the companies has a walk of its own. The *Burg-Theatre*, or Court Theatre, which forms part of the palace, is appropriated entirely to the regular drama; its boards are trodden only by tragedy and comedy, and sometimes by that mixed species called Schauspiel, or Spectacle, which is neither the one nor the other, has frequently something of both, and, as its name imports, is a banquet for the eyes, rather than an entertainment for fancy or feeling. Broad vulgar farce is not often admitted, but has found refuge, and flourishes luxuriantly, in the suburbs. The performers are at least on a level with those of Berlin, but their tragic declamation is tiresome and monotonous. They are perpetually ranting; the public taste is not sufficiently pure. Comedy is much better off, both in the actors, and in what is to be acted; for, after all, with the exception of Schiller, German tragedy is deficient in true dramatic stuff; it deals more in situation and imagery than in character and passion. It

would be difficult, indeed, to produce any thing like a long list of comedies which could stand the test of strict criticism, but what country can produce such a list? There is only one School for Scandal. People go to a comedy to laugh heartily at the follies of other people; and if these follies be represented in such a way that sensible and well bred persons can enjoy the ridicule, the theatre will be filled, in defiance of critics. Now, of such pieces which, though not displaying a great deal of dramatic genius, yield a great deal of amusement, the German stage has a large quantity. To say nothing of the endless Kotzebue, Ifland produced no fewer than forty-eight pieces, Jünger twenty-eight, Madam Weissenthurn, still an actress on the Vienna stage, between twenty and thirty, and Schröder about thirty. Ziegler, too, a retired performer, has written much, but not well. His pieces are generally serious and showy, excessively dull, full of rhodomontade, and devoid of character. His comedies are miserable, and he has written an essay to prove that Shakespeare's Hamlet is a badly drawn character.

Civil tragedy, if it be allowable to borrow the

German expression, that is, tragedy founded on the misfortunes of persons in private situations, is much more cultivated, and much more popular in Germany than with us. The Gamesters, and George Barnwell belong to this class, but the Germans have a host of them. Ifland wrote much in this way, but is often dull and tedious; his scenes are frequently mere alternations of set rhetorical speeches, which plain and sensible citizens never talk to each other. Vienna possesses an actor, an old man, of the name of Koch, who is inimitable in this branch of the drama. I never knew an actor draw so many tears from an audience as this man does, when he plays the worthy, broken-hearted father, borne down by the dissoluteness or the crimes of a son, as in the *Verbrechen aus Ehre.*

Altogether, however, the prevailing taste is for show and noise; Schiller's Maid of Orleans will always attract a greater audience than his Death of Wallenstein. So little accurate are they even in this their favourite taste, that the grossest violations of costume and sense are frequently committed without being even remarked. In the Maid of Orleans, Dunois takes the place of

the king, who stands beside him, for the purpose of essaying whether Johanna will detect the cheat, and thus prove her divine mission. In the Burg Theatre, Dunois seated himself on the throne, uncovered, and in a very ordinary dress; Charles stood by, in bonnet and plume, and robed in the ermined purple. Johanna must have been very silly indeed to have blundered. More pardonable, but still more laughable, are the absurdities which frequently occur in pieces that deal with foreign customs. In Ziegler's "Parteiwuth," the scene of which is laid in England during the Republic, a jury makes its appearance on the stage in a criminal trial. It consists of six persons; they are all robed in the professional uniform of gowns and wigs, and talk most constitutionally of the danger of losing their places as jurymen, if they give a verdict against the ruling party. The sheriff presides, though Chief Justice Coke has come down on purpose to hold the commission. His Lordship sits at the table, as crown counsel, and finally charges the jury. The censor knew well, that such a representation of trial by jury could not be infectious.

The finest productions of the German Muse are woefully spoiled, likewise, by the scissors of the censor. Not only is every thing omitted which displeases the bigotry of the priesthood, or the despotism of the government, but alterations are made for which no earthly reason can be assigned, except a very silly sensibility and mawkish sentimentalism. To exclude dangerous ideas about liberty and the House of Hapsburgh, William Tell is so miserably mangled, that the play loses all connection. Schiller, in his Robbers, made Charles Moor and his brother sons of the old man: in Vienna they are converted into nephews, for want of filial affection, forsooth, is something too horrible to be brought on the stage. With so little consequence is the alteration carried through, that Charles, after he has spoken about his uncle through four acts, in the fifth calls Heaven and Hell together to avenge the maltreatment of his father. The monk who comes to the haunt of the banditti, as ambassador of the magistracy, and who makes, to be sure, a ridiculous enough figure, is changed into a lawyer; for, why should the cloth be laughed at? as if ridiculous priests

were not at least equally numerous with ridiculous jurisconsults, and as if the danger of teaching people to laugh at law and justice by the one exhibition, were not just as great as the danger of teaching them to laugh at religion by the other. The lying account brought to the old man of the death of Charles, represents him to have fallen in the battle of Prague (Kolin) in the Seven Years' War. Now, the Austrians have so little pleasure in recollecting the Seven Years' War, that, on their stage, the whole action is thrown back to the days of King Matthias, and Charles is made to fall in battle against the Mussulmen.

The very ballets and operas are watched over with the same jealous care. It is very ridiculous to be so thin-skinned, and not at all prudent to show it. The Emperor seems to think so himself. When I was in Vienna, a drama appeared, *Der Tagsbefehl*, founded on the current anecdote of Frederick the Great having detected, during the Seven Years' War, an officer writing to his wife by candle-light, though a general order had been issued prohibiting fires or lights after sunset, of having compelled him to

add, in a postscript, "To-morrow I am to be shot for a breach of duty," and having actually put him to death. The piece instantly made a great noise, for there were battles in it; but much more, from the admirable personification which the actor (who was likewise the author) gave of the Prussian monarch. Those who still recollected Frederick were hurried away by the illusion. The Emperor saw it, and was delighted; and, on leaving his box, said to one of the noblemen who attended him, "Now, I am glad that I have seen it, for, do you hear, they will be for prohibiting it immediately," alluding to its connection with the Seven Years' War.

The other court theatre, called, from its situation, the theatre of the Carinthian Gate, is properly the opera-house. The representations given in it are exclusively operas and ballets. No where are the one or the other got up with greater splendour and expence than here, for it would be difficult to find in Europe a public so extravagantly fond of theatrical music and theatrical dancing as that of Vienna. The public taste runs much more in these two channels than in that of the regular drama. Melpomene and

Thalia must not only yield the preference to their meretricious sisters, but are even plundered of their hard earned gains to supply their extravagance. The expences of the opera and ballet are so enormous, that the income of the theatre, at least under the imperial direction, has always been deficient, and has swallowed up the gains made on the regular drama. This has at last induced the government to put them into private hands. A lease of the theatre was given to a Neapolitan in 1822. He immediately raised the prices, and made the Viennese sulky; he then produced an Italian company, with Rossini at its head, and their singing made the Viennese enthusiastically frantic.

Of the theatres in the suburbs, that on the Vienna holds almost the same rank with an imperial theatre. It is the property of a Hungarian nobleman, who, equally unfortunate in his management as the court, gave it in lease to the same enterprising Italian who took the opera-house. It is the most elegant theatre in Vienna. Its boards admit every thing, the drama, melodrame, farce, opera, ballet, but itself and its performers are fitted only for mere spectacles. That

is the path in which it finds no rival, for its machinery surpasses all others. "You will find," said the proprietor to me when inviting me to visit it, "you will find as many ropes and pul-
"leys as in one of your ships of war," a woeful recommendation of a theatre. It possessed, till very lately, a department of the ballet which was unique in Europe. The ballet-master had educated nearly two hundred children, boys and girls, into a regular *corps de ballet*. Even when they were dismissed, (in 1822,) the greatest number of them did not exceed twelve, many of them not eight years of age. The ballets composed for them were extremely appropriate, being taken chiefly from stories of spirits and enchantments, in which the young dancers appeared as fairies or hobgoblins. On the commencement of the new management, this seminary of dancing and immorality was suppressed, on the urgent recommendation, it was universally said, of the Empress herself.

The theatre in the suburb called the Leopoldstadt, though private property, is the true national theatre of Austria, the favourite of the middling and lower classes, and not slighted

even by the more cultivated. It is devoted entirely to mirth and song, but the jokes and character of the pieces are throughout Austrian. The broadest farce and most extravagant caricature, exaggerated parodies, and the wildest fairy inventions, are all made the vehicle of humour and satire, which would scarcely be understood any where else, for they are generally founded on some local and temporary interest, full of allusions to the passing follies of Vienna, and written in the broad national dialect of the Austrian common people. One must be an Austrian to enjoy them. They are in a great measure lost to a stranger, as well from the local allusions, as from the language. The performers correspond perfectly to the plays. It is their business to o'erstep the modesty of nature; but, in their own way, some of them are masters. Schuster is fully as great a man in Vienna as Matthews is at home. The humour is no doubt broad and extravagant, and frequently indecent; but still it is national and characteristic, and the Austrians are the only people of Germany who possess any thing of the kind. They have even some talent at caricature making, but the two

great departments of that satirical art, public men and private scandal, are shut against them. They are fond of punning, but their language is too rich for it. A celebrated advocate is at present the Coryphæus both of the bar and the punsters.

The Viennese take to themselves the reputation of being the most musical public in Europe; and this is the only part of their character about which they display much jealousy or anxiety. So long as it is granted that they can produce among their citizens a greater number of decent performers on the violin or piano than any other capital, they have no earthly objection to have it said that they can likewise produce a greater number of blockheads and debauchees. They are fond of music, and are good performers; but it is more a habit than a natural inclination. Of all the people of Germany, universal as the love of music is among them, the Bohemians appear to draw most directly from nature. Every Bohemian seems to be born a musician; he takes to an instrument as naturally as to walking or eating, and it gradually becomes as necessary to him as either. In summer and autumn, you

cannot walk out in the evening, in any part of the country, without hearing concerts performed even by the peasantry with a precision which practice, no doubt, always can give, but likewise with a richness and justness of expression which practice alone cannot give. Gyrowetz and Wranitzky, the best known among the living native composers of the empire, and deservedly admired, above all, for their ballet music, are both Bohemians. All these honours the Viennese place upon their own head. A capital in which amusement is the great object of every body's pursuit, is always the place where a musician, be he composer or performer, will gain most money. Every man of reputation seeks his fortune in Vienna, and its citizens, running over a list of great names, expect you should allow their city to be the soul of music, and music the soul of their city. They have had within their walls Mozart, and Haydn, and Hummel; they have still among them Beethoven and Salieri, Gyrowetz and Gelinek; but not one of these belongs to Austria. That a man was born and reared in Bohemia or Hungary, instead of Austria, does not merely mean that he belongs to a

particular geographical division of the same empire. In turn of mind, in manners, in language, the Austrian is as different from the Bohemian or Hungarian, as from the Pole or Dalmatian. Vanity is by no means a general failing of the Austrians, any more than of the other German tribes; but when they attempt to disprove the Bœotian character which the common country has fixed upon them, they not unfrequently just give new proofs how well it is deserved. I have seen a "Review of the Literature of Austria" in a respectable periodical of Vienna, in which the author, to support the honour of his country against the wits of the north, actually stuck into his nosegay of Austrian weeds all that had blossomed, during the preceding twenty years, from the mouths of the Po to the foot of the Simplon.

It is not to be denied, however, that in the general diffusion of dilletanteism, and that, too, accompanied by a degree of practical proficiency which rises far above mediocrity, Vienna has no superior. Wherever cards, these sworn enemies of every thing like amusement or lightness of heart, these unsocial masks of insipidity

and tædium, do not intrude upon their private parties or family circle, music is the never-failing resource. Concert playing is their great delight, as well as their great excellence, and hence that admirable accuracy of ear which is so observable in the Viennese. So soon as a boy has fingers fit for the task, he betakes himself to an instrument;—and this, alas! is frequently the only part of his education that is followed out with much perseverance or success. From the moment he is in any degree master of his instrument, he plays in concert. A family of sons and daughters who cannot get up a very respectable concert, on a moment's notice, are cumberers of the ground on the banks of the Danube. This practice necessarily gives a high degree of precision in execution, and, to a certain extent, even delicacy of ear; but still, all this is in the Viennese only a habit, and a very artificial one. They may become more accurate performers than the citizens and peasantry of the south, but they will never feel the influence of "sweet "sounds" with half the energy and voluptuousness which they infuse into the Italian. The enjoyment of the former is confined to the powers

of the instrument, the latter carries the notes within himself into regions of feeling beyond the direct reach of string or voice; the one would be lost in the singer, the other would forget the singer in the music. Go to an opera in any provincial town of Italy. In the pit you will probably find yourself surrounded, I do not say by tradesmen and shopkeepers, but by vetturinos, porters, and labourers. Yet you will easily discover, that what to the same sort of persons in any other country would be at best tiresome, if not ridiculous, is to them an entertainment of pure feeling. You will mark how eagerly they follow the expression of the melody and harmony; you will hear them criticise the music and the musicians with no less warmth, and with far more judgment, (because it is a thing much more within their reach,) than our pot-house politicians debate on the reform of the British Parliament, or the constitution of the Spanish Cortes. Is it not owing to this inherent natural capacity of understanding and speaking the language in which music addresses us, that Italian singers have maintained their preeminence in Europe since operas were first

known? In every capital of the Continent, and even among ourselves, there are native voices as good, improved by as studious industry, managed with as much practical skill, and accompanied by as great theoretical knowledge, as ever crossed the Alps. Yet they never produce the same effect in any music that rises above mediocrity.

All this has nothing to do with the comparative merits of the music of Italy and Germany. Great composers, like great poets, are the same every where. They are all made of the same stuff. The musical taste of the Viennese has been formed and saved by the purity of their great composers. In their love of practical excellence, they would have run into the heartless rattling, the capriccios, and bizarrerie of the French school; but the admirably good taste of their masters has always kept them within due bounds. People who reckon it almost a misfortune not to be able to hum Don Giovanni or the Creation without book, are in little danger of falling into extravagances.

Beethoven is the most celebrated of the living composers in Vienna, and, in certain depart-

ments, the foremost of his day. His powers of harmony are prodigious. Though not an old man, he is lost to society in consequence of his extreme deafness, which has rendered him almost unsocial. The neglect of his person which he exhibits gives him a somewhat wild appearance. His features are strong and prominent; his eye is full of rude energy; his hair, which neither comb nor scissors seem to have visited for years, overshadows his broad brow in a quantity and confusion to which only the snakes round a Gorgon's head offer a parallel. His general behaviour does not ill accord with the unpromising exterior. Except when he is among his chosen friends, kindliness or affability are not his characteristics. The total loss of hearing has deprived him of all the pleasure which society can give, and perhaps soured his temper. He used to frequent a particular cellar, where he spent the evening in a corner, beyond the reach of all the chattering and disputation of a public room, drinking wine and beer, eating cheese and red herrings, and studying the newspapers. One evening a person took a seat near him whose countenance did not please him.

He looked hard at the stranger, and spat on the floor as if he had seen a toad; then glanced at the newspaper, then again at the intruder, and spat again, his hair bristling gradually into more shaggy ferocity, till he closed the alternation of spitting and staring, by fairly exclaiming, "What a scoundrelly phiz!" and rushing out of the room. Even among his oldest friends he must be humoured like a wayward child. He has always a small paper book with him, and what conversation takes place is carried on in writing. In this, too, although it is not lined, he instantly jots down any musical idea which strikes him. These notes would be utterly unintelligible even to another musician, for they have thus no comparative value; he alone has in his own mind the thread by which he brings out of this labyrinth of dots and circles the richest and most astounding harmonies. The moment he is seated at the piano, he is evidently unconscious that there is any thing in existence but himself and his instrument; and, considering how very deaf he is, it seems impossible that he should hear all he plays. Accordingly, when playing very *piano*, he often does not bring out a single

note. He hears it himself in the "mind's ear." While his eye, and the almost imperceptible motion of his fingers, show that he is following out the strain in his own soul through all its dying gradations, the instrument is actually as dumb as the musician is deaf.

I have heard him play, but to bring him so far required some management, so great is his horror of being any thing like exhibited. Had he been plainly asked to do the company that favour, he would have flatly refused; he had to be cheated into it. Every person left the room, except Beethoven and the master of the house, one of his most intimate acquaintances. These two carried on a conversation in the paper-book about bank stock. The gentleman, as if by chance, struck the keys of the open piano, beside which they were sitting, gradually began to run over one of Beethoven's own compositions, made a thousand errors, and speedily blundered one passage so thoroughly, that the composer condescended to stretch out his hand and put him right. It was enough; the hand was on the piano; his companion immediately left him, on some pretext, and joined

the rest of the company, who, in the next room, from which they could see and hear every thing, were patiently waiting the issue of this tiresome conjuration. Beethoven, left alone, seated himself at the piano. At first he only struck now and then a few hurried and interrupted notes, as if afraid of being detected in a crime; but gradually he forgot every thing else, and ran on during half an hour in a phantasy, in a style extremely varied, and marked, above all, by the most abrupt transitions. The amateurs were enraptured; to the uninitiated it was more interesting, to observe how the music of the man's soul passed over his countenance. He seems to feel the bold, the commanding, and the impetuous, more than what is soothing or gentle. The muscles of the face swell, and its veins start out; the wild eye rolls doubly wild; the mouth quivers, and Beethoven looks like a wizard, overpowered by the demons, whom he himself has called up.

There is a musical society in Vienna, consisting of nearly two thousand members, by far the greatest part of whom are merely amateurs. Many of them are ladies, even a princess figures

in the catalogue as a singer; for no person is admitted an active member who is not able to take a part, vocal or instrumental, in a concert. They seem to expend more ingenuity in inventing new instruments than in improving the manufacture of known ones. I have heard Beethoven say, that he found no pianos so good as those made in London. Every body knows the Harmonica, at least by name; but what will the reader say to the Phys-harmonica, the Ditanaclasis, the Xänorphica, the Pammelodicon, the Davidica, the Amphiona? Considering how far the Austrians are behind in most things in which a people ought to be ashamed of being behind, it is a thousand pities that pursuits of higher utility and respectability cannot obtain from them a greater share of the industry and perseverance which so many of them display in the acquisition of this elegant accomplishment. They have an excellent opera, and that is sufficient to console them for the fact, that in the whole range of German literature, a literature, young as it is, studded with so many bright names, there is not a single great man whom

Austria can claim as her own. In Vienna, with three hundred thousand inhabitants, there are thirty booksellers, four circulating libraries, sixty-five piano-forte makers, and dancing-halls without number.

Many of these dancing-halls are institutions for infamous purposes. They belong to private proprietors, who are always innkeepers. On the evening of every Sunday, and generally of every great religious festival, when every body is idle and seeking amusement, these congregations are opened in the suburbs, as well as the city. The balls given in them are less or more merely a pretext for bringing worthless persons together. The price of admission is extremely low, for the scoundrelly landlord speculates on the consumption of wine and eatables during the evening. In more cases than one, the object is so little concealed, that females are admitted gratis; and the hand-bill, which fixes the price of admission for gentlemen at fourpence or sixpence, adds, with a very appropriate equivoque, *Das Frauenzimmer ist frey.* It is thus that these institutions, by furnishing opportunity, and in-

flaming the passions at so cheap a rate, diffuse the poison of licentiousness among the males of the middle and lower orders. As to the ladies again, those who aspire at being sought, instead of seeking, those who consider themselves as forming the aristocracy of their own community, and the Corinthian capital of prostitution, carefully avoid all such intercourse with their more vulgar sisters. In this they show a wiser feeling of dignity and reserve than their betters. In external behaviour, however, these lost creatures are perhaps the most decent in Europe. You run no risk of being even addressed, much less of being attacked with the gross depravity of Covent-Garden or the Palais Royal.

How do the rest of the ladies, then, behave in Vienna? Really, generally speaking, not much better. There cannot be a more dissolute city, —one where female virtue is less prized, and, therefore, less frequent. A total want of principle, the love of pleasure, and the love of finery, are so universally diffused, that wives and daughters, in not only what we would call comfortable, but even affluent circumstances, do not shrink

from increasing the means of their extravagance by forgetting their duty. They sacrifice themselves, not so much from inclination, as from interest. You will probably find in Naples or Rome as many faithless wives, who are so from a temporary and variable liking, as in Vienna; but you will not find so many who throw away their honour from the love of gain. The advantage seems to be on the side of the Italian. Worthless as both are, even a passing liking is something less degrading than the mere infamous calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence, without even the excuse of poverty. The girls of the lower classes grow up to licentiousness; the rage for dress and luxury is no less strong among them than among their superiors; and though it certainly looks like a harsh judgment, it is not too much to say, as a general truth, that, from the time they are capable of feeling this love of show and easy living, they consider their person as the fund that is to supply the means of its gratification. It is not seduction; it is just a matter of sale; nor are mothers ashamed to be the brokers of their daughters. There is no want of pur-

chasers. The most famous, or rather infamous, is Prince Kaunitz.* He is said to possess a gallery of purchased beauties, that might stand by the side of an Eastern seraglio. This was not enough. The infantine years of some of his victims produced frightful charges against him. An incensed father, disregarding the danger of accusing a powerful man, complained directly to the Emperor. The Emperor instantly ordered Kaunitz to be imprisoned, and proceeded against criminally. He had been in prison nearly two months when I left Vienna, and the inquiry was not yet finished. The Viennese, however, though a little astounded at the uncommon idea of a high nobleman being actually imprisoned for crimes not political, soon recovered their senses; and every body believed his punishment would be—a prohibition to appear at court, and an order to reside for a while on his estates in the country.

The quantity of licentiousness is commonly

* Surely there is no indelicacy in mentioning the name of a princely debauchee, whose conduct has become the subject of investigation in a court of criminal justice.

smallest in the middle class of a people. It is not so in Vienna, at least among the men. To hear the nonchalance with which a party of respectable mërchants or shopkeepers speak of their amours, you would think them dissolute bachelors; yet they are husbands and fathers, and, provided all circumstances of public scandal be avoided, it never enters their heads that their conduct has any thing improper in it. Every one, male and female, bears most Christianly with every other. All this leads to a strange mixture of society, particularly on public occasions. In a Baden redoute, it is nothing uncommon to see worthless women elbowing the Archduchesses of Austria. Here walks the Empress, and there a couple of genteel frail ones from Vienna. It is perfectly true, that it is a bal-room, and the ticket costs only eighteen-pence; and, as worthy women say, how can we prevent them from coming, when they pay their money? But thither virtuous women do go, knowing perfectly well beforehand the sort of society with which they will infallibly be mixed up. The gentlemen do not seem to lay themselves under much restraint. I have seen noblemen, in the

presence of the court, flutter for a while round the more distinguished of these creatures, and then return to flutter round the maids of honour. It is in vain that their Imperial Majesties are spotless in their life and conversation; it does not go beyond themselves; the public mind is vitiated through and through; they are surrounded by a mass of corruption, much too dense to be penetrated by the light of any single example.* A wealthy foreigner, generally resident in Vienna, the companion of princes and ministers, used to drive his mistress into the Prater before the admiring and envious eyes of all the world. The girl had what in this country would be called the impudence to invite most of the ministers and corps diplomatique to a ball; and they had what

* Munich is, at least, not worse than Vienna, for nothing can be worse; and from a statement in the Hamburgh Correspondent, in May 1821, it appears that 304 legitimate children were born in Munich, in the first three months of that year, and 307 illegitimate children. If to the acknowledged illegitimate we add those of the ostensibly legitimate who had no other claim to the title than the maxim, *pater est quem nuptiæ demonstrant*, what a result comes out as to the morality of these capitals!

in this country would be called the forgetfulness of character to go. Prince Metternich being asked by a foreign minister whether he intended to go, archly answered, "Why, I would rather "like to see the thing; but, you know, it might "hurt one's character here!" When it was proposed to Joseph II. to build licensed brothels, the Emperor said, "The walls would cost me "nothing, but the expence of roofing would be "ruinous, for it would just be necessary to put "a roof over the whole city." The hospitals and private sick-rooms of Vienna teem with proofs how mercifully Providence acted, when it placed the quicksilver mines of Idria in a province destined to form part of an empire of which Vienna was to be the capital.

This, with the general want of manly and independent feeling, of which it is merely a modification, is the worst point in the character of the Viennese; setting aside this unbounded love of pleasure, and the disinclination to rigorous industry, either bodily or intellectual, that necessarily accompanies it, they are honest, affectionate, and obliging people. There is some weakness, however, in their fondness for being ho-

noured with high sounding forms of address. This disposition may be expected, in some degree or other, in every country where the received forms of society and modes of thinking give every thing to rank, and nothing to character; but no where is it carried to such an extravagant length as in Vienna, producing even solecisms in language. Every man who holds any public office, should it be merely that of an under clerk, on a paltry salary of forty pounds a year, must be gratified by hearing his title, not his name; and, if you have occasion to write to such a person, you must address him, not merely as a clerk, but as "Imperial and Royal Clerk," in such and such an "Imperial and Royal Office." Even in speaking of absent persons, they are generally designated by their official titles, however humble and unmeaning these may be. The ladies are not behind in asserting their claims to honorary appellations. All over Germany, a wife insists on taking the official title of her husband, with a feminine termination. There is Madam Generaless, Madam Privy-councilloress, Madam Chief-book-keeperess, and a hundred others. In Vienna, a shopkeeper's wife will not

be well pleased with any thing under *Gnädige Frau*, Gracious Madam. It is equally common, and still more absurd, for both sexes to prefix *von* (of) the symbol of nobility, to the sirname, as if the latter were the name of an estate. A dealer in pickles or pipe heads, for instance, whose name may happen to be Mr Charles, must be called, if you wish to be polite, Mr of Charles, and his helpmate Mrs of Charles. Kotzebue has ridiculed all this delightfully in his *Deutsche Kleinstädte*, the most laughable of all farces.

This looseness of morals, so disgraceful to the Austrian capital, if not aided, is, at least, very little restrained by religion; that happy self-satisfaction under certain iniquities, which only quickens our pace in the career of guilt, though it may not form any part of the doctrines of the Catholic church, is an almost infallible consequence of the deceptive nature of many parts of her ritual, and exists as a fact in every country where her hierarchy is dominant, and no extraneous circumstances modify its corrupting influence. Popery is the established religion in all the provinces of the empire; but, since Joseph II. had

the manliness and justice to forsake the barbarous policy of his mother, who hunted down even the few straggling Protestants that lurked in the mountains of Styria, every other form of worship has been tolerated. Protestants are not very numerous in Vienna itself, and they are not so much Austrians by birth, as families from the Protestant states of Germany, and the north of Hungary, who have settled in Vienna. The Lutherans have one meeting-house, and the Calvinists another, placed side by side, and both of them partly formed of what, forty years ago, was a Popish convent. The clergymen are excellent preachers, and enjoy a reputation for eloquence and learning which no Catholic ecclesiastic surpasses. The congregations, though not imposing in numbers, are more than respectable in character and wealth; in bad weather, the array of carriages at the Protestant meeting-houses is not equalled at the doors of any Catholic church. The most numerous class of Christians, not Papists, are the adherents of the Greek church; they are said to exceed four thousand, and they have four chapels. The Jews have a couple of chapels. Vienna contains many Is-

raelites of great wealth, and, therefore, of high importance; it contains still more of those who, to gain worldly respectability, have ostensibly become converts to Christianity. Many generations must pass away before the latter will gain all that they contemplated in submitting to be baptized, or be allowed to feel that their blood has been regenerated; *ein baptizirter Jude*, a baptized Jew, is always pronounced as a term of contempt. But these persons are rich, and Christian youths, like Vespasian with the produce of his tax, find no unseemly odour in the gold of a Jewish bride.

Joseph administered such violent medicines, and Leopold, during his brief reign, was so unwilling to administer restoratives, that the monkish institutions of the empire, reduced to a skeleton, were rapidly approaching their dying hour; his present majesty, himself a most devout, and unaffectedly devout man, mounted the throne, and they have recovered much of their monastic corpulence. Nay, four years ago, Vienna presented the spectacle of the creation of a new order, at a time when, in every other country of Europe, there was but one voice amongst

reasonable men against the increase of such orders, if not for the suppression of those which already existed. The new order originated in the expulsion of the Jesuits from Russia, some of whom found protection in Vienna. It was thought prudent to avoid the odious name which had already exposed them to destruction in so many corners of Europe, and the new order was erected under the name of Redemptorists. This appellation was shortly afterwards abandoned for that of Licorians, from an Italian St Licorius, whose principles and rules of life were declared to be those of the order. The number of its members has increased rapidly, and the Emperor has made them a present of one of the churches in the city. The most celebrated amongst them is Father Werner, a Protestant apostate. He is a Prussian, and opened his career with dramatic poetry. His productions are chiefly dramatic, extremely irregular, almost universally imbued with mysticism, but full of fire and imagination. The best is, the *Weihe der Kraft*, which is merely the commencement of the Reformation dramatized, and has been represented on the Berlin stage. For a time, he led a very

gay life in Paris; he returned to Prussia, entered the Protestant church, married, and continued to write mystical dramas. Of a sudden he removed to Vienna, changed his religion, and was rewarded with an ecclesiastical appointment. It is doubtful whether he be more fanatic or hypocrite; public opinion, however, among well educated persons, runs most generally for the latter. He has contrived to gain the crowd and the simple, by outward demonstrations of superior sanctity, and by a style of preaching which, though devoid of popular eloquence, wins the multitude by its plain vulgarity, and amuses by its eccentricity,—an eccentricity and vulgarity which the better instructed hold to be mere affectation, for no man, say they, was ever more formed for a courtier, and a caballing courtier, too, than Father Werner. The fact is, that his hopes of advancing by the favour of the great seem to have perished, for his motives and designs have been penetrated; and, moreover, the new Archbishop of Vienna is not favourable to the new order. He therefore seeks the sources of his influence and reputation among classes which must be pleased by other means, and there he has

found them; the order prospers, and Father Werner, the most important member of the order, must flourish along with it. I have seen him in a public bath at Baden, whenever a lady approached him in the motley crowd, standing up to the neck in hot water, make the sign of the cross, and turn away, as if with an, avaunt thee, Satan; he lounged through the public walks, always reading; he seated himself to dinner at a Restaurateur's, and, while he ate, a brother of the order, who attended him as domestic, read to him from a thick quarto.

As the order was not endowed with property, its principal revenues lie in the contributions of the faithful, and in drawing within its toils persons of some fortune. The most mischievous thing is, that it has already succeeded in seducing useful men from active life. Dr Veith was the first man in Austria, and among the first in Europe, in the veterinary art; at the head of the Imperial Veterinary Institution, his instructions and writings were forming a new epoch in this branch of medical science. The canting of the Licorians reached him; he resigned wealth and fame to seek salvation among the new bre-

thren. ' The emperor is said to have personally remonstrated with him, in vain, against a mistaken devotion which has rendered him equally useless to himself and to society. Nor are these the only men whom prudence or bigotry in Vienna has drawn into political or religious apostacy. Gentz, bought into the service of the cabinet, draws up the declarations of the Holy Alliance as manfully as he once addressed liberal exhortations to the King of Prussia. Frederick Schlegel, too, seems to have laid his genius to rest, since he sat himself down in the German Bœotia, to fatten on the sweets of an Austrian pension. He has the reputation of being occasionally employed to pen political articles for the Austrian Observer. I have heard, indeed, his nearest relations deny it, and it certainly would be difficult to find any article that required Frederick Schlegel's cleverness; but, nevertheless, it is the public voice of Vienna, and it is natural that he should continue to take an interest in a journal which he himself first established.

While such things are going on, it would be vain to expect any decay of superstition among those who pretend to have any religion at all.

Prince Metternich is much too sensible a man, and much too jealous of his own omnipotence, to allow the priesthood to controul his imperial master or himself, but he delivers up the subjects to their mercy. The superstition of the people is even fostered by the government encouraging pompous pilgrimages, for the purpose of obtaining the blessing of heaven by walking fifty miles in hot weather. The favoured spot is Mariazell, in Styria, and the pageant is commonly played off in July or August. The imperial authority is interposed by a proclamation affixed to the great gate of St Stephen's, authorizing all pious subjects to perform this mischievous act of holy vagabondizing, that they may implore from the Virgin such personal and domestic boons as they feel themselves most inclined to, and, at all events, that they may supplicate continued prosperity to the house of Hapsburgh. On the appointed day, the intended pilgrims assemble in St Stephen's, at four o'clock in the morning; most of them have been anxiously accumulating many a day's savings, to collect a few florins for the journey, for they generally do not return before the fourth day

Mass is performed, and the long, motley line, consisting of both sexes, and all ages, separated into divisions by religious standards and gaudy crucifixes, alternately cheered and sanctified by the trumpets and kettle-drums which head each division, and the hymns chaunted by the pilgrims who compose it, wends its long, toilsome, and hilly way, into the mountains of Styria. The procession which I saw leave Vienna consisted of nearly three thousand persons, and they were all of the lower classes. The upper ranks do not choose to go to heaven in vulgar company; and, if they visit Mariazell at all, they make it a pleasure jaunt, (for the place of pilgrimage lies in a most romantic country,) like an excursion to the lakes of Scotland or Cumberland, and pray to the Virgin *en passant*. Females predominated; there were many children, and some of them so young, that it seemed preposterous to produce them in such a fatiguing exhibition. The young women were numerous, and naturally were the most interesting objects. Many of them were pretty, but they were almost all barefooted, both from economy, and for the sake of ease in travelling. Obser-

vant of the pilgrim's costume, they carried long staffs, headed with nosegays, and wore coarse straw-bonnets, with enormous brims, intended to protect their beauties against the scorching sun,—unaware, perhaps, of the more fatally destructive enemy, who, ere this perilous journey is terminated, cuts down, in too many instances, the foundation of that pleasing modesty with which they pace forth to the performance of what they reckon a holy duty. Joseph II. saw and knew all the mischief of the ceremony, and abolished the pilgrimage; Francis I. restored and fosters it.

But, though the Austrians have no great capacity for thinking, and a very great capacity for immorality and superstition, much of both must be ascribed to that total prostration of intellect which their government inflicts upon them, a prostration which can never exist *long*, in the degree in which it exists in Vienna, without producing some degradation of the moral principle. The whole political system is directed, with prying and persecuting jealousy, to keep people in ignorance of all that goes on in the world, except what it suits the cabinet to make known, and prevent people from thinking

on what is known differently from the way in which the cabinet thinks. All the modes of education are arranged on the same depressing principle of keeping mind in such a state, that it shall neither feel the temptation, nor possess the ability, to resist power. During the Congress of Laybach, the Emperor said to the teachers of a public seminary, "I want no "learned men; I need no learned men; I want "men who will do what I bid them," or something to the same purpose, the most unfortunate words for the honour of his throne, that could be put in the mouth of a monarch. The principle is fully acted on in Vienna; over all knowledge, and all thinking, on every thing public, and on every thing relating to the political events and institutions not only of the empire, but of all other countries, there broods a "darkness "which may be felt;" nowhere will you find a more lamentable ignorance, or a more melancholy horror of being suspected of a desire to be wise above what is written down by the editor of the Austrian Observer. Nothing is known but to official men; and the first official duty is to confine all knowledge within the official circle.

Talk to a Viennese about the finances, for example. What is the amount of the public revenue? I don't know. What is done with it? I don't know. How much does your army cost? I don't know. How much does the civil administration cost? I don't know. What is the amount of your public debt? I don't know. In short, do you know any thing at all about the matter, except how much you pay yourself, and that you pay whatever you are ordered? Nothing on earth.

The Austrian police,—*monstrum horrendum, ingens*;—it cannot be added, *cui lumen ademptum*, for it has the eyes of an Argus, though no Mercury has yet been found to charm them to sleep, while he rescued manly thought and intellectual exertion from the brute form into which political jealousy has metamorphosed them. The French police under Napoleon was reckoned perfect; in efficiency, it could not possibly surpass that of Vienna, which successfully represses every expression of thought, by forcing on all the deadening conviction, that the eyes and ears of spies are every where. The consequences of a denunciation are secret arrest, secret im-

prisonment, and an unknown punishment. It can be tolerated in some measure, that spies should be placed in coffee-houses, in the apartments of Restaurateurs, or in places of public amusement; for, on such occasions, every sensible person, to whatever country he may belong, will be on his guard; but it is sickening when, even in private society, he must open his lips under the conviction that there may be a spy sitting at the same table with him. This is the case in Vienna to a very great extent. The efficacy of such a system depends on those who are its instruments being unknown; but, if the Viennese themselves may be believed, not only men, but women, too, and men and women of rank, are in the pay of the secret police. Among those whom you know to be your personal friends, if you indulge in a freedom of opinion on which you would not venture in more mixed society, they will draw back with a sort of apprehension, and kindly warn you of the danger to which you are exposing both them and yourself. This is true, not merely of what might be considered modes of thinking hostile to the whole frame of government, but it is equally so of in-

dividual acts of administration,—if you question, for instance, the propriety of punishing a public peculator, like T——, by dismissing him with a pension, or the purity of the motives which procured Count A—— his provincial government. The government is not even very fond that its measures should be praised; it is much better pleased that nothing be said about them at all.

This is the general spirit of the thing. Every Englishman who has been much conversant with Vienna, and occasionally forgotten where he was, must have felt it so. Of the practical efficiency of the system of espionage take a single example. A Russian nobleman, by no means without talent, was resident at Vienna in 1821. His political opinions were known to be somewhat more liberal than was agreeable to the courts of Vienna and Petersburgh; above all, he was favourable to the Greeks. The burden of the Austrian minister's political harangues delivered twice a week at his levees was, "You see it is "the same thing with all of them whether in "Spain, or Italy, or Greece; it is just rebel A, "rebel B, rebel C, and so on." This noble-

man, himself a pretty regular attender of these levees, thought otherwise, and had amused himself with drawing up a discourse to prove that the Greeks could not be considered and ought not to be treated as rebels. He had communicated it to some of his *intimate acquaintances*. A few days afterwards the manuscript was not to be found in his desk. He immediately understood the matter, and foresaw the consequences. The next courier but one from St Petersburgh brought a very friendly expressed notice from the Autocrat, that, until some determinate resolution was adopted regarding Greece, it would be agreeable to his Imperial Majesty that Prince ——— should choose his residence elsewhere than in Vienna. The recommendation, of course, was attended to, and the prince retired to a six months' tiresome sojourn in a provincial town.

Foreigners are still more pryingly watched than natives, and Englishmen more than any other foreigners, except Italians. An English gentleman's papers were seized one morning in a domiciliary visit by agents of the police, carried off, examined, and returned. "Mind what "you are about," said a foreign minister, who

was stating this circumstance next day to another British sojourner, " Mind what you are about; " I know you keep something like a journal; " take care what you put in it, and that nobody " shall know what you do put in it."

It is not only always an imprudence, but in general it is a piece of mere foolish affectation, for a stranger in any country to use language or behaviour which necessarily exposes him to the odium of the government, however allowable or laudable they may be at home. Our own countrymen, unaccustomed to bridle their tongues about any thing, and fortunately trained in habits which give them a strong inclination to speak severely on such a state of things as exists in the Austrian capital, are peculiarly liable to fall into this error, for an error it is, unless some powerful call of humanity justify the sacrifice of prudence to feeling. They are too apt to forget the homely saying, that it is folly to live in Rome and quarrel with the Pope. Now it so happens that Rome is the place where an Englishman is allowed to take his own way more freely than in any other despotic country of the Continent; at least it was so in the late pon-

tificate, under the administration of Consalvi. The police of Vienna is much more imperative, and in all probability immediately orders such a person to quit the empire. A young Englishman, apparently as harmless and affected a specimen of the dandy as ever emigrated from Bond Street, was ordered to leave the capital on a very brief notice, because, according to his own account, he had been preaching the doctrines of Tom Paine in a coffee-house. If it was so, a piece of such egregious folly deserved no better treatment. Of all the exhibitions of English growling few are more amusing than that of a sturdy Englishman compelled to undertake a long journey in this unceremonious fashion, because he has forgotten the difference between the ministers of Francis I., and the ministers of George IV. Having received orders to depart, away he hastens full-mouthed to his minister, with whom he can use his own language and his own feelings. He displays his passport, demands protection as a British subject, and perhaps hints something about responsibility to the House of Commons. But no Excellency can prevent the laws of the country, such as they are, from tak-

ing their course; John must go. And now every thing is soured to him. The *danseuses* of the Kärntherthor are ugly and awkward; the choicest viands of Widman's kitchen are only fit for dogs; he quarrels with every item in his landlord's bill; he pays the servants niggardly, or not at all, for "The brutes that submit to such a government do not deserve to possess a halfpenny." He gets into his carriage, while the myrmidons of the police look on in disguise. The postilion, the horses, and his own servant, come in for their full share of his bad humour; the only dependent he has is made to feel all the burden of his inferiority; and John drives across the frontier, swearing that England is the only country fit for a gentleman to live in, and that every man is a fool who puts himself in the power of Alexander, or Francis, or Frederick William.

While the police hunts out words and deeds, the censorship labours to confine thought. No where in Germany is it exercised with such jealous rigour as here, particularly in regard to public affairs, to history, and theology. A great number of what may be called literary journals are published in the capital, but they are either

mere vehicles of amusement, full of dull tales and charades, or devoted to the fine arts and theatrical criticisms. The "Jahrbücher der Literature," (Annals of Literature,) the Quarterly Review, so to speak, of Vienna, is more respectable, but it is written according to the censor's rule, just as much as the most trifling weekly sheet. The treatment which a literary article written for this review met with, will better illustrate the spirit of the censorship, than a hundred general statements. The present patriarch of Venice, a Hungarian by birth, and a person of elegant acquirements, published an epic poem, the Tunisiad, of which Charles V. is the hero, and his expedition against Tunis the subject. He has used as machines various sorts of good and evil spirits, the former fighting for the Christians, the latter for the infidels. C——n, who, though not without taste, happens to be a bigot, a pietist, and a censor of the press, had expressed great dissatisfaction with these spirits, as being irreconcileable with any system of orthodoxy; and, for this very reason, I believe, he refused to review the book, though he had reviewed another production of the patriarch,

" Perlen der heiligen Vorzeit," a collection of sacred songs, and reviewed it, the author himself says, *con amore*. A literary person, the librarian of a Hungarian prince, wrote a review of the Tunisiad. Whatever he might think of the poetical worth of the spirits as machines, he defended them at least in regard to orthodoxy, and would by no means grant that a poet was to be tried like a writer of homilies. The manuscript of this article fell into the hands of C——n, as censor. After some time he returned it to the author, having not only erased every thing that it contained in defence of the profane machines, but having inserted sentiments of quite an opposite tendency. What was worse, the passages cited by the reviewer were distorted by the censor. The sense was altered; and even the verses, which are very flowing, well built hexameters, were, in many instances, new cast, and converted into lines which bade defiance to the rules of all prosodies, ancient or modern. The reviewer naturally was very angry, sat as censor on the censor, erased all that the impertinence and bigotry of the latter had interlard-

ed, and it was only in this mutilated form that the article was allowed to be printed.

The population of the Austrian empire, including Hungary and the Italian States, is commonly stated at about twenty-three millions; the number of newspapers printed in it does not amount to thirty! In Vienna itself there are only two proper newspapers; three others, one of which is printed in Hungarian, another in Servian, and the third in modern Greek, for the use of these nations, are merely transcripts. These two are the Austrian Observer and the Vienna Gazette. The Observer is the proper political paper; the Gazette, though it gives political intelligence, is the mercantile and advertising paper. It has existed, under different forms, since 1703. It has a monopoly of all advertisements, and all notifications from the public offices, and pays for this privilege a yearly sum of nearly L. 2000 to government. The Observer, which is published daily, even on Sunday, (it costs L. 1, 16s. yearly,) is sufficiently well known all over Europe. It is the official political paper, and there is no other; it is the faithful reflection of the Austrian policy, the

speaking trumpet through which the Austrian cabinet makes known to the empire whatever it thinks proper should be known, or wishes to be believed. The intelligence which it extracts from foreign journals has always the same tendency: no syllable of opinion, and no fact which might lead a rational Austrian to think otherwise than the minister wishes he should think, can be admitted. The leading articles are said even to pass occasionally under the review of the minister himself. The editor is a M. Pilate, ever ready, like his ancient namesake, to become a passive instrument, whenever the cabinet calls out against a fact or an opinion, "Crucify it, crucify it."

The foreign journals which are admitted are narrowly watched. They are examined before being delivered, and if they contain articles which are thought unsafe for the reading public of Vienna, the numbers are kept back, except from persons whose rank commands respect, or whose principles are known to be immoveably fixed by interest. One who had no access to English papers would never have learned in Vienna, that the declaration issued by the Al-

lied Sovereigns at Laybach had produced such strong denunciations of its principles in the British Parliament, or that Lord Castlereagh's circular had been written. "You Englishmen," said an old merchant to me, "you Englishmen "certainly are the best subjects in Europe; "your newspapers are always pleased with the "government, and praising it." I was naturally startled at the assertion, and asked his reasons for it. "Why," said he, "don't I read all "the extracts from your journals in our news-"papers, and they are always in praise of the "measures of government."

Our dislike to the arbitrary principles and illiberal policy of the Austrian government has led us to be unjust to the members of the Austrian family. It has become common to rail at them as stupid people. There is no ground for this. There is not a stupid man amongst them, unless it be the Crown Prince, whose countenance does betray something like imbecillity, and whose character is alleged to possess a great deal of it. The Archdukes, the Emperor's brothers, are all well informed men, and perfectly qualified to command respect any where. The Archduke

John blundered, indeed, in the battle of Asperne; the fault, however, did not lie with him, who never pretended to be a soldier, but with those who made him a soldier, instead of allowing him to follow his own pursuits of gathering plants, breaking mineralogical specimens, and shooting chamois in the mountains of Styria. His example and exertions, aided by the establishment of the Johanneum at Grätz, have done much for the practical improvement, at least, of natural history in Austria.

The Archduke Charles is very popular. The Austrians are apt to exaggerate his military genius; but to have coped with Moreau, as he did cope with him, is no mean renown to a military man. In all his habits he is entirely domestic and unaffected. He takes his walk along the streets, or on the ramparts, with a child in each hand as simply dressed, and as simply affectionate, as any father in Vienna.

The Emperor himself, though without any reach of political talent, is very far indeed from being a stupid man; no one who knows him ever thinks of calling him so. He is about fifty-six years of age, but appears much older. His

countenance betokens strongly that simplicity of character, and good nature, which are the most prominent features of his disposition, but it does not announce even that quantity of penetration which he is allowed on all hands to possess. His manners are simple and popular in the extreme; he is the enemy of all parade. Except on particular occasions, he comes abroad in an ordinary coloured dress, without decorations of any kind; and not unfrequently you may light upon him in a black or brown coat which hundreds of his subjects would disdain to wear. In some part of the long line of light and splendid equipages that move down to the Prater, in the evening, the Emperor may often be discovered driving the Empress himself in an unostentatious caleche, with a pair of small, quiet horses' that will neither prance nor run away. Here, however, driving is easy; once into the line, there is no getting out of it.

There are few more popular monarchs in Europe than the Emperor Francis, excepting always among his Italian subjects. There is but one ardent feeling of dislike of the Austrian yoke from the Laguna of Venice to the Lago Maggiore;

but his German subjects are affectionately attached to him. I do not mean that they feel the enthusiasm which may be excited by distinguished qualities, or by great services he has done them; on the contrary, his reign brought heavier calamities upon them than Austria had felt since the Thirty Years' War. But they have forgotten all these hardships in their strong and true attachment to his personal character. They like his good natured plainness, for it is entirely in their own way; even the corrupt German which he speaks pleases them, for it is theirs. Twice a week, and at an early hour in the morning, he gives audiences, to which all classes are not only admitted, but which are expressly intended for the middling and lower ranks, that they may tell him what they want, and who has injured them. Not one of his subjects is afraid of presenting himself before Franzel, the affectionate diminutive by which they love to speak of him. He listens patiently to their petitions and complaints; he gives relief, and good natured, fatherly advice, and promises of justice; and all the world allows him the determination to do justice so far as he can see it. The results of

this must not be sought in the foreign policy or general administration of his empire; on these he holds the opinions which his house has held, and his people has admitted, for centuries; these are irrevocably in the hands of his ministers. But complaints of individual oppression or injustice always find in him an open and honest ear, and the venal authorities have often trembled before the plain sense and downright love of justice of the emperor. But any personal efficacy of this sort in the monarch of an extensive empire can never go far; the very interference is a proof of bad government,—of a government in which no private rights are recognized, or, as most frequently happens, in which there are no public institutions operating impartially to secure these rights. Wherever a monarch must interfere personally to do justice, it is a proof either that the laws are at variance with justice, or that those who administer them are scoundrels.

The emperor came to his throne a young man, and found himself called on to cope with the French Revolution, a task which would have proved too great a trial for a prince of much greater experience and grasp of intellect. He

was compelled to throw himself into the arms of ministers, and the events of the protracted struggle, always increasing in importance to Europe and Austria, have kept him in this official embrace, till it has become too late to unlock it. At the head of the ministry stands despotic the Chancellor of State, Prince Metternich, the most powerful individual in Europe who does not wear a crown. A private nobleman from the banks of the Rhine, whose most celebrated vineyard has been bestowed on him by the grateful monarchs for whom he laboured, he has raised himself to be absolute master of the empire, firmly rooted in the confidence of his master, unwilling to bear a rival near the throne, but neither liked nor admired by the people. When I first saw him in the ball-room at Baden, he was sitting by the court, but yet alone. He was dressed in a plain suit of black, for it was the mourning for the late Queen of England. His eyes were fixed on the floor, as if in deep thought, except when they glanced up to follow the fair Countess A——, who was flying round the hall in the waltz. His appearance has nothing striking or commanding. He is of middling stature, rather meagre than

otherwise, but altogether a handsome man. His countenance is pale; his large, broad brow is marked with what seem to be the wrinkles of cunning, rather than the furrows of thought; his smile appears to be so habitual, that it has scarcely any character, except when it is satirical. His manners are polite and conciliating, for he is through and through a man of the world. He possesses in a high degree the power of concealing his own sentiments, and a coolness which keeps him clear of all embarrassment.

It is in vain to deny that Prince Metternich possesses talent, because we dislike his politics. What he has made himself is an irrefragable proof that he must be a clever man. It would be equally unjust to judge of him from the extravagant eulogiums of those who flutter round him at his levees, and worship no other idol than their political maker. In the country which he governs, among men who have heads to judge, and no temptation to judge partially, you will never hear ascribed to him any comprehensive political view, or any commanding quality of intellect; their praise seldom rises above "Il est tres adroit;" shrewdness in detecting means,

and patience and tact in using them, are his excellencies. They usually quote the success with which he blinded Napoleon, and his ministers and marshals, at Dresden, regarding the designs of Austria, as the chef d'œuvre of his political skill, and add, "In what does political skill of "this sort consist, but in the art of telling lies "with a good grace?" His activity in the multifarious matters which are laid upon his shoulders is inexhaustible; though very far from being insensible to pleasure, he never allows it to interfere with business.

However hostile we may be to the general spirit of Prince Metternich's administration, the steadiness with which he pursues his object is a most valuable political quality. If he be the most implacable enemy among European ministers to liberal alterations in the European governments, this arises partly from ambition, and partly from what may almost be called a sense of duty. Enjoying such extensive power, a representative body is the last rival his ambition could endure, because it would be the most dangerous. His imperial master considers all such

innovations as rebellious encroachments on his divine prerogative, and conscientiously believes them to be pregnant with misery to the world; and the minister of such a prince holds himself bound to rule on these principles. His object is to keep the empire safe from this supposed infection; he attacks it, therefore, wherever it appears, and is within his reach. He garrisons Naples with Austrian troops, and sends the Carbonari of Lombardy and Romagna to Laybach or the Spielberg. Where they are beyond the reach of his artillery and judges, as in Spain and Portugal, then, besides the more serious engines of political intrigue, he takes care that, in Vienna, at least, they shall be hated or despised. His dispatches supply him with an infinity of anecdotes, whether true or false, of all the leading liberals of Europe, from Sir Francis Burdett to Benjamin Constant. Every Wednesday and Sunday evening he holds a sort of political conversazione, and the political sermons which he delivers on these occasions to the admiring and believing circle are thickly interlarded with such anecdotes, all tending to make the apostles of liberalism odious or ridiculous. "Probably,

"my Lord," said he one evening to an English nobleman, "you have had no opportunity of "learning the spirit of the German universities. "Do you know, that, among the gymnastic ex- "ercises of a public teacher in Berlin, one con- "sisted in throwing a dagger with so much dex- "terity as to hit a given point at a considerable "distance. Yet this man had not for three "months given a single lecture on any subject "on which it was his duty to have instructed "his pupils."

Besides ambition, the Premier is said to have two other strong passions, money and beauty; the former, however, much less certain than the latter. If the universal voice of Vienna speak truth, it may be justly inscribed on his tomb, "Lightly from fair to fair he flew." In a country, or, at least, in a capital, where female virtue is so little prized, and the slavish spirit which knows no good but the favour of power prospers so richly from the very nature of the government, the wealth and influence of an absolute minister, who is, besides, a perfectly agreeable and well-bred man, can seldom meet with very stubborn fair ones. To indulge in such

stories would be the mere prating of private scandal; but they are more justifiable when they throw light on the public organization of a country, and the way of getting on in it. During one of those congresses which, of late years, have been so frequently held, to establish, if possible, one uniform system of government all over Europe, the beauty of the young Countess —— attracted the favourable regards of a minister high in authority at the Austrian Court. No sooner did he discover the charms of the wife than they opened his eyes to the talents of the husband; he now saw, what he was ashamed not to have seen before, that the public good required that these talents should be transplanted to Vienna; the husband was to be made an Aulic counsellor. Husband and wife come to the capital; the husband visits among the great, dangles about at levees, and, while he is thus engaged, that well known carriage standing daily at his door tells all the world who, in the mean time, is visiting his wife. Months pass away, and the place and salary are not forthcoming. The husband grows impatient and urgent, and the lover must make an effort to keep his word.

The difficulty is, that the whole story is by this time so well known, that no veil can possibly be thrown over the transaction, and it undoubtedly has reached the ears of the Emperor. The minister to whose department the affair belongs (but, it was said, with great reluctance) at length proposes to the Emperor the nomination of Count —— as an Aulic counsellor, and enlarges on the polite attentions which he had shown to so many crowned heads. The Emperor hears him out patiently, claps him on the shoulder, and, looking as archly as he can look, plainly answers, *Ich weiss alles schon, Herr Graf, es kann nicht gehen, es kann nicht gehen,*— "Count, I know every thing about it; it won't do, it won't do;"—and it did not do, and the disappointed couple returned to their Carniolian obscurity. But justice must be done to the generosity of the lover. The attack was some time afterwards renewed in another form; and, shortly before I left Vienna, Count —— had actually been appointed to the government of a populous, and beautiful, and fertile region of Upper Austria.

When blockheads can thus climb to offices of

power and trust by such means, what honest man can hope to win them by the fair exercise of his talents and integrity? If even clever men gain them by such means, what must the state of society be which renders such means necessary or practicable, and, in public opinion, scarcely dishonourable? It is thus that despotism produces at once moral and intellectual degradation. Power and influence, or the favour of those who possess power and influence, are made the leading objects in the eyes of all the citizens. The means by which they are to be acquired, base and immoral as they may be, become mere laudable and prudential sacrifices. Respectability is made to consist in standing well with those who have power, or with those who stand well with those who have power. The Austrian aristocracy, though far from being the least respectable of Germany in point of wealth, is the least respectable in education, conduct, and manliness of spirit. I once heard some Hungarian officers express great doubts of the credibility of an English officer, when he told them, that it was quite possible and customary to hold a commission in the British army or navy, and yet vote

against ministers in Parliament. They could not conceive how such a state of things could exist in any well regulated government. A body of nobility, elevated above the great mass of the people by rank and wealth, and having no other public duties to discharge than implicity to obey the commands, and fawningly court the smiles of a monarch, must be ignorant and unprincipled; for knowledge would be incompatible with the unthinking submission to which they are bound by habit, as well as by authority; and moral rectitude cannot exist with their systematic idleness, which seeks only pleasures. The aristocracy of Britain is not only unique in the world, but is almost a political and moral phenomenon. It is not to be ascribed, however, to any peculiar temperament of feeling, or any peculiarly well balanced constitution of mind. It is principally the result of the form of our government, which, necessarily recognizing a higher class, (which must exist in all states, however it may be disguised in name,) and investing its members with high privileges, loads them at the same time with high public duties, which these privileges only enable them the more effectually to perform, gives them,

in the respect and honest favour of the people, a much surer pillar of prosperity than the smiles of a monarch to a worthless flatterer, and leaves the public eye to watch strictly how their important vocation is fulfilled. Shut the doors of the House of Lords; exclude its members from lieutenancies of counties, grand juries, and commissions of the peace, leave them, in short, no other space to fill in the public eye but what may be occupied by the recklessness of their expenditure, or the magnificence of their equipages, by their rank in the army and navy, or by provincial employments which they seek merely from views of gain, and the high-minded and well-informed peerage of Britain will speedily become as ignorant, as dissolute, and as useless, as the servile and corrupted aristocracy of Vienna.

Judging from what we ourselves would feel under such a state of things, we would be apt to infer that a spirit of discontent must be widely diffused throughout the empire, and that there must be eager longings for a more equal, and manly, and liberal system. Nothing, however, would be farther from the truth than such an assertion; the Austrian people is the most anti-revolutionary of

Europe, and few princes have so little to apprehend as its monarch. Excepting Italy, where, again, the public feeling of dislike is directed against Austria as being a *foreign* yoke, none of the provinces which compose the empire contains any general practical wish for a popular constitution, or any conviction that it is theoretically desirable. It has been said, though in a very harsh spirit of exaggeration, that it is only by chance that an Austrian ever thinks at all; it is certain that it is only by chance that he ever thinks on political matters. The paper money of Austria led to as complete, though not so formal a bankruptcy, as the assignats of revolutionary France. The paper money forced into circulation at its nominal value, as equal to that of the imperial florin in specie, never maintained its ground. Its rapid fluctuations brought ruin to thousands; and the government at last ordained that the paper currency should pass for only two-fifths of the nominal value at which the government itself had issued it. These *Schuldscheine*, these government notes, are still the general currency of Vienna; and while a note for a florin bears on the face of it, in German, Polish, Hungarian,

and Bohemian, that it is equal to a florin *Convenzions-Münze*, (the metallic currency of the defunct German empire,) its real value is only two-fifths of a florin. When a people has passed tranquilly through such a process, it is not likely to indulge in the reasonings, or to feel the truths, of theoretical politics. In politics, as in most other departments of intellectual exertion, Austria is the least advanced country of Germany; the subjects are as contentedly obedient as the government is jealous and arbitrary; the priesthood lends its aid to fetter thought, and perpetuate superstition; the censor prevents them from learning, and, if they think, the spies of the police prevent them from speaking; and the Austrian lives on, wishing, indeed, sometimes, that the government would take less money from him, but never troubled with the idea that he ought to have some influence himself on the modes in which revenue is raised, and the purposes to which it is applied. It seldom happens that the mere forms of a despotic government become the objects of popular hatred, so long as its actual administration is not felt to be personally oppressive. With the great body of a people, revolu-

tions are the result of feeling rather than of judgment; they do not so much seek to gain what political reasoning tells them is right, as to escape from what they feel to be individual privations. "That which is best administered is best," however faulty as a principle in the theory of government, because it forgets the question, by what forms that best administration is most likely to be secured, is perfectly true in regard to the opinions of the great mass of a nation; with them it always becomes at last a question of personal enjoyment or insult, except where the habitual exercise of political rights has linked them to their affections as a personal possession. The Saxons, who are among the most enlightened of Germans, submit to an arbitrary government as peaceably as the Austrians, whom they reckon the most stolid. So long as the subjects of the Emperor Francis have enough to eat and drink, his throne is the most secure in Europe; so soon as the subjects of George IV. are starving, no constitution is exposed to greater danger from popular commotion than that of England. Rome might never have discovered the charms of a republic, had not Tarquin's son

discovered the beauty of Lucretia; and it was hunger and imprisonment that drove the Roman populace to the Sacred Mount. The cantons which founded the liberty of Switzerland might have remained till this day appendages of the house of Hapsburgh, had not imperial officers wounded the pride of alpine shepherds, and outraged the modesty of alpine dames. Liberty, like virtue, may be its own reward; but how difficult is it to induce the bulk of mankind to love the one or the other only for its own sake!

CHAPTER VI.

STYRIA.—CARNIOLA.

Wo der Steirer Eisen bricht.

FOURTEEN miles to the south of Vienna, the little town of Baden, created and supported by the celebrity of its mineral waters, lies amid vineyards, on the footstool of the Styrian Alps, overflowing, in summer and autumn, with idleness and disease from the capital. Some persons of the higher ranks have houses of their own, in which they spend a couple of months, not for purposes of health, but to enjoy the delicious scenery in the neighbourhood; excepting, however, when the imperial family makes Baden its summer residence, fashionable people confine their visits to driving down on Saturday afternoon, going to the ball on Sunday evening, and returning to Vienna on Monday morning.

The warm springs, loaded with sulphur, and strongly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, issue from beneath a low eminence of limestone, which a few years ago was only bare rock, but is now clothed with artificial groves, and hewn out into romantic walks. Some of the sources belong to the town, others are the property of private individuals. In certain cutaneous diseases, the waters are specific, but persons who labour under such ailments are very properly compelled to bathe by themselves. The rest of the crowd, consisting principally of cripples from swellings, or from contractions of the limbs, rheumatic and gouty patients, and not a few who, though in perfect health, take a strange pleasure in being in such a crowd, use the bath together, males and females mixed promiscuously, and sit, or move slowly about, for an hour or two, up to the neck in the steaming water. The ladies enter and depart by one side, and the gentlemen by another; but in the bath itself there is no separation; nay, politeness requires, that a gentleman, when he sees a lady moving, or attempting to move, alone, shall offer himself as her support during the aquatic promenade. There is no silence or dul-

ness; every thing is talk and joke. A Captain H——, a retired Hanoverian officer, used to amuse the bath every morning by the tact with which he drew forth the former profanities of Father Werner from beneath the garb of sanctity which the monk has now thrown over them. In vain would the father speak of the pleasures of monastic retirement and spiritual songs; the old campaigner uniformly brought him back to secular stories about his amusements in Paris, and to relate scandalous anecdotes of the *Theatre Montpensier*. There is a gallery above, for the convenience of those who choose to be only spectators of the motley crowd, but it is impossible to hold out long against the heat. The vapours, which are scarcely felt when the whole body is immersed in the water, are intolerable when the body is out of it, and the sulphurous fumes immediately attack the metallic parts of the dress. A very fair and fashionable lady entered the bath one morning. The gentleman who expected her had scarcely taken her hand to lead her round, when her face and neck were observed to grow black and livid. A cry was raised that the lady was suffocating; some of her own

sex immediately carried her out to the dressing room, and speedily returned with a malicious triumph. The lady had painted, and the sulphur had unmasked her. Yet, though there is much idleness and listlessness in Baden, there is much less dissoluteness than in most German watering-places of equal celebrity. The reason is, the vicinity of Vienna. Acquaintances may be made in Baden, but the prosecution of them is reserved to be the occupation of the following winter in the capital.

Every evening, both the sick and the healthy repair to the lovely valley of St Helena, at whose mouth Baden is situated. It is a dell, rather than a valley. At its entrance, there is scarcely room for more than the ample mountain stream which waters and enlivens it throughout its whole extent. The lofty rocks which, on each side, guard its mouth, still bear the sombre ruins of two ancient fortresses frowning at each other across the valley, like warders posted on hostile towers. Neither horse nor carriage can possibly enter, and the highest in the land must mingle on foot with the lowest. When the Imperial Family is in Baden, this scanty path, and the little glades into which it sometimes opens out, present

samples of all the nations of the empire, from Transylvania to Milan, and of all the various classes of its society. The emperor himself, the most plainly dressed man in the valley, was soberly plodding along, with the empress on his arm, and his eldest son, the Crown Prince, stalking by his side.* The empress had burdened his majesty with her parasol, and his majesty was very irreverently converting it into a staff, and polluted it in various little puddles which some heavy rain in the forenoon had formed here and there in the grass. The empress seemed to lose patience, snatched it from him, and shook it at him, as if in a good-natured threat to castigate her imperial husband,

* In Vienna itself, among those who do not enjoy the personal intercourse of this young prince, the heir apparent of the imperial crown, a great diversity of opinion prevails regarding his real character. In general, he is held to possess, in reality, that imbecility which his physiognomy expresses; but there are those who maintain that he has a mind of a very different class, and that the harshness with which he has sometimes been treated for venturing opinions not altogether conformable to the orthodoxy of the cabinet, has led him to assume this apparent character of mental inactivity.

and you might hear distinctly from the passing vulgar the kindly exclamation, *Die guten Leute!* To the left, a groupe of homely citizens were enjoying their coffee, (for, of course, there are coffee-tents,) and, close bye, the Archduchess Charles was resting herself on a rude bench; at her feet, young Napoleon, with much more of the Austrian family, than of his father, in his countenance, was tumbling about in the grass with his little cousins. * As she returned the obeisance of Prince Metternich, who was strolling past with the French ambassador, one of the girls cried, "There's papa," and the Archduke himself, his coat pulled off, and thrown over his shoulder, on account of the heat, came scrambling down the rocks on the opposite side of the river, with one of his boys on each hand. There is a great deal of affectionate plainness in the way in which the members of the imperial family move about among their subjects, and it

* The Duke of Reichstadt, it is said, is to be imprisoned in the church; a bigot, therefore, has been given him as his governor, the same gentleman who, as already mentioned, acted so despotically with the review of Pyrker's Tunisiad.

has much more strength in knitting them together, than political theories will readily have in separating them.

From the head of the valley of St Helena, a romantic path runs through the woods, and joins the great road from Vienna to the mountainous district of Upper Styria at the Cistercian monastery of Holyrood, *(Heiligen-Kreutz,)* about thirty miles from the Styrian frontier. The monastery is an ancient and comfortable building, and the monks neither display in their persons any marks of mortifying the flesh, nor, in their conversation, any predilection for serious and holy topics. They are ruddy, jocular, well conditioned people, and, though there were ladies in the party, the monks cheerfully admitted them to the penetralia of their cells. One part of monastic discipline has been entirely reversed. The door of every cell is pierced with a small circular hole, covered by a sliding pannel. The pannel used to be on the outside, and the intention of the whole arrangement was, to enable the Abbot to peep into the cells whenever he chose. But the monks have got the system changed, and the sliding pannel is now on the inside.

The inmates are not all entirely idle, for the monastery is a sort of theological seminary; about forty young men, who have passed through the usual preparatory courses in a university or Lyceum, are supported, and instructed in divinity, and are then transferred, as occasion allows, to fatten on the banquets of the wealthy monasteries of Lilienfeld and Kloster-Neuburg. Yet the pious brethren must have a great deal of unoccupied time on their hands; and, therefore, it is disgraceful to them that their garden is in such utter disorder. It was, in every respect, the garden of the sluggard; straggling roses were rising among luxuriant nettles. One of the monks told me, that, during the war, their treasury and altars had been despoiled of upwards of thirty tons of silver, to meet the necessities of the state; but, till they become industrious themselves, they do not deserve to have their plundered riches restored.

An uncouth monument in the church commemorates the tragic fate of an abbot, whose excess of devotion cost him his life. He was celebrating mass at the high altar; the elements had just been transubstantiated in the cup,

and he was raising it to his lips to drink off the consecrated draught, when a bloated spider, of that large species which is abundant about Vienna, (the *Kreuz-spinner,)* and is still believed by the lower Austrians to be deadly poison, dropped from the ceiling into the cup. The holy man hesitated for a moment; nature recoiled from the disgusting draught; but the sacred words had been pronounced over the liquor; it was now the blood of a higher Being, and devotion trembled at the idea of spilling it on the ground. The abbot emptied the cup, and sunk dead, under the instantaneous working of the poison, at the foot of the altar. He is represented on his tomb, holding the fatal cup in his hand, and the loathsome reptile is struggling in the polluted wine.

From this point, the traveller who is moving westward to the Styrian frontier is always getting deeper into the vallies of that mountainous ridge which runs up through the territory of Salzburg, and then joins the Alps of the Tyrol. The road is a good one, for it is the line by which the salt and iron of Upper Styria are conveyed to Vienna. There are as yet no cloud-capped

mountains, or terrific precipices, but the whole face of the country is picturesque. It is a succession of hollows, rather than of vallies, inclosed by eminences which, though not lofty, are abrupt and varied in their forms, and uniformly clothed with their original forests. There is no want of population; small market towns are thickly strewed, and, to supply their wants, the bottom of these romantic dells has been industriously cultivated. It was only the beginning of August, yet the crops were all cut down, and spread out on the field to dry, before being made up into stacks. Much of the land belongs to abbeys, which are thickly strewed, and the princely monastery of Lilienfeld, the wealthiest abode, in Austria, of the followers of St Bernard, is the most prosperous, and the most ancient of them all. The series of the portraits of its abbots commences in the year 1206, and comes down to 1818 in an uninterrupted succession, excepting that there is a gap from 1786 to 1790, the period during which Joseph disturbed the repose of all the monks in his empire. The inscription on the portrait of Abbot Ignatius, elected in 1790, records the restoration of the abbey by the grace

of Leopold II. Numerous as these abbeys are, and great as the extent of their territorial possessions frequently is, it is wrong to accuse the princes, or the pious individuals who endowed them, of having been imprudently liberal to the church. Thousands of acres were given; but they were acres of wood and water, utterly unproductive to the public, and which would probably have remained for centuries in the same wild state, if they had been the property of a quarrelsome baron, instead of belonging to the peaceful sons of the church. The monks, though idle themselves, were not encouragers of idleness in their subjects. Their leisure allowed them to instruct, and their love of gain led them to aid their vassals in agricultural science, rude as it was, while, at the same time, the sacred character which they enjoyed placed their peasantry beyond the reach of the oppressions practised by feudal nobles. It has long been a current proverb in Germany, *Man lebt gut unter dem Krummstab.* It is true that one is apt to feel provoked when he is told that these fruitful vallies, and the pasture hills which rise along their sides, belong to a congregation of idle monks;

but these very monks were the men who have made the vallies fruitful and the hills useful; they received them covered with trees and rocks —no very liberal boon—and it is they who have planted them with corn, and stored them with sheep. The flourishing monastery of Lilienfeld still maintains a symbol of its ancient hospitality. The members of the long procession of pilgrims which annually walks from Vienna to Mariazell, are refreshed within its walls with a long benediction, and a small plate of thin soup.

The whole road, in fact, as far as Mariazell, the first Styrian town, and the holy abode of an ugly picture of the Virgin, is much more thickly strewed with emblems of believing piety, and conveniences for devout worshippers, than with the marks of civic industry and comfort,—for it is the line of the great Vienna pilgrimage. Every valley which the pilgrims have to traverse is crowded with Saints and Virgins; and every hill across which they toil is surmounted with a chapel or a Saviour. But even pilgrims cannot dispense with temporal restoratives, and brandy-booths refresh the votaries of the Madonna as frequently as her own image. The

Annaberg, or Mountain of St Anne, is at once the steepest ascent which they have to climb, and the most romantic spot in this part of Styria. The rocks press together so closely, and the wood entangles itself so thickly round the mountain path, that, at every turn, it seems impossible to emerge from the dell in which you have been caught; but, on reaching the apparently extreme point of your progress, the road turns sharply round some angle of the mountain, and leads you, amid sparkling streams and overhanging rocks, into another dell of the same sort, till the summit of the hill itself appears, crowned with its ancient cloister. The pilgrims always ascend this eminence chaunting hymns; the young women allow their hair to hang down loose over their shoulders, dropping, not with myrrh, but with perspiration; and the more laboriously pious add to the sum of their good works by dragging after them a cumbersome cross. At the foot of the hill there is a chapel in which they may pray, and, opposite to it, a brandy shop to quicken the body. Their devotions are renewed in another chapel on the summit, but the spring which it contains supplies

only water. It is the most profanely grotesque of all fountains. It is formed by a rude image of the dying Messiah lying on the lap of his mother; an iron pipe is inserted into the wound in his side, and the pure stream issues from it.

The nearer you approach to the holy city itself, the greater is the number of drinking-booths and beggars; for the pilgrimage is often made a pretext for mendicity; and people who would not stoop to ask alms on other occasions, reckon it no disgrace to seek the aid of charity in observing the rites of their superstition. The first object that met the eye on passing the boundary from Austria into Styria, was a board, announcing an express prohibition against begging; and right under it sat an old woman begging. When asked if she did not see what was above her, she answered, "Yes; but, dear Sir, I can't read." It is still more melancholy that poor and industrious people should waste their scanty means in travelling from remote corners of the empire to pay this tribute to superstition. While I was resting at the fountain, on the summit of the *Josephiberg*, a middle-aged man, accompanied by a woman and a youth, ascended the hill

from the opposite side; they were father, mother, and son. The father was blind; as he paced slowly along, guided by his wife, both sinking under the burden of ill health and fatigue, he told the beads of a rosary which hung from his neck, while she repeated the Aves and Paternosters. The son was a few steps before them, and carried on his shoulders the bundle which contained their little stock of travelling conveniences. On reaching the summit, they seated themselves by the spring; they spoke Bohemian; but an accidental circumstance brought out, that German was nearly as much their native language. The father was a linen-weaver, from the northern extremity of Bohemia. Three years before, he had lost his eyesight through disease; he had visited in vain all the numerous shrines of Bohemia, and the southern corners of Silesia; as a last hope, he had repaired to the wonder-working Virgin of Mariazell, had performed his devotions during three days, and was now on his return to his distant home. What could be saved from the scanty earnings of his wife, the son who accompanied them, and a grown up daughter, who had been left at home

with the younger children, had been hoarded up during nearly a year, to enable the husband and father to undertake this long and dreary pilgrimage, as the last earthly mean of recovering his lost sight. Bread and water had been their sole sustenance, except that, during the three days spent in Mariazell itself, they had indulged in boiled vegetables, and such soup as is there to be had, "not to look poorer than we are," said the good woman; "for," added she, as if to give a high idea of the comforts which they had enjoyed in their Bohemian valley, "at "home, while Johann could work, we never had "less." Their piety had as yet brought no reward; the hope of an immediate miracle had passed away; but the unfortunate man seemed to be in some measure consoled under his grievous privation by having used all the means pointed out by his church, and he spoke of this toilsome, and, to his squalid family, expensive journey, as a duty which he owed to his religion no less than to himself. He was happy in not being able to observe the tears which started into the eyes of his wife as he expressed his doubts that he had not even yet found acceptance be-

fore the Virgin; but the boy observed them, glanced his eye from the one to the other, pulled the straps of his little knapsack tighter round his shoulders, and put his parents in mind that they must proceed on their journey. They all took a parting draught from the pure spring; the blind father again seized his rosary, and, as they descended the hill, the wife again began the low monotonous chaunt. It is melancholy that a government, instead of endeavouring to wean its people from extravagances which render poverty doubly oppressive, should encourage among those of its subjects, whose lot is penury and ignorance, superstitions that interfere so substantially with the comforts they might otherwise enjoy. If there be any member of the Catholic church who will really maintain, that it is better for the community that the hard-earned gains of these poor people should be consumed in a distant pilgrimage, which, moreover, is often accompanied with much immorality, than that they should be expended in adding to their domestic comforts, he is as far beyond the reach of argument, as the observances of his

church are, in this instance, beyond the reach of respect.

Mariazell would not be worth visiting, were it not for the celebrity which it has acquired as a place of pilgrimage, and the residence of a holy influence, which, till this day, is working more frequent, and astonishing, and undeniable miracles, than even Prince Hohenlohe. The town is small and mean looking; it consists, in fact, principally of inns and alehouses, to accommodate the perpetual influx of visitors, which never ceases, all the year round, except when snow has rendered the mountains impassable. The immense size of the beds in these hostelries shows at once to how many inconveniences the pious are willing to submit. The pilgrims, however, who can pretend to the luxury of a bed, are few in number; above all, during the time that the annual procession from Vienna is on the spot, it is not possible that the greater part of the crowd can be able to find lodgings; and, though there were accommodation, no small portion of them are too poor to pay for it. These, from necessity, and many others from less justifiable motives, spend the night in the neighbouring woods;

both sexes are intermingled; and, till morning dawns, they continue drinking, and singing songs, which are any thing but hymns of devotion. Fighting used to be the order of the night, so long as the procession from Grätz (which, likewise, is always a numerous one) performed its pilgrimage at the same time with that from Vienna. The women of Grätz are celebrated for their beauty all over the empire, and the young females of Vienna have their full share of personal attractions. When the two companies met in Mariazell, the men were uniformly engaged, at last, in determining by blows the charms of their respective fair ones, or deciding who was best entitled to enjoy their smiles. It was found necessary to put a stop to this public scandal, by ordering the pilgrimages to take place at different times.

The church, which is the centre of all this devotion and irregularity, has nothing to recommend it except its antiquity, and the picture to which it owes its fame. The latter is just one of those modern Greek paintings which are so common in Italy, and are there ascribed, by the believing multitude, to the pencil of the apostle Luke.

The maiden-mother holds the holy infant in her arms, but both are so covered with silver, that only the heads are allowed to be seen. An irruption of the Tartars had driven a Styrian priest to save himself by flight, and he carried along with him this Madonna, the only ornament of his rude church. As he wandered for safety through this mountainous region, a light suddenly burst from heaven, and the Madonna herself, descending on the clouds with her infant son, in the very same attitude in which she was represented in the picture, ordered him to hang it up on a tree which she pointed out, and sent him forth to proclaim to the world, that, through it, her ear would ever be open. On the spot where the tree stood, the church was afterwards built; and as the fame of the miracles soon spread over all Germany, and they were frequently performed in behalf of princes, the altars of Mariazell have been crowded for more than eight hundred years, and its treasury continued to overflow with gold, and silver, and precious stones, till Joseph removed part of its riches into the imperial exchequer. Maria Theresa had hung up as a votive offering figures in silver of

herself and all her family; the unnatural son melted down his mother, and brothers, and sisters, and carried his profanity so far as to subject to a similar process the four angels, of the same costly metal, who guarded the high altar. The treasury of Mariazell used to be reckoned the richest in Europe, after that of Loretto, and, as in the latter, the renewed devotion of the faithful is again restoring its lost splendour.

In the centre of the gloomy church stands a small and dark chapel, dimly lighted up by a single lamp, whose ray is eclipsed by the glare of precious stones and metals that are profusely scattered within. A silver railing guards the entrance, and around this costly fence kneel the crowded worshippers, supplicating their various boons from the holy picture within, which they can scarcely see. Behind the chapel rises an insulated pillar, surmounted by a stone image of the Virgin. It was surrounded by a double circle of pilgrims. The inner circle consisted of females; they were all on their knees, in silent adoration. The outer circle contained only men; they had not so much devotion either in their looks or attitude, and stood bye, carelessly

leaning on their staffs. The sun was just going down behind the bare precipices of the neighbouring mountains, and the company was thus arranged to await the signal for chaunting the Ave Maria. The aisle in which they were assembled was cold and sombre; the weak rays of light, passing through the stained glass of a large Gothic window, covered them with a hundred soft and varied tints, and not a whisper disturbed the solemn silence, except the indistinct murmur of prayer from the holy chapel. At length the sun disappeared, and the bell gave the signal for the evening service. The young women in the inner part of the circle immediately began to move slowly round the pillar on their knees, singing, with voices in which there was much natural harmony, a hymn to the Virgin, nearly in the following strain, while the men stood motionless, taking up the burden at the end of every stanza, and bending to the earth before the sacred image.

Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining;
Ave Maria! day is declining.
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night;

From the fall of the shade, till the matin shall chime,
Shield us from danger, and save us from crime.
Ave Maria! audi nos.

Ave Maria! hear when we call,
Mother of Him who is brother of all:
Feeble and failing, we trust in thy might;
In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night-taper burns,
And wake in thine arms when the morning returns.
Ave Maria! audi nos.

From Mariazell, a very good road, considering the alpine nature of the country, leads southward through the mountains, passing the romantic little town of Seewiesen, and, at Bruck on the Mur, rejoins the great line of communication between Vienna and Trieste. The Mur is a large and rapid stream, but, unfortunately, the inequalities in its channel render it unserviceable for navigation. It is used only to float down wood from Upper Styria. The trees are formed into a raft, and, besides the men entrusted with its management, some venturous passengers occasionally trust themselves on this bulky, and yet frail bark, to the rapids of the river. The voyage has often terminated fatally, by the

raft, at some sharp turn of the river, being dashed to pieces against the rocks on the opposite side. One dreaded spot of this kind occurs in the river near Leoben, about nine miles above Bruck, and yet the difficulty might be removed at a trifling expence. The river, which is flowing west, suddenly turns to the north, and runs in this direction a few hundred yards, till an opposing precipice, from whose face its waters boil back in furious agitation, forces it again to run west; then it flows south, and finally continues its westerly course, thus forming, by these windings of its channel, nearly three sides of a square. It is at the turn, where its northerly course is suddenly checked by impending rocks, that the most fatal accidents on the Mur have happened. A few years ago, forty passengers went to the bottom in this dangerous passage, and the mariners, so soon as they approach it, have recourse to Paternosters and the favour of the Virgin of Mariazell. Now, the space of ground included between the first winding of the river in which it flows north, and the last in which returns just as far south, did not seem to me to exceed half a mile; and it is a low, level plain. Neither

much labour nor expence would be required to carry a canal through it from the upper to the lower part of the river, and the navigation, avoiding these perilous rapids, would proceed in a straight line.

Bruck, like all the other little towns in Upper Styria, is dull and inactive, for the manufactures of this part of the province are farther to the north, round the iron mines of Eisenerz, which are supposed to have furnished the Romans with the *Noricus chalybs*, and the copper mines of Kahlwang. The population, both in the towns and the country, is devoutly Catholic, and far more regular in their observances than the Austrians. I never could prevail on an innkeeper to give me animal food on a Friday. A few small congregations of Protestants still linger in the recesses of the mountains. Styria took up the cause of the Reformation early and successfully; but Ferdinand II., who had already lighted up the war which brought Gustavus Adolphus in triumph from the Baltic to the Danube, brought back the province to the true faith with fire and sword. A few straggling Protestants, escaping observation by the remote-

ness of their alpine abodes, perpetuated their doctrines during a century and half, without pastors, or churches, or public worship, handing down their religion as a tradition from generation to generation. Maria Theresa, herself rescued from destruction by a Protestant monarch, sent forth missionaries to hunt out the stray sheep, and bring them back to the fold by argument and remonstrance. This was to be tolerated; but it is scarcely to be credited, that those who should obstinately adhere to their faith were doomed to exile. If they refused to enter the imperial road to salvation, they were to be shown the road to Transylvania, and actually planted as colonists by the side of their brother heretics, the Turks. Joseph II. mounted the throne, and this stupid and barbarous policy disappeared. Instead of curing the heretics of Styria by threats of banishment, he built them churches, and gave them pastors.

Grätz, the capital of Styria, is a handsome, bustling, and prosperous town, seated on the Mur, which has already been augmented by the waters of the rapid Merz, and surrounded by a plain which is an orchard. After Vienna and

Prague, it is the most populous city in the hereditary dominions of Austria, and contains thirty-five thousand inhabitants. Besides its own manufactures in woollen and cotton stuffs, it is the entrepot of all the trade between the capital and Trieste. The character of its inhabitants is marked by the same love of pleasure which distinguishes the Viennese, but is accompanied with more archness and vivacity. Its females are celebrated at once for their beauty, and their softness of heart, but there are many places in Europe which can equal it in both respects. The Grätzer belle is, in general, buxom and blonde, rather low in stature, of a full voluptuous growth, a roundish face, and a remarkably clear complexion. The eyes are universally the most eloquent part of her form, and, in disposition, she is a romp. No capital is richer in female beauty than Vienna, however poor it may be in far more valuable female accomplishments; and its affluence is derived, in a great measure, from the diversity of bodily form, as well as mental constitution, among the different provinces which compose the empire. The peculiarity of Vienna, in this respect, lies in the different styles of beauty

which are collected in it; for, in all the provinces, the *Pracht-exemplăre*, the show-editions of the other sex generally find their way to the capital, either seeking or accompanying a husband.

Grätz was the abode of the Styrian dukes, so often as the province was not under one head with Austria; and even when the provinces were thus united, it frequently was enlivened by the residence of the common sovereign. Ferdinand II., immortal in European history by the vices and miseries of the Thirty Years' War, built for himself a pompous mausoleum, in which his remains, and those of his mother, are still exhibited. Ferdinand no doubt believed that he was discharging a duty in persecuting Protestantism; but there seems to have been something ominously prophetic in the text which he caused to be inscribed on his sepulchre, "The seed of the "just shall inherit the earth."

Lower Styria, which intervenes between Grätz and the frontiers of Carniola, is very different from the northern part of the province, both in its external appearance, and in its productions. It is a varied and fertile plain, watered by the Mur and the Drave, both of which are now

large rivers; and instead of the mineral riches which constitute the wealth of Upper Styria, it supplies to Austria wine and corn, honey and capons. The vines are principally raised along the banks of the Drave, and on the rich plains which extend, in the eastern portion of the district, to the frontiers of Hungary. The wines are acid, like those of Austria, but some sorts have so much fire that they are never drunk without being mixed with a more harmless variety. Those of Radkersburg and Luttenberg are the most intoxicating. Mahrburg, a thriving town, on a commanding eminence above the rapid Drave, is the centre of the trade. Beyond this point, the language, and even the character of the population, suddenly changes, for the country between the Drave and Carniola is inhabited by a race who, till this day, have preserved their own ruder dialect, and less comfortable habits, against the influence of the German tribes, who gradually occupied all the other parts of the province. They are descendants of the Winden, a northern horde, who, in conjunction with other barbarians, possessed themselves of Styria, after the falling fortunes of Rome had recalled

her legions from Noricum and Pannonia. Expelled, in their turn, by Charlemagne from the whole of Upper, and the northern part of Lower Styria, they found a settled abode in its southern extremity, only by submitting to the domination of the conqueror, and have maintained themselves, in a great measure, pure from German innovations. Even at Zilly, the Roman Celleia, the great mass of the people no longer understands the language of Styria, and, instead of the substantial dwellings in the other parts of the province, nothing can exceed the miserable hovels of the peasantry. They are formed entirely of trees, hewn, on two sides, into a flat surface, and laid horizontally above each other, those which form the two ends being notched into those of which the front and back of the house are composed. Sometimes, but not at all universally, the crevices are filled with a sort of oakum. There is no outlet for the smoke except the door; and the small aperture which serves as a window is frequently not more than a foot square.

Another mountainous ridge, though of very moderate elevation, and scarcely interesting when

compared with the Carinthian Alps which rise to the westward, must be crossed before the traveller descends to the valley of the Save, and enters Carniola. In the northern part of this singular province all is beauty and fertility; in the southern, all is barren, naked rock. Laybach, the capital, is likewise the first town of any importance which presents itself. It was founded, according to the civic tradition, by Jason, when on his return from Colchis with the Golden Fleece. From the Black Sea, he came up the Danube to Belgrade where it is joined by the Save; he then struggled against the current of the Save as far as where Laybach now stands; he and his companions having here founded a city, and recruited their strength, took their coracles on their shoulders, and crossed the Carniolian Alps to Trieste, where they embarked for Greece. Modern notoriety, however, threatens to erase ancient tradition, and Jason is about to be eclipsed by the Holy Allies. The Congress is the only thing which gives Laybach historical interest, and its inhabitants, proud that their city should have been selected as the rendezvous of so many princes and statesmen, have assumed an affected tone of superiority which sometimes breaks out in

very ridiculous forms. A steep eminence on the opposite bank of the Laybach, the river on which the city stands, and from which it takes its name, is crowned with the fortress, the melancholy abode of Italian liberals. Lubiana is as terrific a word to a Lombard as the Bastile ever was to a Frenchman.

At Upper Laybach, the stage beyond Laybach itself, I quitted the great road for that which runs westward into the mountains to Idria. It was about four in the afternoon when I entered it, assured that there was not more than three hours driving to Idria; but here, as elsewhere, the notions of the country people, in regard to distance, are extremely indefinite. During half an hour, the road ran through a narrow plain; it then began to ascend rapidly among dark woods of fir, running along the edge of deep hollows, and we were still in the woods, and still ascending, when, even the uncertain light of evening disappeared, and a dreary, rainy, and pitch-dark night rendered it as dangerous to proceed, as the loneliness of the country rendered it impossible to seek refuge from the storm. Moreover, Giacomo, the coachman, had drunk more plentifully than was prudent, and neither he nor his cattle had ever

made the journey before. His supplications to the Virgin, and, by the time he was fairly drenched with rain, to Bacchus, threw in our way some of the carters employed to convey wood and charcoal to Idria from the more distant recesses of the mountains; but they seemed to deserve the same reputation for rudeness and ferocity which distinguishes them in so many other places. According to them, we were still as far from Idria as we had been four hours before. Giacomo's broken Croatian soon informed them that he was a stranger; and all his inquiries about inns and ale-houses were only answered by a horse laugh. His patience being already exhausted, he could not bear to have vulgar insult added to misfortune, and let loose upon them his whole stock of Italian oaths, (and it was not a small one,) concluding with assuring me, for our mutual consolation, that they undoubtedly were "Signori della Kruhitza."*

* The Kruhitza is the name of a mountain pass, practicable only on foot or horseback, leading through the forests directly from Idria to Gorizia. It has the reputation of being infested by banditti. Probably this danger

However, satisfied with laughing at our troubles, and increasing them by more than doubling the road we had yet to drive, they neither attempted to assault nor rob us.

We continued to creep on up the mountain, now plunging into the pine forests, where we learned that we were getting off the road only by the horses running their heads against the trees, and now emerging upon a barren, hilly heath, where the closest attention only showed that, to avoid being precipitated into a deep dell, it was much safer to trust to the animals than to their conductor. On arriving at a small village where there was a sort of inn, nothing could prevail on Giacomo to move a foot farther till daylight. I was little inclined to pay any regard to the statements of the landlord, that it was positively dangerous to drive on to Idria in the dark, without a person who knew every inch of the road; because I took it for granted that he partook of the general spirit which produced the Prætor's

is exaggerated, as it is every where; but about Gorizia it is a proverbial saying, "Chi vuol rubar' se ne vad' alla Kruhitza."

edict, and that he merely speculated on the advantage of having a guest. I did him foul wrong. On making the rest of the journey next morning, I was compelled to acknowledge the accuracy of his representations, and to be perfectly satisfied with the obstinacy of Giacomo. The accommodations of his little hostelry were much more comfortable than any man has a right to expect in such a part of such a country. In these houses, the landlord, commonly his wife, and always the female who acts as waiter and chambermaid, speak German. In fact, the language is taught in all the country schools; but this has hitherto had little effect in making it general among the peasantry; for the great point always is, not what a child learns in a school, but what it speaks and hears out of the school. It learns German words during the short time it is in the presence of the master; out of his reach, it speaks and hears only its native Croatian dialect. Small tracts for the use of the peasantry have even been printed in Croatian, and some attempts have been made towards compiling a dictionary.

Next morning we proceeded, during an hour,

over the same barren country. Of a sudden the road seems to disappear right before the eyes of the traveller, and he finds himself on the brink of a huge hollow in the mountains. The effect is singular and striking. He looks down into the whole of this kettle, surrounded on every side by irregular towering crags, which are here and there tufted with patches of fir, but, in general, exhibit only the naked and dreary rock. The picture was entirely changed by the mist in which every thing was enveloped. The morning was not sufficiently advanced; the sun, though bright and warm above, had not yet penetrated into the gulf, which was filled to the brim with white fleecy vapour, into which the road seemed to descend, as if into mere air. All around, the rugged cliffs rose above its surface, like the rocky shores of a mountain lake, and imagination could assign no depth to the abyss over which its light and hovering mantle was spread. As the sun came nearer the meridian, the vapour began to rise slowly, but without dividing itself into those distinct, and rapidly ascending columns, which often produce such fantastic appearances, in the higher passages of

the Swiss Alps. In a short time the whole kettle was visible, terminating below in a narrow, irregular valley. The Idria, issuing at once from the mountains on the south, rushed along in the bottom. On the crags which, circling round, seem to shut out this spot from all communication with the world, not a cottage was to be seen, for they are too precipitous; and only here and there a few scanty patches of cultivation, for they are too barren. In the centre of the valley, and about seven hundred feet below the brink, the eye rested on the little town of Idria, and the huts scattered round the base of the mountain which contains the entrance to the mines.*

---

* The discovery of these mercurial mines, like that of so many other mines, is attributed to accident. A Carniolian peasant, who drove a small trade in wooden vessels, was in the habit of groping his way into this recess, at that time entirely covered with wood, to procure materials for his tubs and pails, which he sometimes finished on the spot. He had placed some pails over night in a small pool in a rivulet which issued from the mountain, for the purpose of "seasoning" them, as we would express it. To keep them under water, he put into them a quantity of sand taken from the bed of the stream. In the

The entrance to the mine is a little to the southward of the town, in the side of a small hil-

---

morning, he found all his strength scarcely sufficient to lift one of them out of the water. He could ascribe this only to the weight of the sand which he had thrown in by handfuls the evening before; sand so heavy was to him a phenomenon, and he carried some of it to the pastor of his village. The latter, suspecting what might be the reason, sent it to the Imperial Director of Mines, and, on examination, it was found to contain above half its weight of quicksilver. The whole of what now constitutes the department of Idria was immediately declared a domain of the crown, but the mines were first worked by private adventurers on leases, and the miners have still preserved various traditions of the ruin which some, and the difficulties which all of these speculators had to encounter. The shafts were driven deep in the solid rock, but no quicksilver appeared. Patience and money were wearing out; one after another, the speculators drew back from the undertaking; and it centred at last in one who was more sanguine and persevering. But he, too, hoped and laboured in vain; ruin came, not quicksilver, and the destitution into which he had plunged his family by the unsuccessful adventure brought him to his grave. His widow was compelled to give up the operations; but the workmen declared they would still make an attempt for the family of him who had so long given them bread, and continue the search fourteen days longer, without

lock which rises in front of the mountainous wall that surrounds the dell. The visitor puts on a miner's dress. It is not only necessary to leave behind watches, rings, snuff-boxes, and similar articles which would infallibly be affected by the quicksilver; but, for the same reason, the accompanying miner insists on your dispensing with all coats and waistcoats which have metal buttons. In every case a miner's dress is at once more convenient, and more independent of the moisture

---

wages. The fourteenth of these days arrived, but no quicksilver appeared. Towards the afternoon, as the workmen, who had been annoyed all day long by sulphureous vapours and a more uncomfortable atmosphere than usual, were about to give up their task for ever in despondency, and prepare to celebrate above ground the festival of their patron saint, of which this happened to be the eve, a shout from the lowest part of the shaft announced that the deep concealed vein had at length been dragged from its lurking place. The saint was postponed, and the mercury pursued. It was soon ascertained that the labours and expence of years were sure to be amply repaid. The revived widow prudently sold her remaining right to the government, and, since that period, during more than four hundred years, Idria has not ceased to pour its thousands into the imperial treasury.

and rubbings, which may be encountered below ground, although, in this beautiful mine, there is little to be apprehended from either. The miners have not yet ceased their jokes on two ladies who went down with some fashionable company during the Congress in the neighbouring Laybach, and returned, the one with her gold watch converted into a tin trinket by the quicksilver, and the fair checks and neck of the other bedaubed with the blackness of falsehood by the sulphur.

The descent can be made to the very bottom of the mine in less than five minutes, in one of the large buckets in which the ore is brought above ground. This mode, though the less fatiguing, is not therefore the better; for, in descending the shaft on foot, one can observe much better the care and regularity with which all the operations have been carried on, particularly in later times. From the first step, day-light is excluded, for the passage, hewn in the rock, descends at a very acute angle; were it a smooth surface, it would be impracticable. Excepting the steepness, it has no other inconvenience. Instead of clambering down a wet, slippery, wooden ladder, as in Freyberg, you descend on succes-

sive flights of steps as regular as if they had been constructed for a private dwelling. Here and there are landing places, where galleries branch off through which veins have been followed, or the shaft descends in a new direction. This is the regular mode in which the mining is carried on, from the surface of the earth to the lowest part of the mine, forming a subterraneous staircase descending about seven hundred feet, for the mine as yet is no deeper, owing to the superabundance and richness of the ore. All is pierced in the hard limestone rock. A still more useful degree of care has been bestowed on the walls and ceiling. Instead of leaving the bare rugged rock, as is still frequently done elsewhere, or supporting the roof with wood, as was in former times the universal practice, this passage into the earth is lined with a strong wall of hewn stone, arched above; so that the descent is in reality through a commodious vaulted passage about four feet wide, and, in average height, rather more than six. The walling with stone is preferable, both in security and duration, to the old custom of lining and supporting the shafts with wood; the increasing scarcity and value of wood have like-

wise made it the cheaper mode. Neither is the labour so great as, at first sight, might be imagined. The stones used are those cut out in carrying the shaft itself downwards. All the trouble of transporting them along a gallery to the bottom of the perpendicular shaft by which the ore and rubbish are conveyed above ground, is thus saved. No mine could be more fortunate in regard to the absence of water. A slight degree of moisture on the walls and ceiling is all that can be occasionally traced. The atmosphere is perfectly dry and comfortable, except in the neighbourhood of rich veins.

The spot where the original adventurers found the first vein of mercury is pointed out rather more than two hundred feet below ground, that is, at one-third of the depth to which the mine has been carried during the four hundred years that have since elapsed, a striking proof how abundant and productive the veins must have proved. The original one, however, does not seem to have been followed, for the first gallery is considerably lower. The deeper you go, the more thickly do the veins come upon each other. Their direction, in general, is near-

ly horizontal, but it is not at all uncommon to find them ascending; in this case, they are not followed. Even where they retain the horizontal direction, or rise at a very trifling angle, they are not pursued to exhaustion, unless they be uncommonly productive; and this extraordinary richness never continues long. Instead of exhausting the vein, a new one is sought deeper down.

The ores vary considerably in point of richness. What are reckoned good ores contain from sixty-five to seventy-five per cent. of pure quicksilver, and these are common enough. They often go as high as eighty-five per cent. The mercury is seldom found in its pure state, nor, when it does appear, is it always in the neighbourhood of the richest veins. I observed some globules glittering on the walls of one of the galleries which was somewhat damp, as if it had been brought out by the pressure of moisture.

The only unpleasant accompaniment of the ore is the sulphur which almost universally attends it; its fumes were strongest in the lowest galleries. The miners have learned to consider it as a prognostic of good ore; for it is universal-

ly observed that the richer the vein is, the greater is the quantity of sulphur; they have never pure air and good ore together. But neither the action of the sulphur nor of the mercury on the health and appearance of the workmen is at all so striking as it has sometimes been represented. That the mercury brings on a periodical salivation is merely a joke. Its effects are most observable on the teeth, which are generally deficient and discoloured.

The preparatory processes through which the ore must pass before being finally carried to the roasting ovens are performed on the other side of the town, on the banks of the Idria. But it is only with the inferior ores that such processes are necessary; all that are held to contain sixty-five per cent. of quicksilver, or upwards, are put immediately into the oven. This may be represented as a square building divided by brick floors into five or six compartments. These floors are not continuous, but are pierced with a number of holes, that the flame and smoke may ascend from the one to the other. The ore is spread out upon them, the apertures being left uncovered. The fire is kindled between the

lowest floor and the ground, and every outlet and crevice in the whole fabric is then carefully shut. The action of the fire, gradually extending itself from one layer to another through the openings in the floors, separates the quicksilver from its accompanying fossils; it rises sublimated, along with the smoke, to the top, from whence it has no passage but by flues which are led through the walls in a winding direction, that it may cool by continued circulation. As it cools, the pure quicksilver is precipitated, and descends, by internal communications between the flues, to the lower part of the wall. The fire is kept up, till it is ascertained by the disappearance of vapours, that all the mercury has been disengaged; nor are the outlets opened till the whole is so cool that all the quicksilver must have been deposited. The metal is found deposited in hollows at the bottom of the walls, made on purpose to receive it, and communicating with the flues. The sulphur is gained at the same time. The quicksilver is then tied up in sheep or goat skins, prepared with alum, these having been found to be the cheapest and

most convenient of the materials which will contain mercury without being injured.

"At stated seasons, twice or thrice a year, it is necessary to sweep out the dust which gathers in the flues, adheres to the walls, and settles on the corners in the interior of the ovens. This labour is found to be so unhealthy, that it is not laid upon the workmen as a regular part of their duty; additional wages are paid to those who volunteer to perform it. The whole face is carefully wrapped up; but no precautions can secure them effectually against the prejudicial influence of this dust, loaded with so many noxious particles. It produces trembling fits, and frequently convulsions, which, for a time, disable the workmen for labour.

Close bye are the buildings for the manufacture of Zinnober, the red sublimate of mercury. For a long time there has been nothing done in them, because the stock on hand far exceeds any probable demand for it. A great deal of caution was always observed in allowing strangers to visit it, owing to a wish to keep secret some particular processes of the manufacture.

The mine is wrought at the expence and for

the account of the Austrian government. The sales and revenues are under the direction of an office in Vienna called the *Bergwerks-production-verschliess-Direction*, a compound which, notwithstanding its formidable length, means just, Commissioners of Mines. Among its active members, there is always a number of mineralogists and practical miners. The great profit of the mine lies, not so much in the quantity, as in the quality of the ore, and the small expence at which the metal is produced. When the good ores are once above ground, the only further expence of any consequence is the wood used in the roasting ovens. Even with the inferior ores, although the beating them into dust by machinery, and then washing them repeatedly to separate the particles which contain mercury from the lighter sand which contains none, be a somewhat tedious process, yet it is not at all an expensive one. The profits have always been reckoned at fifty per cent. on the wholesale price at which the metal is consigned to the mine-directory in Vienna. The people on the spot either did not know, or would not tell the price; but, according to Sartori, about six-

teen years ago, the prime cost to the Direction was 110 florins (L. 11) per cwt. To other purchasers it was charged at 150 florins, (L.15,) except to Spain, who received it at prime cost. This was in consequence of a convention between Joseph II. and Spain, by which the latter, on receiving the mineral at that price, bound itself to take annually ten thousand cwt. of quicksilver, and upwards of one thousand cwt. of red sublimate. The quicksilver was principally for the purposes of amalgamation in the mines of South America, and the enormous consumption betrays a faulty mode of manipulation in Peru; for at Freyberg I was assured, that the loss of mercury in amalgamation in the Saxon mines does not exceed an ounce in the hundred weight. Idria, therefore, under these circumstances, was no unimportant item in the civil list revenue of Austria, since, exclusive of all other modes of consumption, the contract with Spain alone must have yielded an annual profit of more than L. 50,000. From the commencement of the contest between Spain and her colonies, this great outlet gradually became more and more confined, and is now entirely cut off. Idria

at present does not, on an average, produce annually more than three thousand hundred weight of quicksilver. Even on this narrowed scale, the profits, I was assured, amount annually to above 200,000 florins, more than L.20,000 Sterling. The Direction takes care that the supply shall exceed the demand as little as possible. Every two years a statement is sent down to Idria of the quantity which it is thought will be sufficient for each of the two following, and on this depends the number of workmen and the regularity of their employment.

This immoderate decline in the consumption, amounting to more than one-fourth of the whole, besides taking money out of the emperor's pocket, has necessarily diminished the population of Idria. In its flourishing state, the mine gave bread to between 1100 and 1200 men, of whom 300 were employed merely in felling wood in the neighbouring mountains, and conveying it to Idria. The persons employed at present do not amount to a third of that number. The diminution, moreover, was the more sensibly felt, because it came at a time when the most active prosperity would have been required to repair the injur-

ious consequences of a conflagration which had rendered the mine useless during nearly three years. It was never ascertained how the fire originated. The galleries were in many places still lined and roofed with wood, and in these the fire is supposed to have begun. In 1803, on the night between the 15th and 16th of March, the workmen observed a thick smoke issuing from some of the lower galleries. It ascended and spread itself through the higher. No fire was seen, no sound of flames was heard; but it was too evident that the mine was on fire below. Some of the workmen, with great intrepidity, endeavoured to reach the scene of the conflagration. It was in vain; they were forced to retreat from one gallery to another, flying before an enemy whom they could not discover, for the smoke, which continued to make its way upwards to the open air, was not merely so dense and suffocating, but so loaded with noxious fumes and particles let loose from the fossils among which the flames were raging in the bowels of the earth, that no living thing could safely meet it, much less penetrate it. They were fortunate enough to save themselves above ground, and the idea was

adopted of extinguishing the fire by excluding the air. All the passages were closed as near to the supposed scene of the conflagration as they could be reached. The two shafts which lead immediately above ground were stopped up outside, and plastered over with clay. Five weeks the mine remained thus sealed up, but without effect. Twice, during this period, the coverings above were removed; each time the enemy was found more furious than before. The flames were heard raging below with a sound at which the miner still trembles when he relates it; the smoke, burdened with mercurial and sulphureous exhalations, rolled forth from the mouth of the pit, like steams from the jaws of Acheron, striking down every one that came within its reach. It was apprehended that the fire had attacked the upper works, and was thus threatening the final destruction of the mine. As a last resource, the Director resolved to hazard the experiment of laying the mine under water. A stream was turned into the perpendicular shaft, and allowed to flow two days and three nights. During the first day it produced no effect. In the course of the second day, when

ther it was that steam, generated by the meeting of the fire and the water, was struggling for escape, or that an inflammable air had been produced and kindled by the glowing fossils, of a sudden a subterraneous explosion shook the mountain with the noise and violence of an earthquake. The huts of the miners situated near the entrance were rent; houses farther off, but standing on the slope or near the skirts of the hill, started from their foundations; and the panic-struck inhabitants were flying in dismay from the ruin that seemed to threaten their valley. The whole thing must have been splendid; accidental as it was, art could go no farther in imitating nature. In the mine itself, as was afterwards found, the explosion had rent the galleries, thrown down the arched roofs, and torn up the stairs. But the victory was gained; the vapours began to diminish, and at the end of some weeks it was possible to venture into the mine. It cost two years to prepare an apparatus and pump out the water. It was carried off into the Idria, and was found to contain only a small quantity of mercury, but a large proportion of vitriolic acid, and so much iron, that the bed

and banks of the river were incrusted with iron ochre throughout its whole course, from Idria to where it falls into the Lisonzo. At the same time, every fish disappeared from the stream, except the eel, which seems to bid defiance to every thing except actual broiling or roasting.

Even when the galleries had been cleared of the water, it was impossible to work in them, partly from the heat which they still retained, but still more from the fumes of sublimated mercury which produced in the miners a violent salivation, accompanied with convulsions, and trembling of the limbs. To produce an almost inhuman zeal, high wages were offered to such as would venture into places reckoned the most dangerous to explore the consequences of the disaster, and collect the quicksilver which had been deposited in large quantities in the galleries. Many purchased this additional pittance with their lives; and altogether, the atmosphere, which continued for months to infest the mine, was so baneful, that it was difficult to muster a sufficient number of healthy men for the ordinary operations.

The town of Idria, originating from, and de-

pending on the mines, has felt, of course, the fluctuations of their prosperity. The wages which the miners earn, even when in full employment, are so trivial, that they never can rise above a state of destitution. Of the inhabitants who are not occupied in the mines, some of the men manufacture a coarse linen which others carry about the country, and even into Lower Austria for sale. The women manufacture equally coarse lace, which is not intended, indeed, for the luxurious market of the capital, but finds purchasers in the peasantry, and in the populace of the small towns, not only of Carniola itself, but likewise of Upper Styria, and down throughout Croatia to the frontiers of Turkey. The soil of the Idrian is much too unkindly to yield him the materials of his manufacture; he buys his flax in Bohemia. With him the riches of the earth are concealed in her bosom; skill and industry would be equally wasted on the stubborn rocks that surround his dell. Yet, even on the steep sides of this mountain kettle, he has done everything that labour can accomplish. Wherever a corner could be found that presented something like an evenly and sheltered sur-

face, with a perseverance deserving of a more liberal reward he has brought earth from a distance, formed an artificial soil on the barren rock, and planted his scanty crop of rye. The produce of this cultivation is, of course, far from equalling the toil it has cost. Not only this more naked part of the country, but the whole province of Carniola, like the greater part of the adjoining Croatia, by no means produces what its own consumption requires. The deficiency is made up by importations from Hungary, that inexhaustible repository of corn and wine, but the importations are extremely limited, for Carniola has no money, and produces little that Hungary requires.

To the Carniolian, as in general to the peasantry of the empire, wheaten bread or animal food is a luxury. Black broth, thick with vegetables, still blacker bread, and sometimes a scanty platter of small, rank, watery potatoes, are his customary food. Even this penury he gains only by incessant toil. He binds on his shoulders his few webs of coarse linen or lace, tied up in a white sheet; thus burdened, dressed in a long, white, woollen coat, and low-crowned,

broad-brimmed, rough woollen hat, and armed with a long staff, forth he strolls into the world to seek a market for his wares. There is not a province of the Austrian empire, unless it be Transylvania or the Buckowina, where he is not to be found, hundreds of miles from his home, retailing the produce of the industry of his wife and daughters. On the approach of winter he returns to the expectant hut with the profits of his little adventure, and materials for continuing his little manufacture. During his peregrination he is remarkable for frugality; he indulges in no luxury; in a great degree he sets even the allurements of intoxication at defiance, and considers every penny as a sacred deposit for which he must religiously account to his family in the mountains of Carniola. Even amid the bustle and glitter of Vienna, his tall gaunt figure, and swarthy countenance, are seen plodding through the crowd, while he calls aloud his "linens and laces," without a look for the host of passing gaieties. The varieties of people with whom he deals, and the caution that always springs from the habit of driving bargains, sharpen his wit, and make some amends for the total want of edu-

cation. He even boasts of some knowledge of the world. In other respects, he is just as ignorant as the Hungarian peasant; he is doomed to a life of much harder toil, and more biting penury; but he is neither so brutal, nor so proud, so dull, nor so lazy.

The great road is regained at Loitsch, and enters the little, romantic valley of Planina. Though not destitute of picturesque beauty, it is remarkable only for the ample stream, the Laybach, by which it is watered, and which, like so many others in this strange country, issues at once, a full and ready-made river, from the mountain that terminates the valley on the south. A couple of peasant boys, who spoke only Croatian, were brought, with some difficulty, to understand what we wished to see, and act as guides. For about a quarter of a mile we followed the course of the stream upwards through the narrow dell, bounded on both sides by bold rocks, and tufted with luxuriant underwood. A long array of corn and saw mills succeeded. Above the last of them, the dell is terminated by a semicircle of bold and lofty precipices, in the middle of which an enormous archway, almost as regularly form-

ed as if hewn out by the hand of art, opens a way into the entrails of the mountain. Through this majestic portal, the whole river pours itself forth at once from the bosom of the earth, and spreads out its waters to the day in an ample basin which extends on both sides to the walls of rock that bound the dell. The stem of a huge fir, hollowed out like a canoe, furnishes the only means of reaching the entrance; for the waters of the basin not only wash the precipices, but, as was evident from the hollow sound of the waves, have undermined them. A miller's man guided this frail bark with a wooden shovel; the whole passage to the opening does not exceed a hundred feet, and, if one sits quietly, danger is out of the question.

This natural gateway is about twenty feet wide, and twice as high. It is regularly curved. A few steps forward, and it enlarges itself into a cavern of magnificent dimensions and wonderful regularity of form. There are not many traces of stalactite ornament; the gigantic walls and vaulted roof stand in their natural grandeur, unadorned and overpowering. Nothing seems to support the enormous weight of mountain above; it rises

from the earth gradually and regularly, bending itself into a majestic natural cupola. The effect is aided by the circumstance that, owing to the spaciousness of the entrance, no part of the dome remains in darkness; the eye takes in the whole at once.

Except during inundations, the river does not occupy the whole of the floor of the cavern. The bottom is irregular, sloping down from the one side to the other; the upper part was now dry in consequence of the long continuance of dry weather, and consisted entirely of sand, a deposition from the overflowings of the stream which, when inundated, occupies the whole width of the portal. The course of the river cannot be followed far into the bowels of the mountain. At the extremity of the cavern it suddenly turns round to the left; the cavern itself is no longer a vault, but a narrow passage; the roof sinks down; light disappears; and the sound of the water announces that it is flowing over an uneven and interrupted channel. From the moment it enters the cavern its course is slow and tranquil, and it pours itself without noise into the deep-sunk mountain basin, which, embedded among preci-

pices, varies in depth from twelve to twenty-five feet.

But its troubles are not yet past. Flowing from the basin over the artificial embankment erected to raise its waters to the necessary elevation for the mills, it continues its course northwards through the valley. Scarcely, however, has it reached the northern extremity, when the earth again gapes for it, and swallows it up, not through a bold aperture like that which it has quitted, but through numerous, small, insidious rents and crevices. It is lost for nearly nine miles, pursuing its course under ground. It finally bursts forth again at Upper Laybach, where the hilly country sinks down into the wide plain which surrounds Laybach itself; and, in the neighbourhood of the latter, it takes refuge from all its subterranean foes by joining its waters to those of the more formidable Save.

The origin of this subterraneous river which, during the thaws in the beginning of summer, and the rains of autumn, pours forth from the jaws of the cavern at Planina a mass of water so much superior to the capacity of the apertures which drink it up at the northern extremity,

that the whole valley, bounded as it is on both sides by rocky eminences, is converted into a romantic lake, has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained. The more general opinion holds it to be the Poick, a river which throws itself into the mountain at Adelsberg, about nine miles south of Planina, and at a considerably higher elevation. This is likewise the more probable hypothesis. The body of water in both, at the time I saw them, was alike, and its somewhat muddy colour was the same. The course of the Poick, where it disappears in the mountain at Adelsberg, is to the north; Planina lies in the same direction, and much lower. According to the other hypothesis, which has been started of late years, the Poick, instead of reappearing through the portal of Planina, and sending its waters by the Save and the Danube to the Black Sea, turns to the westward beneath ground, reappears, after a subterranean course of twenty miles, in the sources of the Wippach on the western confines of Carniola, pours itself, under this name, into the Lisonzo, and is thus finally lost in the Adriatic. The Poick being thus disposed of, the river of

Planina is declared to be a subterraneous outlet of the neighbouring lake of Zirknitz. The hypothesis is entirely gratuitous. The Wippach, it is true, has a similar origin; but so have the Idria, the Jersero, and various other streams in every corner of these calcareous hills. It is said, that pieces of wood, and other light bodies, which have been thrown into the Poick at Adelsberg, have reappeared in the Wippach; but such *on dits* are always of doubtful credibility. It is said, for instance, that a travelling cooper who had suffered shipwreck in the *Strudel*, or whirlpool, of the Danube, above Vienna, afterwards found part of his equipage floating on the lake of Neusiedel in Hungary, and the people of the country still believe that a subterraneous communication exists between the river and the lake. If the cavern of Planina be an outlet of the lake of Zirknitz, its waters ought to disappear when the lake is dry; but the waters of the Laybach never fail entirely. It would be desirable to know whether the Poick and the Laybach swell at the same time; only few observations, however, have been made,

and even these are in general too indefinite to be taken as certain data.

The lake of Zirknitz itself lies in a higher ridge of eminences, about eight miles to the eastward of Planina. It is not remarkable either for its size or beauty; when full, it is just like any other large piece of water, and the rocks which surround it are too bare and uniform to be picturesque. Its celebrity is due solely to the periodical flux and reflux of its waters from and into the bowels of the mountain. It is scarcely worth visiting, except when the departure of its waters has left uncovered the orifices of the conduits from which they issue, and through which they disappear; for it is only then that any idea can be formed of the natural machinery by which its phenomena are produced. It is about six English miles long, and three broad; it is embedded among ridges of limestone, the predominating fossil in the mountains of this part of Carniola. On the approach of midsummer, in ordinarily dry seasons, when the snow has disappeared from the neighbouring mountains, its waters begin to decrease. If the weather continues dry, the diminution proceeds

rapidly, and in a few weeks the whole mass is drained off. A rank vegetation springs up from the mud which remains behind; the peasants, if the summer promises well, sow grass, or perhaps rye, on the exterior part of the abandoned bed. In a couple of months they are mowing grass where the dark waters of the lake were formerly spread out, and the sportsman shoots game where, but a short time before, he was fishing pike. When the lake is entirely gone, the caverns through which it has fled become visible, sinking into the mountain, some on the side, and others in the bottom of its bed. They all lie towards the northern bank; they vary in size; though some of them can be entered, they are not practicable to any extent; water, or the narrowness and lowness of the passage, uniformly arrests your progress. So far as they have been traced, they all descend.

On the southern side, the bottom and bank of the lake yawn into a similar set of apertures, through which, as the rains set in towards the end of autumn, water begins to rise. It continues increasing in quantity, and gradually fills the deeper hollows of the deserted bed. Even

some of the openings on the northern side which had assisted to drain the lake, now send forth their stores from beneath to fill it. As the rains continue, the waters issue from these apertures with such impetuosity, that pike are said to have been frequently taken, wounded and disfigured in a manner which could only be explained on the supposition, that the violence of the subterraneous stream had dashed them to and fro against the rocks of the hidden passage, through which it hurries them up from deeper reservoirs before they emerge into the lake. So soon as the waters begin to appear, the birds which had nestled in the long grass seek another refuge; the peasant removes in haste what of his hazardous crop may still remain within the margin of the basin; and, within as short a time as that in which it had retired, the lake is again there in all its former extent, and stocked with its former inhabitants.

The length of time during which it remains dry, depends entirely on the comparative dryness of the season. The waters ran off in the summer of 1821, returned toward the end of November, and ran off a second time in the end

of February 1822, not, indeed, an ordinary occurrence, but perfectly natural, because no rain had fallen from the beginning of January, and the snow on the higher mountains still continued to be frozen. Sometimes, again, when the summer is decidedly what may be called a wet one, the lake does not retire at all; all proofs that the sources of its waters are not subterranean, although the channels which conduct them into this basin are subterranean.

The phenomena of this lake, therefore, do not seem either to be of very difficult explanation, or to deserve the astonishment with which many travellers, and some naturalists, have regarded them. The whole ridge of mountains consists of a very porous calcareous rock through which the rain and melted snow easily penetrate. It is traversed, likewise, internally by innumerable suites of caverns and galleries in which the waters unite themselves into streams, and pursue their subterraneous course till they issue from the mountain into some lower open hollow, as in the valley of Planina, or here in the lake of Zirknitz. The quantity and size of the fish, which retire with the lake into the caverns be-

neath, and return with the returning stream, prove that there must be capacious reservoirs within the bosom of the mountain in which they can exist and prosper.

Where the outlets of the lake finally discharge their waters cannot, of course, be easily traced, because their subterraneous channels cannot be followed; but the whole country from the northern limits of Carniola to the shores of the Adriatic, from the cavern of Planina to the sources of the Timavus, is so full of streams, whose first appearance above ground clearly implies a previous subterranean course, that there is no difficulty in accounting for the disappearance of the lake. The Jersero issuing from the cave of St Cantian, the Idria bursting from the mountain not far from the mines, the Wippach rising in the same manner farther to the westward, are, in all likelihood, outlets of the Zirknitz; and what is there improbable in the supposition, that even the Timavus itself draws part of its stores from this alternating reservoir?

From this point, till you reach, after traversing forty miles, the brink of the magnificent barrier which overhangs Trieste, and surrounds the

head of the Adriatic, you are in general getting deeper and deeper into the bare, barren, calcareous mountains. From Planina to Adelsberg it is a dreary ascent, with little for the eye except the naked rock. Few spots are cultivated, for the soil does not admit of cultivation, and the woods, its natural covering, have been in a great measure cleared away. The population is thin, poor, and ignorant; the villages ugly and squalid, but full of wine-houses; for, besides the wines of Lower Styria, this beverage is procured, both stronger and cheaper, from the south-western districts of their own country.

The village of Adelsberg stands at the bottom of an inconsiderable rocky eminence. At the western extremity of the eminence, the rock gapes into two large apertures. The one reaches nearly from its summit to the level of the plain, and has an irregular, jagged, cleft-like shape; the other is rather more to the eastward, about fifty feet higher in the rock, and in a much more regular, vaulted form. The river Poick comes winding along the valley from the south, flows under the eminence, reaches its western extremity, throws its whole body into the lower of the

two openings, which it entirely fills, and disappears. The higher opening runs a short way into the mountain, forming a regular and spacious gallery. The partition of rock that separates it from the lower one, through which the river holds its course, is broken through in several places, and furnishes, here and there, a glimpse of the dark waters fretting along in their subterranean channel. But as you advance, their murmurings and the distant gleams of day-light die away together, and the silence and darkness of ancient night reign all around.

The guides now lighted their lamps, and, in a short time, the distant sound of water was again heard; it became louder and louder; the passage seemed to widen, and at length opened out into an immense cavern which the eye could not measure, for the lights were altogether insufficient to penetrate to any distance the darkness that was above, and around, and below; they were just sufficient to show where we stood. It was a ledge of rock, which, running across the cavern like a natural partition, but not rising to the roof, divides it into two caverns. From that on the left of the partition, on whose

summit we stood, rose amid the darkness the furious dashing of the river, which has thus far found its way through the mountain, and, announcing by its noise the obstacles it encounters, seems to throw itself in despair against the opposing partition, which threatens to prevent its course into the more ample division of the cavern on the right. On this latter side, the rocky partition sinks down absolutely precipitous; the cavern, likewise, is much deeper than that on the left, and impenetrable darkness broods over it. Leaning over the precipice, the ear, after it has become accustomed to the raging of the stream on the other side, hears that its waters far below have pierced the partition, and made their way into the deeper and more ample hall of the cavern. It is, in fact, a natural bridge. The impression, however, on this side is much more striking; for the river is heard eddying along with that dull, heavy, and indistinct sound which, particularly in such circumstances, among subterranean precipices, and in subterranean darkness, always gives the idea of great depth. The guides lighted a few bundles of straw, and threw them into the abyss. They gleamed faintly, as

they descended, on the projecting points of the rock; blazed for a few seconds on the surface of the water, showing its slow, heavy motion; and illuminating, through a small circle, the darkness of the cavern, left its gloom, by their extinction, more oppressive and impenetrable.

"From this spot," says Sartori, "it is not "allowed to the boldest of mortals to proceed "farther;" and he said so, because, towards the greater division of the cavern into which the river has thus forced its way, the partition is too precipitous to admit of descent. But mortals not at all bold now go a great deal farther. Towards the smaller division, the partition is not so precipitous, and the cavern itself is not so deep. A flight of steps was cut out on this side, down to the bottom. The partition itself was then pierced in the direction of the greater cavern. When the workmen had got through it, they found themselves still considerably above the bottom of the greater, but the rocky wall was now more sloping, and, by hewing in it a flight of steps, the bottom was reached in safety. The great object was to know what became of the river. We had not advanced many yards along

the rocky floor, which owes much of its comparative smoothness to art, when the river was again heard in front, and the lights of the guides glimmered on its waters. It flows right across the cavern; it has lost its noise and rapidity; it eddies slowly along, in a well defined bed, and having reached the opposite wall of this immense vault, the solid mountain itself, it again dives into the bowels of the earth. Its course can be followed no farther, and it is still doubtful whether, or where, it again appears on earth.

This, imposing as it is, is but the vestibule to the most magnificent of all the temples which nature has built for herself in the regions of night. A slight wooden bridge leads across the river, and after advancing a little way the terminating wall of the cavern opposes you. This was always held to be the *ne plus ultra*. But about five years ago, some young fellow took it into his head to try, with the help of his companions, how far he could clamber up the wall by means of the projecting points of rock. When he had mounted about forty feet, he found that the wall terminated, and a spacious opening intervened between its top, and the roof of the cavern

which was still far above. A flight of steps was immediately hewn in the rock, and the aperture being explored, was found to be the entrance to a long succession of the most gigantic stalactite caverns that imagination can conceive.

From a large rugged, and unequal grotto, they branch off in two suites. That to the left is the more extensive, and ample, and majestic; that to the right, though smaller, is richer in varied and fantastic forms. Neither the one nor the other consists merely of a single cavern, but a succession of them, all different in size, and form, and ornament, connected by passages which are sometimes low and bare, sometimes spacious and lofty, supported by pillars and fretted with cornices of the purest stalactite. It would be in vain to attempt to describe the magnificence and variety of this natural architecture. The columns are sometimes uniform in their mass, and singularly placed; sometimes they are so regularly arranged, and consist of smaller pillars so nicely clustered together, that one believes he is walking up the nave of a Gothic Cathedral. Many of these columns, which are entirely insulated, have a diameter of three, four, and even five

feet. Frequently the pillar is interrupted as it were in the middle, losing its columnar form, and twisting, dividing, or spreading itself out into innumerable shapes. Sometimes it dilates into a broad thin plate, almost transparent in the light of a lamp; sometimes this plate curves itself round in a circular form; sometimes the descending part tapers to a point, which rests on the broad surface of the ascending stalagmite. The walls are entirely coated with the same substance, and, in the smaller grottoes, it is so pure, that travellers have covered it with names written in pencil, some of which have already resisted the moisture five or six years. The other division is more spacious, and extends much farther. The caverns which compose it are wider and loftier, but not so beautifully adorned as in the other. The enormous clustered columns of stalactite that seem to support the everlasting roof from which they have only originated, often tower to such a height, that the lights do not enable you to discover their summit; but, though infinitely majestic, they are rougher, darker, and more shapeless than in the smaller suite. The farther you advance, the elevations become

bolder, the columns more massive, and the forms more diversified, till, after running about six miles into the earth, this scene of wonderment terminates with the element with which it began, water. A small subterraneous lake, deep, clear, cold, and dead-still, prevents all farther progress. It has not been passed; it would therefore be too much to say that nothing lies beyond.

Throughout these caverns not a sound is heard, except the occasional plashing of the dew drop from a half formed pillar. No living thing, no trace of vegetation enlivens the cold rock, or the pale freezing stalactites. A solitary bat, fast asleep on a brittle white pinnacle, was the only inhabitant of this gorgeous palace. When I took him from his resting place, he uttered a chirping, plaintive sound, as if murmuring that our lights had disturbed his repose; or that human feet should intrude into the dark and silent sanctuary of his race. When replaced on his pinnacle, he folded up his wings, ceased to chirp and murmur, and, in a moment, was as sound asleep as ever.

Yet these abodes are not always so still and deserted. About the middle of the more extensive of

the two ranges, the passage which, though not low, has for a while been rough and confined, opens into one of the most spacious and regular of all the caverns. It is oval, about sixty feet long, and forty broad; the walls rise in a more regularly vaulted form than in any of the others; the roof was beyond the eye. The walls are coated with stalactite; but, excepting this, nature has been very sparing of her ornaments. The floor has been made perfectly smooth. In addition to the stone seats which the rock itself supplies, wooden benches have been disposed round the circumference, as well as a few rustic chandeliers, formed of a wooden cross, fixed horizontally on the top of a pole. Once a-year, on the festival of their patron saint, the peasantry of Adelsberg and the neighbourhood assemble in this cavern to a ball. Here, many hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth, and a mile from the light of day, the rude music of the Carniolian resounds through more magnificent halls than were ever built for monarchs. The flame of the uncouth chandeliers is reflected from the stalactite walls in a blaze of ever-changing light, and, amid its dancing refulgence,

the village swains, and village beauties, wheel round in the waltz, as if the dreams of the Rosicrucians had at length found their fulfilment, and Gnomes and Kobolds really lived and revelled in the bowels of our globe.

At Prewald, the next stage, the road winds up a very steep ascent, from the summit of which the country stretches southward, at nearly one uniform elevation, for twenty miles, till it sinks down almost precipitously on Trieste and the Adriatic. This broad platform, called the *Karst*, presents nothing but a desolate extent of rock and stones. The main surface of the mountain is not only covered with innumerable fragments of its own mass, but is itself scooped out into round hollows, or rather holes, resembling exactly rocks which have been long washed and worn by the sea. Towards its southern extremity, a more kindly soil gradually reappears, and vegetation again puts forth her powers, and the abrupt slope, which it finally presents to the sea, is covered with gardens, and studded with villas. Trieste lies below, backed by the mountains of Istria, and, in front, the Adriatic stretches out its boundless expanse. Trieste is a very hand-

somely built town, and the best paved town on the Continent. The population and language are extremely mixed; German, Italian, and Modern Greek, are heard every where. In general, however, a traveller does not find much in Trieste to detain him, and he hastens to the steam-boat, which bears him across the Adriatic during the night, and presents to him, in the morning, the magnificent spectacle of the towers and palaces of Venice, gradually emerging from the misty sea, as the sun slowly rises over the mountainous ridges of Dalmatia.

THE END.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY JOHN STARK.

00086233

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 January, 2016